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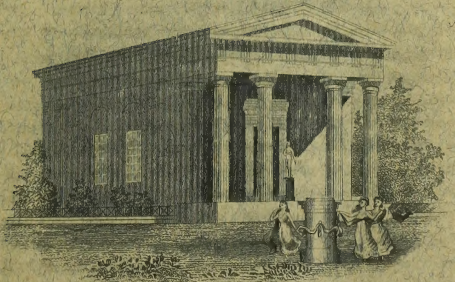
THE

NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE



ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων κάι νέων ἄνδρων ἅμιλλαι
καὶ χόροι καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ Ἀγλαΐα

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THE

NASSAU

LITERARY

MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLIX.

EDITORS

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THEODORE F. HUMPHREY.
EDWARD J. PATTERSON.
GEORGE H. FORSYTH.
PAUL BURRILL JENKINS.

MANAGING EDITOR:
M'CREADY SYKES.

TREASURER:
ROBERT P. JACK.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

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PRINCETON COLLEGE.
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: HIS GENIUS AND WORKS.

THE recent deaths of Lowell, Whittier, and Curtis mark with melancholy emphasis the rapid decadence of that splendid New England group of writers and thinkers whose contributions to literature have marked such a distinct epoch in American letters. The frost of old age has been very destructive of late years in robbing our literary groves of their adornments. Yet there still clings trembling to the great Cambridge elm, that noble tree distinguished in former days, even in New England, for its brilliant foliage, one solitary leaf, the "last leaf," as his own poetic fancy declares. Amid the hurry and bustle of the progressive to-day tokens of the past generation are fast disappearing, but one prominent figure still remains, the genial Autocrat, the graceful poet, the kindly Professor, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We should scarcely style Holmes a great writer. American letters can show many names more truly deserving that title.

Emerson was great. The facile pen of Holmes never reaches the profundity of the sage of Concord, yet it also happily escapes the latter's mysticism and over-profundity. His thoughts are as clear-cut, often as brilliant, as a polished diamond. The easy flow of thought, the stream of conversation in which he talks *with* his readers, never *at* them, carries us along with little conscious effort. Yet the stream holds in solution a surprising amount of thought—the stream itself the clearer, perhaps, because the solid matter is partly dissolved; but a very slight analysis will reveal the presence of the "mental stuff." Again, Holmes is not a man of such distinctively literary culture as James Russell Lowell. While possessed of a most refined taste and wonderful literary ability, he does not pose as a literary critic. He is by profession the "Doctor of Physick" rather than a man of letters. For thirty-five years his labors were devoted to the healing art, as a student of medicine, and later, as Professor of anatomy at Dartmouth and Harvard. We are the more amazed, in view of this fact, at the excellence and amount of his literary work.

One of the most prominent traits which the lover of Holmes finds in his writings is his wonderful versatility, his ease in adapting himself to his hearers. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," his pen traverses with marvellous facility well-nigh the entire range of human thought—art, science, letters, religion—little escapes his keen scrutiny and penetrating vision. A master in prose or verse, a novelist of no mean skill, holding a unique place as a writer of conversational prose, and marked for his ability in the realm of medicine, we wonder at his indefatigable pen, his untiring industry, the success which crowned his every effort. Holmes has surely attained the rare distinction of doing many things well.

Whether Holmes preferred prose or poetry as a vehicle for his best thoughts, it would be difficult to decide. If we might trust his own assertions, the decision would be in favor of prose. "My friend," he says, "I hope you will not write in verse. When you write in prose you say what you *mean*. When you write in rhyme you say what you *must*." Yet his practice belies his precepts, for he is himself a voluminous writer of verse. A large portion of his poetical work consists of "occasional" productions, written for reunions of his class of '29 at Harvard, for the meetings of the Phi Beta Kappa, for medical societies, proud to claim him as a member, and for dinners and other gatherings without number. In their sphere these productions are almost unrivalled. Could anything be more playful and rollicksome than "The Boys," written for the thirtieth reunion of his class?

"Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?"

he asks, and declares—

"Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night."

Like Pope, Holmes is a poet of society rather than of nature, but we look in vain to see here any of the artificiality so characteristic of Pope. While our Poet is not a poet of nature, he is eminently natural. His light, humourous verses bubble forth as naturally, as spontaneously as the water trickles from a spring at the road-side. In the midst of such a profusion of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" it is difficult to make a choice, yet for unsurpassed humour, the famous "One Hoss Shay" must certainly be mentioned. There are few who do not find their sides shaken over the Ballad of the Oysterman, and the Spectre Pig; Æstivation, that little gem of Anglo-Latinisms, the Music-Grinders, and the September Gale which carried off

"My darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
Farewell, farewell; I faintly cried,—
My breeches! Oh my breeches!"

For irresistible humour this is equalled only by the "Daily Trials of a Sensitive Man," among which he mentions

"Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass."

What the elements are which constitute Holmes' humour, it might be difficult precisely to determine. It does not consist very largely in the chief feature of American humour, exaggeration, although we find this in the "One Hoss Shay," nor to any considerable degree in incongruity. We can best analyze his humour when we are acquainted with the man. Then we can more readily appreciate the manner in which the manifestations of his cheery, buoyant, good-nature appeal so forcibly to our sense of the ridiculous. By the magic power of his personality he puts his readers on the best of terms with themselves and the world at large. He uses humour, in prose and verse, as a magnet to attract our affections and good-will. The humourous has with him an important but a legitimate place. "The ludicrous," he declares, "has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys, long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare."

The delicacy of touch which pervades his humourous poems is seen to best advantage in his dainty bits of *vers de societé*. On Yankee Girls, L'Inconnue, The Dilemma—

"By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two."

To the Portrait of a Lady—

"Well Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame;

and in this same graceful little ode he says with inimitable humour—

"I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall
Or bust upon a shelf."

What exquisite pieces of versification we find in "Aunt Tabitha," and "My Aunt." It would be easy to multiply examples, but for Holmes' ability in this department of verse, suffice it to quote Mr. Stedman's opinion, that he is "a life-long expert in the art of writing those natty lyrics, satires, and *jeux d'esprit* which it has become the usage to designate as "society verse."

Holmes did not devote all his energies to the amusement of his readers. Much of his poetical work is written with a serious purpose. Especially is this true of his patriotic poems. "Old Ironsides," that favorite of school-boy orators, accomplished more than many a lengthy editorial. While the Rebellion was raging, he attacked the "Stay-at Home-Rangers," in his delightful burlesque "The Sweet Little Man." "Union and Liberty" is one of his noblest patriotic effusions.

While the greater part of Holmes' verse is written in a light strain, dealing wittily, gracefully, with mundane affairs, he has given us some poems of a far higher nature. In the "Living Temple," which he characterizes as "the anatomist's hymn," in the "Chambered Nautilus," "Hymn of Trust," and "Sunday Hymn," we may perhaps see his poetic genius at its best. Of the "Living Temple," Mr. Stedman says "the stanzas thus named, in measure and reverent effect, are not unworthy to be read with Addison's lofty paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm." In "Home-sick in Heaven," we see traces of that spirit of thorough humanity which pervades all of Holmes' writings. George Eliot's assertion about Pope, that "there is little *other-worldiness* in his writings," could never be applied to Holmes. The latter, while possessed of a thorough love for this world and its inhabitants, nevertheless looks forward with a lofty faith and hope to the world to come. He is not saturated, as Pope was, with worldliness. We have compared Holmes to Pope as a maker of society verse. In epigrammatic power, also, the Cambridge doctor reminds us of the Twickenham poet. Witness the following—

"Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still."

Also,

> "Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
> But only crowbars loose the bull dog's grip."

If we may trust Holmes' own assertions, in face of the merit of his poetic work, he would prefer to rest his claims to literary eminence on his prose writings. Here our entertaining host is at his best; here, unrestricted by any mechanical laws, his fertile brain and lively pen are free to wander at will. The "Breakfast Table" series, the Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, form a unique contribution to English literature. They are the fore-runners of that easy, gossipy style so prevalent in many of our magazines and newspapers to-day. The writer's familiar, conversational method imbues his papers with his own personality and makes us hear rather than read the words which flow from his pen. What is said seems of a distinctively personal character. Who that has communed with the Autocrat and his successors has not learned to love not only Holmes' works, but the man behind them, and to look upon him as an intimate friend?

The machinery is the same in all of the Breakfast Table series. If any place is suitable for bright, cheery conversation, surely it is the breakfast table, given up so universally in these latter days to the morning paper, or if time does not permit that, a hasty cup of coffee, followed by a frantic rush for the train. Between racy comments on science, art, theology, and less weighty matters, the author slips in some dainty bits of poetry; for, it must be remembered, some of his best verses first appeared in these monthly papers in the *Atlantic;* the whole is strung along on the thinnest kind of a plot, which, however, is sufficient to make us thoroughly interested in the "boarders." The romance connected with the school-mistress, in the Autocrat, and, in the Professor, the story of Iris, which Mr. Stedman calls "an interwoven thread of gold," and the mysterious cripple, "Little Boston," serve to hold our attention when the speaker wanders far from his original subject.

In these papers we become acquainted with Holmes' personality, his beliefs and disbeliefs, his likes and dislikes, as nowhere else. His chosen profession as a disciple of Æsculapius is apparent throughout—from this source, no doubt, is derived that wonderful sympathy with the human race which glows in every page. Here too, perhaps, his literal Unitarian views were made still more liberal. Intimate contact with the human race, with all its wretchedness and suffering, may well have given him his extremely broad creed, embracing all of God's creatures. While we may differ from him in matters of religious doctrine, we must confess that such a creed adds much loveliness to an already lovable character. He views God as the personification of love and mercy; he trusts that the deity will not fall below our human standard in the matter of justice. Imbued with this belief, he has many an interesting tilt with the divinity student and others who hold a more orthodox, if less attractive, view. Two extracts from the Autocrat will afford us a good idea of his views of religion and man's responsibility to God—a very limited responsibility, according to him. "Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind, and, perhaps, for entire races—anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated—no matter by what name you call it—no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind." And this: "Do you want an image of the human will or the self-determining principle, as compared with its pre-arranged and impassable restriction? A drop of water, imprisoned in a crystal; you may see such a one in any mineralogical collection. One little fluid particle in the crystalline prison of the solid universe."

Holmes is a satirist, in his way, but a satirist of the mildest possible sort. Whole tomes could not better satirize the false claims of phrenology than the two or three delightful pages which he devotes to a lecture on that subject, beginning with a lengthy definition of a pseudo-science, and adding very gravely—"I did not say that phrenology was one of the pseudo-sciences." It would be hard to find satire more telling in its effect. The description of the "Home for Decayed Punsters" was written ostensibly for the purpose of satirizing that ignoble form of wit. We suspect, however, that the dignified Professor, who in attacking this class of sinners must join in Paul's confession, "of whom I am chief," was glad to masquerade for a little while under the guise of various inmates of the institution mentioned, and work off some of his surplus energy in that direction.

His psychological turn of mind crops out prominently here and there. The Professor's "mental movement in three parts" accompanying an ordinary conversation, is a sprightly bit of analysis. His proof of the existence of three Johns, the real John, the John as he thinks himself to be, and the John as he appears to other people, is complacently accepted as truth by the latter individual, the three-fold John in all his entirety, who carries this psychological theory into practical life by appropriating the three peaches remaining on the table, leaving the Professor none.

As a novelist, Holmes can scarcely be called a success. Mr. Charles F. Richardson declares his failure in this respect to be due to his preëminent common sense. "Common sense—the Franklinian quality—has no better representative; and it is this very common sense which prevents Holmes from reaching the highest success in fiction." "'The Guardian Angel,'" he adds, "narrowly escapes being a great novel; but in it . . . . . . the author's personality invades the artistic field." "Elsie Venner" and "A Mortal Antipathy" are interesting to the student of physiology and psychology rather than to the lover of fiction. The former also contains the author's favorite doctrine of limited moral responsibility—heredity he declares to be responsible for many sins, and on this ground he would pardon the sinner.

If we were to characterize Dr. Holmes as a writer and a man by any one special attribute, we might declare it to be his shrewd common sense, the "Franklinian quality," as Mr. Richardson terms it. He calls Holmes "a later Franklin in riper days." Many a witty phrase and pithy saying he has coined which entitle him to comparison with Poor Richard. "Humility," he says, "is the first of virtues—for other people." "Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust." "We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much." A laugh he defines as "the mob-law of the features," and propriety the "magistrate who reads the riot act." "The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer." And how many quaint conceits he brings out and exposes to our gaze! He dwells on the power of smell in reviving old memories. He would "depolarize" Scripture terms. He tells us of the old yellow meeting-house where "the head of the family preached and the limbs of the family listened." The demolition of the historic old "gambrel-roofed house," so dear to him, he calls a case of "justifiable domicide."

Holmes' semi-prophetical utterances in his famous "Last Leaf" have been realized in fact. He has lived to be the "last leaf"—or as he gracefully expresses it in a later poem—

> "Autumn's last leaf that spreads its faded wing
> To greet a second spring."

If Cicero were living now, Holmes would be his model *senex*. It has been the rare privilege of our gifted Doctor to live out the cheerful sentiments he himself expresses here and there on the somewhat depressing subject of old age. Long after the allotted three score years and ten we find him still the same same vigorous, buoyant person as ever, making a tour of England at the age of seventy-seven, anon opening his "New Portfolio" and bringing out a novel, a sketch of his trip abroad, and that delightful series of talks "Over the Teacups" written as their title poetically suggests, in the evening of life. His active, cheerful old age is a type of his whole life. With many who have found in Oliver Wendell Holmes a charming "guide, philosopher, and friend," we join most heartily in Whittier's loving benediction, "Long may he live, to make broader the face of our care-ridden generation and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration that 'a merry heart is a continual feast.'"

Albert T. Davis.

McCOSH WALK.

GRAND aisle of elms! your graceful arms,
  Your trunks grown dark from storm,
Your leafy canopy o'erhead
  Cathedral arches form.
Your shaded cloisters echo praise,
  As soft the branches sway,
Of the grand old man who daily walks
  Beneath your vaulted way.

Edward J. Patterson.

A CONFESSION.

TO any who may be interested in the following pages I have a word to say. They are not written to gratify that curiosity which loves to gloat over the misfortunes of others. Alas for those who find delight in such amusement! In the open confession which they contain their author trusts to find relief. If there be any who may feel a friendly interest in him when they shall have read this sad history, them he thanks among his last moments on earth and to them he gladly confides this last statement. If there be none, he does not complain. But him who wantonly destroys these pages, I conjure to meet me before the last great tribunal.

My watch lies before me. It is midnight. When the minute-hand shall have passed his fellow for the fourth time I shall be dead.

Everything in my past life stands out very clearly to-night. I can go back to my boyhood days. I have an indistinct recollection of my mother, a woman of medium height, with dark eyes; mine are like my father's, cold steel gray. I fancy I can still see the heavy mass of hair falling over her shoulders and her loving face. I can almost hear the doctor and nurse say that mother was an invalid and must be quiet. I used to go into the sick room on tip-toe, and climb up on to the bed. And then, although the room was dark but for a single ray of light stealing in through the closed shutters, she would always smile, though she might be suffering at the time, and her weak arms would clasp my neck and she would kiss me, calling me her "good little son" and saying that I must "always be a good boy, to please mamma." And one day—I remember it all dimly—I was called into the room to say good-bye. It struck me as strange to say good-bye to mother when she was still in the house and in the next room. It was at night time, and nurse carried me in. I thought mother's face was strangely white, but I was very sleepy and could hardly keep my eyes open. But I remember she smiled and kissed me as usual, only she didn't put her arms around my neck, though she tried to raise them several times, but they always fell back upon the pillow. And then the doctor—an old man with gray hair and spectacles—told nurse to take me away, as it weakened mother too much and the end was near. And as I was carried away she turned and murmured that "Charlie must be a good boy when mamma was gone." Then she smiled, but my eyes closed and I didn't see anything more.

The next morning I began thinking how quiet the house was. And then I heard hushed voices and the sound of people walking slowly, and just at this moment nurse came in. Her face was all red as if she had been crying, and she kissed and hugged me and said, as she wiped away the tears, that mamma's last words were that "Charlie must be a good boy for mamma's sake."

You see those words have clung to me during all these years. During my boyish days and youth I heard them: in my days of manhood they stayed by me, and to-night they are still with me and I suppose they will be until I leave this world.

A few days after that morning I was dressed in a new suit of black. I recall the strange feeling I had when I stood up to have my little jacket slipped on. I couldn't help wondering why I had gotten this new suit, while my other one was hung on a chair by the bed. And then I had a confused idea of a lot of strange people coming into the house, and of a certain man, whom they called a minister, with a long black coat which was even longer than mine. He was taller than the doctor and didn't wear spectacles. I think his name was Illingsworth. He took hold of my hand and kissed me on the forehead. And just at that moment something black passed by us, carried by six men. It looked like a long black box, only it was covered with velvet and had six silver handles, and on the top was a large silver plate. And pretty soon the minister began to read and talk, and then two men and women sang some hymn, which seemed to make the people cry, and everybody bowed his head while the minister prayed. I tried to keep my eyes shut, but every once and a while I couldn't help looking at the strange black box, and wondering what it was. Then came the amen and everybody got up, and I was taken to the black box. The cover was moved, and there was mamma! I remember calling her and bursting out crying when she didn't answer but only smiled. The people around began to cry, and someone near me, whom I had not seen, groaned out loud, and I looked around and saw it was father.

I remember all the carriages and the queer looking one that carried the long black box. By and by we drove through some iron gates into a kind of park, until the carriages stopped; every one got out and stood around a deep hole in the ground. And the minister prayed and every one took off his hat. And then they took the black box and tied ropes around it, and let it down into the hole. Somebody dropped some dirt on the top and said, "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust." And I shuddered and ran away crying. I had always thought father was hard and stern, while mother always took my part when I did anything wrong and when father was angry. As we drove back to the house he began to cry and groan, and soon he took me in his arms and said that I was all he had left, and that mamma had gone away but that by and by we should see her again.

I recount these facts because they always remained with me, especially at nights, first at home, and then when I went away to school. And though they have grown somewhat dim they are with me now, and especially as I write, the whole picture passes before me like a real dream.

But I see the hands are going around fast, and I must hurry on if I would finish in time.

I won't delay to tell all about my school days, at home and then at boarding school. Father would get angry at times, but suddenly he would stop, and tell me to go out and play and forget what he had said. His voice would grow husky and tremble, and I used to wonder what it was that made him change. On winter nights he would take me in his arms before the fire, and would talk to me about mother. But soon he would begin to cry and hug me as mother used to do, and sometimes a tear would fall on my cheek. One day at boarding school the teacher came to me while I was playing with a crowd of boys. He looked very solemn, and told me to run up to my room, and get ready to go home at once, and, when I finally reached there, father had just died, saying that I "must meet mother and him in heaven, that he was going to her, and that I must forget anything cross he had ever said to me."

I did not go back to school. Gradually I got over the remembrance of this last death, though at night I would often wake up and shudder as everything came back. An old aunt came to live in the house. She was a very kind, good old soul and, though she was deaf and almost blind, she was very kind to me. But her care of me wasn't strict enough, and perhaps if I had not been an orphan at fifteen years of age and without the guardianship of parents I might not be here to-night, seated at a small table and trying to hasten what I have to say, while I have time.

I shall not linger very long over my youth and early manhood. I suppose they were very much what might have been expected. Not having any strict hand of love to restrain me I did pretty much as I pleased. It is generally said that one does not go to the devil all at once. I suppose this is true, at least it was in my own case. I well remember how strange it seemed to me when I put the first wine to my lips, and how horribly the first oath rang in my ears; as the final call of judgment must sound to the guilty. I was a sneaking coward and my worthless companions knew it. They saw my hand tremble on the glass and jeered me. Stung to the quick I swallowed the contents at a gulp. I heard an onlooker say, "there goes another to the devil." I turned. My head was feverishly hot. The table, the glasses, the cards, the people, the lights, everything had grown confused and uncertain. I heard peals of laughter. Then I felt I was saying something and suddenly I shuddered as I became conscious of the awful oaths that passed my lips. I shall never forget the image of Her face, that used to rise before me in those days—the face of my mother, who wanted Charlie to be a good boy for mamma's sake; nor how her smile of love had given place to one of awful agony. To have been able to have brought back the old look I would willingly have given my life. Failing to do this I only plunged in the more deeply. I squandered all the money left me and a large part of my old aunt's in gambling. I gradually became a frequenter of the worst dens of vice. My wild life began to tell on me. I grew thin and pale. My hand trembled like a leaf until I took something to steady it. In my sober moments I longed for the glass that would deaden my senses and give me relief of mind and body. I always dreaded the coming back to consciousness again and the return of the awful nightmare. At times I began to fear my reason was leaving me, but I used to think this would not be so bad if it took with it the image of the pained and reproachful face. And yet there were two things in my life that may appear strange to some. I admired a noble deed. Once in my sober movements, I remember, I saved a child's life at the risk of my own and the pleasure I derived from that action made me less cross and unreasonable for some time; and secondly, I tried to keep my wretched life as much of a secret to the outside world as it is possible to keep such a life.

The summer of my twenty-sixth year I spent at some watering place with the hope of building up my shattered health. I was very careful to choose a spot where there would be little danger of my past life being known.

The second day I had been there I met a girl out walking. She was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. Her face was at times perhaps a trifle haughty, but, when she smiled, it lost this look. Her dark eyes would sparkle as if she enjoyed herself thoroughly. She had beautiful wavy hair like mother's. Of her companion I took little notice, saving that he seemed to be a manly fellow, taller than she and apparently little older. They seemed to know each other very well, and as I passed did not notice me.

That evening as I stood in the doorway, I saw her in the dancing room, and he was with her again. She looked even more attractive than in the afternoon, and I, poor wretch, determined to meet her. I don't remember exactly how, but the next day I had occasion to be presented to her, and that evening I enjoyed several dances as her partner. And yet she seemed to dance with me only out of politeness, while with her friend (whose name was Tipton, and to whom she introduced me,) she seemed to be having the best kind of a time. She became coldly polite with me, which made me only the more jealous of the other man's success. For years I had had my own way and was furious now at being balked. For a large part of the summer I stayed at the hotel, against the wishes of my old aunt and friends, who were anxious to see me at home. The longer I stayed the more I grew beside myself and lost self-control.

I found out where she lived. I grew desperate, and one evening on the veranda I asked her to be my wife. She told me she was engaged to Mr. Tipton. Had I been less crazed in my attachment I might have guessed this from her cold politeness and his impatience when I was around. As it was I was enraged to think myself baffled. I began to curse my lot, and then I thought of Tipton and began to curse him. At first I had only disliked seeing him with her. Now I could not bear to catch sight of him at all. His presence seemed to enrage me. I asked myself why he and not I had been the fortunate friend of Providence: why had he anticipated me? I believe I could have killed him then, had it not been for her. Several times I asked myself why I did not do it, and then I felt helpless to harm him, because of the power she had over me. I can hardly explain what it was. While near her I seemed like a different person. At those times I would feel tempted to throw off the past and begin again. She seemed to call forth the best part of my nature and to lessen the power of the worst. I used to watch her when she didn't know I was near. I would wander down to the beach, and as she would saunter by with Tipton I would crouch down behind some bushes and hold my breath until they had passed. At other times, when she looked at me, her eyes would fascinate me and seem to read me through and through. Sometimes I would startle as I thought how quickly even her cold politeness must have turned into disgust had she known aught of my past life. And then I would say to myself that if it had only been I whom she had loved, I would have been a different man. Days grew into weeks. I felt unable to go away, though I knew it was my duty to have done so. Her patience must finally have become exhausted, for at last she herself requested me to leave, and that night I left for home, vowing vengeance upon Tipton, should we ever meet where he did not have her influence to protect him.

The following year I was told of their marriage, and a year afterwards of her death. Up to this time my life had been one of misery and wretchedness. Her image kept preying upon my thoughts until it seemed as if I should go crazy. Before I met her I had ceased to pray. Since then I remembered her every night on my knees. I cursed him every hour of the day. When I slept it was to dream of her. She never disappeared entirely. Others came and went, but when she was farthest away she was still to be seen hovering in the background like some guardian angel. And as the dream progressed fate would seem to bring us together. I would run forward joyfully. She approached as if compelled by some unseen power. My own face was radiant with joy. Hers wore a passive, unfeeling look. I ran madly on to carry her away in my arms. She was all but within my grasp when I tripped and fell, and before I could regain my feet some unseen form came between us and carried her off. And as she was borne away she smiled and clasped his neck with her arms. I strained my eye to see who it was. It was Tipton.

Or sometimes I was painfully climbing up some steep mountain. My feet were torn by the thorns and sharp rocks and bleeding, and just as I began to give up all hope of ever reaching the top I saw just ahead a brook of water clear as crystal and mirrored on its surface her image. The side of the mountain grew fearfully steep and the loose stones continually gave way and went rushing down into the valley below, but only a few feet ahead were rest and joy. I made one final and frantic effort. My hand rested on the ledge, when I felt myself pushed backwards by some invisible power. I began to fall, down, down, down, and as I looked up she appeared beside the brook leaning on his arm. It was Tipton who had sent me headlong into the valley below, and falling I cursed him again.

After such dreams I would wake with a start in a cold perspiration, only to fall off again into a disturbed doze. Then it was that I suffered the most, for out of the confused forms which flitted before me, one alone stood out distinctly. It was Tipton. He seemed to assume all sorts of grotesque shapes. At one moment he was a leering fiend gloating over the misfortunes of the eternally damned. Now he was a spider, impatiently watching the vain struggles of a fly in the web growing feebler and feebler. In the daytime I brooded over these pictures of the night until I could almost see Tipton before me, laughing at my misfortunes. And in my imagination I would suddenly spring for him. I fancied we closed in and then all at once I would find myself breathing hard, as if the struggle were really taking place. In the daytime I grew morbid until I thought of nothing save of him and revenge, but on my knees and in my dreams I remembered her. And when she died I resolved to go and see her grave.

It was on a warm August day that I reached the town, and a passer-by directed me to the cemetery. I well remember wandering in and out among the different graves, looking for some freshly-made one. At last I saw at a distance some one standing beside a bit of newly-turned sod. He stood motionless, his hands crossed behind his back, which he had turned towards me. Something told me that the grave was the one that I was looking for. As to who the person was I gave little heed. My advancing steps must have made little noise, for I was within twenty feet before he turned. Good God! It was Tipton.

He started when he saw me; then remained motionless, save that his hands trembled somewhat, and I noticed his face paled a little. I saw that he had been weeping. He fastened his eyes upon me. They seemed to fear something, and yet, I could have sworn they were like hers. They appeared to read my soul through and through. Then he turned about and faced me, without withdrawing his steady gaze.

"What do you wish here? Are you looking for anything? You see I am come to visit at my wife's grave. If you want anything, what is it? If not, why have you disturbed me?"

I stammered out some inarticulate words, half of apology for trespassing, and then I became suddenly seized by some murderous spirit of revenge. I know not what it was, but at a bound my hatred for him seemed to increase a thousandfold. His calm look enraged me beyond measure. I became suddenly possessed. I began to laugh and mock him. I trod on his grief and derided it. I called him every name. His face grew paler, his look remained fixed upon me, but he stood motionless. At last in my rage I ridiculed his wife and insulted her memory. He seemed to have anticipated me. In an instant he sprang for me. But I was prepared and we closed. He was smaller than I and slenderer. But his rage, though of a cool and calculating kind, seemed to give him the strength of seven men. I felt like a child in his hands. We both fell, he on top. His white hand grasped my throat like a vise. I felt powerless and helpless. As we fell, a knife which I had on my person, fell on the ground. I grasped it, and, before I knew what I had done, I had plunged it into his throat. The hand relaxed. I felt something warm running over my face, which blinded me. Then I fainted.

When I awoke, I found myself here. Since then I have confessed to all and have been condemned to suffer death. It is just. I do not complain. You think my act strange? As I look back over the past the same thought is mine. At times I think it must be all a dream, and then I wake up to the awful realization of the truth. On every side I see whitewashed walls; in the farther one a barred window looking down upon the court below, where I am shortly to depart this life. Already there is sound of hammer and voices. The light burns dimly and the hands of the watch seem to fly around.

Yet I am at peace. I have felt and do feel the enormity of my guilt, but this book on the table contains the words, guilt, mercy and salvation. I have prayed to Him who is invisible, and last night I dreamed I saw the faces of the two beloved ones beyond the dark brink. Before my sense of my awful guilt and forgiveness they could not be distinguished from the surrounding mists, but now they stand on the shore beyond, hand in hand, and beckon me over. And there I shall see those whom I have injured and the good God will in mercy, perhaps, allow me to crave their forgiveness as well.

Farewell!

Give heed, ye whose lives drift noiselessly on the tide of delusive sin and vice. Beware the journey's end, when the golden dream shall have been dispelled and the awful breakers roar on the heartless sea. Then may the great Judge have mercy and incline His ear to the agonized cries mounting heavenward from the shipwrecked souls on the rock-bound cliffs.

Penned this fourteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, in the prison of ———, by the hand of him who quietly awaits his doom.

George H. Forsyth.

THE ASTRONOMER POET OF PERSIA.

WE of to-day are very prone to think there is no time lik the present, and no language like our own. We are given to thinking of ourselves in a very self-satisfied way, and of other people as decidedly inferior. So it is not surprising that most persons should regard with skepticism the statement that one of the most finished poems that was ever written, embodying a philosophy logical and complete, was produced almost a thousand years ago in a country so little susceptible to outside influence as Persia. Yet I think that anyone who will take the trouble to read the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, will be forced to acknowledge that this statement is true.

The poem is not a long one, consisting, in the sympathetic translation of Mr. Fitzgerald, of about one hundred quatrains, and so will make no great demand upon anyone's time in the reading. The scholarship and thorough familiarity with the subject, which Mr. Fitzgerald possesses, as well as a poetic ability of his own of no mean order, have enabled him to translate the poem into the most perfect and melodious English verse.

Omar Khayyám, if the chronicles tell us true, lived a beautiful and simple life. When he was a school boy, he and two of his companions made a vow that whosoever of them should attain fortune should "share it equally with all the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." It happened in the course of time that one of the boys rose to be Vizier. So Omar came to the Vizier to claim his share, but not to ask for title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." He devoted himself to every kind of learning, but especially to astronomy, whence his name, "the Astronomer-Poet of Persia."

Strangely enough, considering the simplicity of Omar's life, and his freedom from ambition, he has been called a material epicurean. He has failed to find "any providence but destiny, and any world but this," so in true epicurean fashion he sets about making the most of it while he has a chance. It has been argued that he took a rather perverse delight in exalting the gratification of the senses, and that his philosophy was practiced by his disciples and not by himself.

Such considerations do not in the least affect the beauty of his Rubáiyát. Some of the passages approach sublimity, and there is a wonderful truth and knowledge of men running through the whole. For instance:

"The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

He abounds, like every Eastern poet, in the most delicate and beautiful imagery. There is nothing of the coarseness of Oriental sensuality about him, but only praise of nature, and of Wine. Some commentators hold that this last is not to be taken literally, but as the figuration of some divinity. This is rather straining a point, however, and is wholly unnecessary; for though every word in the Rubáiyát be taken in its most literal sense, there is nothing revolting about it. For instance:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drop't in her lap from some once lovely Head."

And in praise of wine, as follows:

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

"And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy,
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

His peculiar philosophy, as well, I take it, as a bit of autobiography, is embodied, or rather, perhaps, excused in the following stanzas:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

"With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
'I came like water and like wind I go.'"

"Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate."

Even though in this day of Christianity we cannot agree with Omar in his conclusions, I fancy there are very few of us who have succeeded in unraveling the "Knot of Human Fate." But what most appeals to the English reader is the sustained majesty of thought which characterizes the whole production, and the faultless work of Mr. Fitzgerald in the translation has doubtless a great deal to do with its attractiveness. The poem is well worth reading and thinking about. It touches a chord which our English literature has almost failed to reach. There is a subdued sadness in the concluding stanzas, which even Bryant's "June" does not surpass:

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

"And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

A MESSAGE.

THIS evening walked I through a grass-grown lane
Where everything was ripe with joy and June—
Wild roses nodding to the robin's tune,
And faint clouds mocking at the thought of rain.
But for my eyes the world was glad in vain—
I scarce could mark the twilight from the moon,
But, with bowed head, I craved this deeper boon—

That sign from you might come to ease the pain
Of your sad absence. Soon I chanced to be
  Held by the odor of a tiny rose
    That brushed against me as I blundered by—
I stooped and plucked it; feeling instantly,
  That you had dropped it from some riotous close
    Of roses, glowing in the sunset sky.

Frank McDonald.

A PRINCETON ROMANCE OF LONG AGO.

> Indeed there be certaine houses that have soe much of Romance and Poesie aboute their walles that I beleeve they must almost thinke. I doe minde me of a certaine Manour in these parts that though it is now very antient and no man dwells therein, yet there be such strange legendes aboute the place that the Lord of that Manour will in no wise suffer them to teare it doune.
>
> —*Mertoun's Defence of the May-pole.*

HALF way between New York and Philadelphia, upon a long ridge that overlooks the valley stretching away to the south, Princeton lies right in the track of the old highway, although both the modern railroads have left the village some three or four miles out of the line. As you walk along Nassau street in the direction of the ancient village of Lawrence the street divides; the right fork running away through the country, along the colonial houses that line the road, through a region of orchards, big farm-houses and red barns, past the Lawrenceville school, that lies five or six miles beyond, and so on in its rambling, countrified way, until it lands you in Trenton.

The other fork is now known as Mercer street; this was once the "new" turnpike, but it is new no longer; it will also take you to Trenton, but by a straightaway course of ten miles. If you follow this road you will pass the Seminary and a score or more of great comfortable houses along each side of the street. The Episcopal church, the only one in the town that boasts of any architectural beauty, lies snugly hidden in a little patch of evergreens on the right.

Just after you pass the Seminary, and a couple of houses beyond, on the left-hand side of the street you come to an old-fashioned country place, and here the trees have grown old so quietly that you would imagine yourself in an English park. Back from the street stands the family mansion, silent and unoccupied now. It is a great, rambling house, grown old in that delightful way that real old-fashioned houses have, so that if you should try to separate the old from the new you would hardly know where to begin. From the middle of the front an octagonal turret runs clear up to the topmost story, and here I suspect that a swarm of bees has made its home, but it may be that they are only attracted by the flowers that swing upon the vines and cover the steps and the tower and all the house. And the contour of the house is so queer that you meet with all sorts of unexpected turns and windings as you walk around, until you come to the broad veranda on the south side, a splendid old veranda, ten feet wide, running the whole length of the house. Here are more vines and flowers, and on a summer's day you can sit and watch the bees at work and catch the perfume of the meadow and look over the whole glorious valley below.

Sometimes, lingering about this old house, on this great veranda, on a summer evening I have half believed that the old proprietors of our grandfathers' days had returned to their ancient home; and whether it is the faint perfume of the flowers about the porch, or the ghostly illusion of fading day, or something finer and rarer than them all, there seems to float on the air the impalpable essence of someone whom I have never seen, and whose voice I have never heard. And if it really is Mistress Dorothy that comes to visit me there, I wonder if she knows how fond I am of her, or if she notices me at all.

For a great many years ago, before any of us were born, Squire Clifford lived in this great house; he was a fine old gentleman, and had fought through the Revolution; often he talked about that time, and of how the Continental Congress had taken refuge in Princeton; and, indeed, he used to show the younger men the very room in Nassau Hall in which the Congress had sat. And in his later days the youth of the country round were training as their fathers had done before, and the men who had fought in the Revolution were drilling the younger generation, which had never seen a battle; for was not England impressing their seamen, and had not young Fleming, their townsman, been taken from his ship by a press gang? So all this was a matter of very close concern to the young men of Princeton, and when Congress had declared war upon England, there were nowhere to be found readier volunteers than in this same old village, where the people still remembered the battle and the Continental Congress of nearly forty years ago.

But fine and sturdy an old gentleman as Squire Clifford was, there was one person in his household of more interest than he. For if you had happened along in Princeton some eighty years ago, you might have seen, on almost any fine morning, Mistress Dorothy tripping along Mercer street, or, perhaps, singing about the house; and so happy a creature was Miss Dorothy, and, I am sure, so lovely and bright withal, that the sunshine of her presence has never quite left the old house, but clings about the walls, and the flowers, and the ivy, so that to this day the sun never shines quite so kindly, and the bees never hum so softly as here.

But, with the possible exception of her father and mother, there was no one in the world to whom Dorothy ever seemed quite so beautiful as to young Captain Tenant, and to Dorothy no one was so brave, or handsome, or manly as Richard. And, however they made it known to each other, they had settled it all between them long ago, and Squire Clifford and Madam Clifford loved Richard as their own son.

So they were to be married in June. Then came the trouble with England, and even the old men, who had fought with Washington almost in sight of their homes, took down their muskets and felt the old fire within their hearts. Was England to abuse their sailors—England, whom they had thrashed so soundly when they were boys?

So Richard Tenant and the rest of them were going off to the war; and as a kind of farewell feast and stirrup cup Squire Clifford, now too old to fight himself, gave a grand dinner in his house to Richard and the rest. These were the stately, formal days; and very fine Madam Clifford must have looked in her splendid gown; and so must all those beautiful ladies have appeared in those quaint costumes such as our grandmothers used to wear; and then the men, in their tight-fitting coats and splendid waistcoats, in knee breeches and silk stockings, and wearing wonderful things about their necks. And of course the very oldest Madeira was opened, but whether our forefathers drank champagne or smoked Havana cigars the record does not show.

The Squire had just come back from New York; and the strange things that people were talking of and that the papers told, seemed to have turned his head; they had a wonderful craft that ran without sail or oar; this some of the country people were inclined to doubt, until the Squire assured them that he seen it with his own eyes, and even then they sadly suspected it to be a machination of the devil. The Squire proposed a toast to "The Spirit of the Age;" for these, he said, were the days of advance, when nations were being brought nearer each other; the steamboat was to ply our rivers and annihilate space; sailing vessels had been so improved that the Atlantic had been crossed in three weeks; the post coach was being rendered more efficient every day; "and I doubt not," said Squire Clifford, "that with modern roads, better carriages and an improved system of relays, the journey from Philadelphia to New York may yet be made in a single day."

Then they all laughed at the Squire's joke, and clinked their glasses and drank a merry health to that time when men were to travel from Philadelphia to New York in a single day.

After dinner Richard and Dorothy found, no doubt, an opportunity of being together, and said ever so much to each other, just as they would have done if they had lived to-day and he were going away and might never return.

So the next morning Richard and all his friends from the town and from the college rode away—rode away in the morning of life, ready to fight, and, if need be, to die. And, for all we know, Richard had somewhere about him a lock of Dorothy's hair, cherishing it in that foolish, old-fashioned way that men used to have who were not so wise, nor practical, nor enlightened, as we.

He rode away, and now the smile was gone from Dorothy's face; and when letters came she read them over and over again; but summer and winter passed away, and the dreary months rolled on, and then there were no more letters. News came from the war, but no news of Richard, until the good people of the village began to wonder when they were to see their brave young captain again, or if they were to see him at all.

But one day Geoffrey Schuyler rode in on the Trenton coach; and quickly the news of his coming spread through the town; Schuyler had been taken captive in a skirmish and released on parole; he had many messages to deliver, some of them very sad; he told of the glorious field of Lundy's Lane, and of how his townsmen had been in the very thick of the fight.

"And what about Richard Tenant?"

When the people asked this question the soldier became grave again. Richard, it seems, had dashed on with his cavalry right into the thick of the enemy, leading his men; then his horse had been shot from under him, and he could not turn from the sabre-stroke that followed; he had fallen with his face to the foe, and the horses had galloped on, leaving him, dead on the field of Lundy's Lane.

Dead, Mistress Dorothy; dry thine eye. Is it not the fortune of war, and shalt thou complain if thy young lover hath given his life to his country? Dry thine eye, though the bitter tears will come, and all seems black without. A little sooner or a little later, and have ye not already said good-bye? Remember that line you used to read together, and smile again, for all is well:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

So time passed on, and not one of the country squires round would have dared to ask for Mistress Dorothy's hand, for they knew that she was loyal to the memory of their dead young townsman. But Dorothy was too brave a girl to let her grief become her master, and they say that she greeted her father with as bright a smile, and helped her mother just as she had always done before. It must have brought sunshine to many an old man's heart, to have seen her tripping about, and, indeed, some old people yet tell how sick persons, and those in trouble, used to count the hours while she was away; so that her memory still lives green, although all this happened years and years ago.

After a while, when it seemed as though the world were growing weary of fighting, the war came to an end; all the soldiers came home again, and the fearful struggle became truly a thing of the past.

It was one afternoon in June, and Dorothy was standing on the broad veranda, as the sun was sinking in the west. She looked over the valley and the distant hills closing in the horizon around. Perhaps there hung in the sky a bit of smoke from some cottage in the valley, or the dust from some lumbering wagon on the highway; Dorothy was yet to see the time when that pastoral stillness should be broken by a new and unheard-of messenger, and where Dorothy looked that evening on the peaceful valley sleeping below, the Pennsylvania railroad now crashes through.

So Richard was gone--lost forever. If only he had not been separated from the rest on that fatal morning, if some one had been near him when he fell, but to be left alone—no, no, he would not have liked her to be brooding thus;

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

As she looked down the sloping meadow, where then, as now, the foot-path way wound through, out of the twilight there came a form; someone was coming along the path. His garb was the traveler's; he was young and of a noble carriage, not at all concealed even as he toiled up the hill. And, as those days were other than ours, Mistress Dorothy thought it not amiss, when the young stranger asked her a question such as a traveler might ask, to invite him to rest himself a moment, and then, from simple goodness of heart, from the natural outpouring of her own sweet spirit, to tarry awhile, and to let her give him something to refresh himself withal. For in those days there came not often a visitor from the outer world, and when he came he had many tidings to bear.

He told of his journey; for he had come that day by coach. He told her of the world that lay beyond; of the strange vessel which her father had seen, that sailed without wind or tide; of the mysterious fluid that men had brought down from the thunder-cloud, and which puzzled and confused them, and suggested possibilities of which men had never dreamed; of tales he had heard of strange countries and distant oceans, and the thousand wonders of Science.

"Strange things are these," said Dorothy. "But you must talk with my father, for he tells me of greater wonders yet to come. Nay, though we all laugh at him, he even says that some day, perhaps after many hundred years, the journey from Philadelphia to New York may be made in a single day."

"In a single day? Surely thy father did but jest. I fear me that would be presumptuous in man, for would it not be an unholy attempt to break through those limits which the Almighty hath set upon us?"

The stranger told of the war, for he was a soldier; and then, though Dorothy grew pale as he spoke, he began to tell of the awful battle of Lundy's Lane. She bent forward, as though she would read his soul.

"Knew ye aught of one Richard Tenant, of stature and form like to thine, though he was younger, and not so browned by travel and war? He died bravely, leading his men to victory."

"I knew him not," replied the stranger, huskily; "but there was a young captain, indeed, I now remember, of stature and form like to mine, who was in the fight; his horse was shot from under him, and he was left for dead; but he was not killed, and afterwards he rose, as though dazed. He was captured by an Indian tribe; they nursed him—"

Dorothy had let the cup fall from her hand; she was leaning forward, and her eyes were fixed upon the stranger as though he were a messenger sent from another world.

"They nursed him. And for weeks he hung between life and death, and at last he lived; then for a year the Indians kept him, but one night he escaped. Then he wandered far away, over mountains and across great rivers, until he reached the place whence he had come. For he sought a maiden whom he had left years before, but whose face had ever been before him day and night; and one day he came to the old house where she lived, and he found her, and she knew him not—oh! Dorothy, look in my face; let me look in your eyes; I have told you many strange things, but is not this the most wonderful of all?"

Shine on, happy sun, though thy beams fall far aslant, and may not last for long. Blow, happy wind, and turn all harm away. Waft not their sweet converse on the air, for it is the speech of angels, and too fine for human ear. They have ceased to speak, and hand and hand they enter the great house. There is the good Squire, sound and hearty as ever, albeit the passing years have touched his hair with gray.

"Father," says Dorothy, standing in the door, "I have brought some one to see you; one who was dead, but is come to life again."

* * * * * * * *

And now I am sure that it was Dorothy who was with me on the porch this afternoon, and that it was her sweet presence that cast such a subtle incense on the air. And, although all this happened so very long ago, and although we have discovered so many wonderful things of which Dorothy and Richard never so much as dreamed, and although we live in such a wise, practical age, I half believe that Richard was right when he said that there was something in Dorothy's upturned face, and something in her eyes, as he looked deep into her soul, that was more wonderful than them all.

So these two young people are brought together again, and now they pass from our sight, and are gone; is it the mist of years that dims our vision, or is it because they are so far away? And you, dear friend, what are you but the work of fancy, a piece of mind-stuff? The rain that beats on the roof, and the smile on your Phyllis' lips, pass away, but Love survives through all changes, for is not Love immortal? I open my window, and through the moonlight there are the fauns and satyrs dancing on the green. Pipe, merry shepherd, for the morning cometh, and we can not see thee, nor hear thy note by day. The day hath its struggles, its cruel disappointments, and its joys. While it is night, let us for a moment draw closer in the darkness; Love and Beauty and Truth still live, and our hearts are young again. Through the silence of the night come the voices of youth, a laugh, and a ripple that dies away on the air. Let us join hands across the distance, and, while these ghostly echoes hover in the air, let the kindly heart still glow, for we are brothers all, and to-night we know that Love shall never grow old.

M'Cready Sykes.

WASHINGTON AS A MYTH.

IS IT true that the American Nation is no longer loyal to the memory of him whom they once hailed as the "Father of his country," that his name is becoming an empty chrysalis, void of life and spirit, that every year it fades more and more into a shadowy myth, as the Nile grows faint and finally disappears on the far-off blue of the horizon? Shall Washington be to the son of the future but a phantom? Is it not well to pause and reflect on these possibilities?

The importance of these questions hinges on the fact that nations, like painters, require models. Lofty conceptions of character impress us mainly when embodied in some person. The image on the canvass must have its prototype in the reality. Abstract ideals evade our weak grasp, but in the concrete we may make them our own. Heroes and hero-worship are, then, a national necessity. Hence the importance of their proper selection. Shall a Jay Gould or a Washington mould the hearts and minds of the rising generation? Shall we reverence an Aaron Burr or an Alexander Hamilton? Whose name shall have a place in our country's Pantheon?

Nations embalm the memory of their honored dead in three ways. Egypt and Rome erect pyramids and arches. History enrolls upon her written pages her illustrious sons, but the lives of those we love stand forth most vividly when Time links their deeds and characters upon his Calendar. How shall we best remember those whose influence we would perpetuate? Shall we chisel their names on pyramids? Let us then beware lest the handiwork of the sculptor and the skill of the builder remain but a monument to themselves and not to the forgotten Pharaoh.

We are told of an Eastern monarch whose name and titles were moulded in plaster upon a tower exposed to the sea. Beneath his sovereign's name and into the firm rock the builder had chiseled his own. Ages passed, and when the angry waters had worn away his lord's name, there appeared that of his humble servant as lasting as the stone itself. Let us beware lest we build but to ourselves.

The pen is mightier than the rock and the written page more enduring than the chiseled granite, but not alone to the patient scribe or to the skilled artisan would we entrust the memory of those we love, In the product of Shakespeare's pen we see humanity's soul laid bare. There, we discern man's ambitions and disappointments, his joys and sorrows, but of the bard himself alas how little has come down to us! To us his life is but as a sealed book.

This is a busy world in which we live, and our senses, dulled by the noise and bustle of its thoroughfares, need the finger of Time to arrest our attention and turn our thoughts to the departed. Especially in America is the sin of forgetfulness prevalent. To us above all peoples the present is golden, the past is simply that which has gone before, and the future only interests us as it may become a more brilliant present. Like foolish children, heedless of parental instruction, we rush on thoughtlessly and, only when our pride and self-esteem meet with mishap, do we turn to those wiser heads, who guided the nation so safely and so gloriously in the past. Then appear the ghosts of Hamilton, Webster, Lincoln and Washington, and shall not the last be first?

As his life and character unravel before us, we instinctively exclaim—Let Washington be honoured! Alas how often our better feelings are belied by our unworthy actions, and our nobler impulses fly on "leaden wings!"

During this one day in the year should not the country pause, the hum of machinery be hushed and the voices in the temple of Mammon be silent? Ask the prominent business men why their mills and workshops run to-day, and they will smile and tell you that labour is more profitable than patriotism. Turn to the employee and he will answer, that a day's wages is worth more than patriotism. If this be true, let us change the motto on our national coinage. Let it be no longer "In God we trust," but "In Gold we trust."

But it is not the silver goddess alone which, when held close before your eyes, blinds us to the necessity of paying reverential tribute to our honoured dead. Immigration and socialism have made sad havoc with our patriotism. What do the hordes of Italians and Slavs that pour into Castle Garden either know or care for the spirit of our institutions? They seek not the welware of the country but the country's wealth. And alas that the "cackling of geese" fails to warn our far sighted Roman Senators at the Capitol! Will not an inventive "boss" devise some American-Italian, or American-Bohemian ballot system, by which the votes of these foreign gentlemen may be sent to them abroad and returned free of charge? Do not the heads of our German, Irish and Italian wards know that whereas their constituency are spoiled when they reach this country and demand a whole quarter of a dollar for their votes, the same might be bought on the other side for a mere bagatelle. The beauty of such an arrangement would lie in the fact that we could then elect our Presidents by foreigners without being blessed by their persons and vices. The latter, alas! breed our American socialists and their dangerous views. It would seem that America perchance may be the favoured spot where socialism will put into pratice its radical doctrines. Would to God that the more violent element of our "International Workingmen's Association" and other societies, who favor Common

Property, Socialistic Production and Distribution, and the grossest Materialism, were only granted some far-off island in the sea, where they might, undisturbed, work out their own salvation. Is it strange that our national holidays are slighted by this class; that America's honoured dead are either ridiculed or misunderstood?

Still, perhaps our greatest temptation to forget and ignore lies in the fact that we are "too beastly prosperous," as we have been informed by a distinguished foreigner. Our very atmosphere breathes excitement and unrest. The young men of the country seem possessed by the sole ambition to acquire vast wealth in the shortest possible time. Alas! how unfortunate that the life and recent death of one of the money-seekers of the New World should not sound the tocsin more loudly. Mammon-worship is one of the greatest crimes in our land. The powerful god sits enthroned upon the heart of the nation, and his enticing allurements absorb our attention. We hear but the voice of the sirens and are borne helplessly along by the tide, oblivious to the rocks before. The prophet of evil is never welcome. Too often he is looked upon as a political Cassandra. But the handwriting glares upon the wall. In the train of Mammon always comes Ambition, Luxury and Licentiousness. Rome spreads before us her blood-stained pages, and bids us beware of the

"Lust of power, and the power of lust!"

Alas! that we should need to be thus reminded to-day, that as we gather here to honour the memory of Liberty's greatest son and the "Father of our dearly beloved country," we should feel that there are some among us whose sympathies flow not with ours; that there are those in this land who, by reason of foreign birth and hostile attitude towards the institutions of these United States, refuse

"To render unto Washington the things that be Washington's!"

Nigh to Rome, on the Appian Way, still stands a stern, round tower of other days. It bears aloft the name of Cecilia Matella.

The old walls have done their work well. The storm of war has poured around them and Time's effacing finger has long touched them, but yet they remain like grim sentinels to guard the trust committed to their care. Who Cecilia Matella was and what her history was has long since been buried in oblivion, and the empty, barren name seems more unreal, more like a mockery, than if the letters themselves had vanished long ago.

Shall such be the fate of the name of Washington? Heaven forbid!

George H. Forsyth.

THE SEASONS.

THE rose has a season to bud and a season to blow,
Then follows the season to fall when the leaves lie low,
All withered beneath the branch where they nodded an hour ago.

The bird has a season to grow and a season to sing,
Then follows the season to die, which the swift days bring,
When its glad note never again shall make the woodland ring.

But though the rose may wither and fall to-day,
And though the bird may waste in a slow decay,
To-morrow a rose will blow and a bird will sing its lay.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE TALE OF THE PRINCESS SAVITRI.

THE word "Sanscrit" to untutored minds always represents the great unknown, a topic on which it is better to let others do the talking, if we want to hide our own ignorance, in fact a subject to be relegated to the most retired nooks of a great University, a thing that is antiquated, and so buried beneath "the sands of time" that a man can not excavate deep enough to find anything, without getting so out of touch with this busy, prosaic nineteenth century world of ours, that when he comes back to the surface, a thing which he seldom does, he is forever a marked man. When the student thinks of Sanscrit, the air is heavy with the odor of "midnight oil," thumbed dictionaries of ghastly paradigms rise before his vision, the legion of strange letters form a kaleidoscope, as they unite in all sorts of writhing ligatures, and his worst foe, the twenty-letter-compound words, seem more villainously inclined than ever.

To the poet, and the man whose inner world is full of life, who possesses that Midas-touch that brings the golden lining of the Ideal out of even the most prosaic things of life, to such an one as this, Sanscrit presents vistas of the mysteries of Indian philosophy; he sees great forests and rivers, hermits and saints, and mighty "Rajas," and the whole kosmos is peopled with "Devas." No matter how much Philology may dissect and classify the remains of India's past literature, there is an aroma about it, a something indiscribable, dependent not upon form or surroundings, but inherent in the thing itself, which lives on immortal. The world has waited for our *fin de siécle* activity to draw this out, give it substance, and clothe it in such a way as to make it intelligible and capable of being appreciated. For this is the rationale of that new concept of the brotherhood of man which is now manifesting itself in "world exhibitions," but will soon extend its field, and spend at least a part of its activity in yoking the past to the present. Latin and Greek we have ever with us, but it is at least worthy of a thought, whether we do well altogether to neglect the still older literature of old India. For while in the economy of things few men can rightly afford time to do much in this corner, are all the rest of us excused from even a knowledge of all that has been done? But, as happens so many times in this world of compensations, "Taste and See" is all the motto that we need. If one had been hard at work on a hot summer's day in the streets of a great city, deafened by the roar of trucks and carts, and elbowed and pushed by the hurrying crowd, what could be more delightful than suddenly to have the scene changed, and to find oneself in the quiet country, with none but the birds for company? And to him who has any true realization of what Horace meant when he said *simplex munditiis* it is almost as great a relief to put back the hands of time from this artificial, myriad-voiced clamour of 1893, back three thousand years to the time when the world was young, to speak once again the pure, artless speech of nature, and to come apart and rest a while with the "Dwellers in the Dawn." Perhaps you are beginning to despair of ever reaching the Princess Savitri, but, long as this is for an introduction, it only gives a hint or two of some of the surprises and pleasures that await the explorer into that 200,000-line Epic of the Mahabharata, that epic which tradition says is but a miniature of the great two million line epic which, unfortunately, the gods alone possess. These 200,000 lines form a part of the "Hindoo Bible," and are so divine and holy that the "Record" itself says "The reading of the Mahabharata destroys all sin and produces virtue * * * if a man read it, he ascends to heaven after death." The tale of the Princess Savitri is just one short episode in this monster work. I have chosen it as a sample partly because it is such a perfect jewel in itself, and is rendered all the more brilliant by its incongruous setting—a bit of real romance, a story of true love, written before Homer, and, as some think, even before Moses, and partly because its heroine is the prototype of "Alcestis," and the side-lights that are thrown on the condition of women in that early age contrast most vividly with the condition of their daughters, the women of the India of to-day. The literary form of this episode is a combination of the epic and the dramatic, occurring incidentally as a narrative of the Seer Markandeya to comfort a Prince at the loss of his virtuous wife. It might be easily dramatized, with the following as its "Dramatis Personæ":

Aswapiti, King of Madras.
Savitri, his daughter.
Navada, the Seer, his councellor,
Dyumatsena, the exiled King of Chalva,
Satyavan, his son,
Yama, the God of Death.
Penitents, Hermits and Wisemen.

The poem consists of seven cantos, and the scene shifts between the Court of Madras, the Hermitage Retreat of the exile Dyumatsena and the depths of the "Penitence Forest."

* * * * * * * *

In the land of Madras, there dwelt a pious Raja, beloved of his people, just and true; but alas! he was childless, and his great sorrow, which none could feel more keenly than a high-caste Hindoo, was that when Yama should take him hence there would be none to bear his name. And so in the faith of a child of the Dawn, he fasted and prayed to the goddess Savitri that with her as an intercessor, the great and awful Dera, the self-existent one might grant him offspring. His prayers and sacrifices gained him a hearing, and the goddess promised.

> "Lo! unto thee there shall be born a maid,"
> "More sweet than eye of man hath ever seen;"
> "The self-existent one hath promised it."

When the maiden was born she had lotus eyes and was as beautiful as Lakshmi. In fact, so lovely was she that men were wont to worship her as an angel from Heaven. But as the years rolled by and the time came when it was meet for her to be wedded, none of the princes of that land had dared to ask her hand; and so her father, the wise Raja, bade her take her attendants and go forth to seek a husband, saying, (in the words of a quaint Indian proverb):

> "He doeth wrong, whose son is wedded not,
> "Wrong is that king who himself marries not,
> "And whoso heedeth not his mother's needs
> "He also does a wrong commit."

And so the Princess set forth, and the first canto closes.

Now there was a day when Aswapiti, the king, sat among his lords, and Navada, his high councellor, was beside him when lo! Savitri entered with her train and bowed in deep humility before the king. She had found her choice, it was the noble Satyavan, son of the blind exile Dyumatsena, a dweller in the "Penitence Forest." He was a "liberal giver," and a man possessed of all the virtues, but Narada, the Seer, foretelling the catastrophe, declared his one fault, that cancelled all the good.

"Count hence to-day, one year, and he shall die." The father, deeply moved, pleaded with his daughter to change her purpose, but to no avail; respectful but firm she replied—in another proverb:

> "There are three things that happen once for all,
> "Once falls a heritage; and once a maid
> "Doth yield unto her husband of her joy;
> "Once says a father 'choose, thy will be done,'
> "These things are 'once-for-alls.'"

And so the wedding banquet was made ready, the seer blessed the lovely bride and went to his home, and so ends the 2nd canto.

Now the father of Prince Satyavan was blind and an exile from his kingdom, and his dwelling place was in the forest. To him, then, went the Raja to gain his sanction for the marriage. And when the festal day came all the priests and holy penitents gathered in the forest, and, with great rejoicing, the sacred ties were bound. In the days that followed, Savitri in beautiful humility put off her royal attire and clothed herself in the coarse garments of a hermit, and her kindness and devotion gained her the love of all that knew her, and the poor blind father of her princely lord delighted in her words; but all this time her heart was heavy with dread when she bethought herself of the awful doom foretold by Narada; and so ends the 3rd Canto.

Day followed day until at length she knew the dread time was almost come and that in four days her lord must die; so she rose before the dawn and solemnly observed the "Three-Fold Fast." But when the day of doom was come she rose and sacrificed and made ready to go with her husband to the forest; for she said: "This day, to-day, I cannot leave thee, Prince." And so they bade their parents farewell and set out to gather fruit where the crystal streams were flowing through the green forest glades; and so ends the 4th canto.

Now it so happened that when they had filled their basket with luscious fruit, the Prince began to cut wood to make a sacrifice, when suddenly a pain shot through his head, the sweat stood out upon his brow, and he sank down exhausted. But Savitri was there, and caught him in her arms and raised his head upon her lap and soothed him.

And lo! there stood beside her a mighty spirit, clad in red, with eyes that flashed like the sun. In terror Savitri sprang up and cred aloud:

> "What God art thou, for mortal thou art not."

Then the Shade answered:

> "Yama, am I, the mighty god of Death,
> "Who binds the souls of men, and bears them hence."

And straightway he drew forth the soul of Satyavan and bound it in his noose and departed on his journey, but the faithful Savitri followed hard after, and when Yama bade her return said:

> "Whithersoever men shall bear her lord,
> "There, duty says, the faithful wife must go."

And then she burst forth into a holy chant, extolling virtue and self-mastery, and Yama, charmed, granted a boon, excepting only the life of Satyavan, and so she prayed that the father of her lord might be restored to sight. Still she followed, and her voice was raised in the praise of friendship. And the Death god, hearing, granted another boon, but not the Prince's life. So she chose that the exile king should be brought back to his rightful throne; and still she followed. And again her chant was "A Song of Mercy." And again Yama hearkened, and was glad, and again she obtained a wish—not the longed-for life, but many sons for her father; and still she followed. And now she sung a song of righteousness, and Yama's heart was warmed within him, and yet another boon was granted her, but not the life for which she would have given her own; instead she was to bear many sons to carry on the line; and still she followed. And now she poured her whole soul into her words, and her praises were once again of virtue; and Yama, the very God of Death, grew merciful, and his soul melted, and, in a transport of joy, he cried:

"Choose, Princess, choose, a wish incomparable." And Savitri cried out,

"Grant me the life of my dear Satyavan!" and Yama bowed assent and loosed the noose. Then Savitri sped back with feet made swift by love, and found her husband stretched upon the grass, and again she raised his head and coaxed the warm life back into his veins, and soon he wonderingly awoke,

"And like some wearied traveler returned
"From a long wandering in a distant land,
"In love, he gazed up in his darling's face."

Then in the darkening forest, that already echoed with the howls of jackals, arm-in-arm they went with slow steps back to the Hermitage; and so ends the 5th Canto.

But while these two were absent in the forest, the blind Dyumatsena suddenly received his sight, and, with his wife, set forth in anxious fear to seek the wanderers. But their search was in vain, and returning, sad and weary, they were surrounded by the blessed penitents, who comforted their troubled hearts, and prophesied, by all they held most dear, that Satyavan still lived. And lo! while they were yet speaking, Savitri appeared with her loved Satyavan. Then there was great rejoicing and an eager questioning, and when the truth was known, the virtue of Savitri seemed lovelier than ever, and the hermits were tired of telling the story over and over. And the king, once blind, but now restored to sight, gazed upon his daughter-in law, whom he had learned to love when he could not see, and by whose loyalty he had received his vision. And so, in the midst of the "Penitence Forest," there were glad hearts and great joy; and so ends the 6th Canto.

Now, the word of Yama was fixed, and his promise could not fail, and he had said that the exile should return and rule once more in his own kingdom. The night was gone, and the sun's red disk had risen. The hermits made their morning sacrifice when into the forest home there came, post haste, messengers, who bore the glad tidings that the tyrant in the land of Chalva had been overthrown, and that the people claimed their rightful king, whether he was blind or not.

"Thou art our king, and shalt reign over us,
"Yea, every man's desire is toward thee."

And the wagons and the host of elephants and horses stood ready, and the priests again anointed him king, and secured for his first-born the right of succession. * * * Years passed, and Aswapiti's fair wife bore him the "Hundred Sons" that Yama had foretold, valiant warriors and loving brothers; and of Savitri also there were sons, noble and true. So the whole house was restored and rescued from its sorrows by the virtue of the Princess Savitri.

"And he who hears the tale of Savitri,
"And with due reverence treasures up its words,
"He shall attain his soul's utmost desire,
"And live in happiness and free from pain."

And so ends the 7th and last Canto, in the Tale of Savitri.

* * * * * * * *

This is a mere outline of the story and necessarily many of the daintiest touches can not be reproduced, but it is enough I think, to give one an idea of it and to bring out its most striking characteristic, its supreme *naïveté*. There is absolutely no attempt at artificial ornamentation of style. But what would impress the careful reader most of all is the absence of that stereotyped treatment of religious matters which is common in later times. The portrayal of man's frank and simple bearing towards the gods would be enough in itself to prove its great antiquity; in it we see the faith of man as it was before credulity began to take its place. Then, too, the picture that it gives of woman is strangely suggestive of those liberties which she enjoys to-day and relishes all the more perhaps because she thinks that her emancipation is strictly the growth of modern times—another instance of "repetition in history." Of course there are many things in the poem that are almost peculiar to India—its pictures of Hermit life in the great forest, the extreme reverence for parents and the absolute devotion of the wife to her husband—but these only serve to give a local colouring and feed the imagination; they are like the mint marks which prove the genuineness of the coin. But above all these, there are many touches that are so simple and deep that they belong to all the world and to all time. It is their unity with the world thought, their freedom from what we call "dialectic marks," that make us feel repaid for spending a few moments in listening to the story of Savitri.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

AS IT IS ON EARTH.

A strong tree fell in the wood—
'Mid the roar of a stormy night—
'Mid the thunder and wind and rain;
But no one marked where it stood,
Where it fell in the furious fight,
And no one pitied its pain.

A strong man fell on the field,
'Mid the roar of a stormy life,
'Mid the hatred and sin and all;
But no one marked where he reeled,
Where he fell in the furious strife,
And no one mourned o'er his fall.

Frank McDonald.

THE TICKINGS OF AN OLD CLOCK.

It was not one of those spacious colonial mansions with their square rooms, gables and wide hall-ways; they are scarce and rarely found outside of fiction. The old house I am about to describe, while it dated back to the colony days, never was, nor pretended to be, anything but an humble farm-house. But it was the old homestead, and that, I suppose, is why its shingled sides, its uneven floors and square brick chimneys had for the family such a charm. And one room in particular was especially quaint—the old room in the west part, the only one besides the summer-kitchen in the rear and the bed-room in the attic, which Uncle Philip never used. For in this room the oak-beamed ceiling was lower, the great blackened fire-place was larger than in any of its neighbors in the newer part. Like the historic head-quarters at Newburgh, nearby, it had seven doors and but two windows, while there were other smaller doors to the little closets by the fire-place and to the cupboard in the corner. The windows had tiny panes and scratched initials supposed to have some historic connections. Uncle Philip used to say that a certain "H. B." was done by Harvey Birch himself; for right in this region was laid the story of Cooper's "Spy," and he would prove to his own, if to no one else's satisfaction, that this was a certain house which the author mentioned more than once.

But however this might be, in the corner stood an old mahogany clock, which we all knew had a history, for it bore across its brass face the inscription: "London, 1675." It had been in the family ever since and now came down to Uncle Philip, the old bachelor who dwelt all alone in the family homestead. We, the younger branch of the family, who only spent the summers in our country place near Uncle Philip's, esteemed the old heirloom highly. Our great uncle, on the other hand, laughed at our sentiment, evincing no affection for it, and being of very slender means, had more than once said gruffly, "You can have it for two hundred dollars." But though we often made offers of assistance, which the old man proudly refused, we never felt really able to pay any such price for the clock.

The eccentric old bachelor of seventy seldom showed any affection for us, nor in fact for anything, and I am afraid that altogether he was rather an unlovely character. I had pitied him for his lonely life and in return he did have at times a sort of rough liking for me. This dated back to the Sundays in my boyhood when I used to share his four o'clock dinner, for the lonely old man only troubled himself to cook two meals a day. And during my college vacations and such parts of the following summers as I spent in Crotonville, the clock itself did not show the word "Sunday" across its face more regularly than it saw me in the quaint old room.

But it was one week-day that I speak of when, dressed in old hunting clothes, I entered the house. It was early in the fall; I had been shooting, and it was my thought to leave a bird or two with Uncle Philip as I walked across the meadows home. The old man was reading as I came in and merely nodded while

I took a chair. I waited for some time for him to speak, but at length broke the silence myself with the words, "Hello, here are some people coming."

The old man was deaf and I had to repeat it, and then in a bewildered way he ran around in his stocking feet in search of his slippers and coat. Meanwhile, from the window I saw, to my surprise, that the visitors were what the village people would have called "Maintoppers," or boarders from "Hotel Maintop," a summer resort a few miles to the northeast. A coachman in livery was holding a span of stylish horses before a red-wheeled break, while a gentleman and lady were coming up the path. The former was a man of sixty perhaps, gray-whiskered and rather youthfully dressed. But no one could have said that his daughter was anything but charming—the dress of some white material fitted her to perfection, and the white hat and parasol all gave her a most dainty appearance. And as I looked again surely the blue eyes and the wavy-brown hair could belong to none other than Florence Mathews, a girl I had known, though but slightly, in the city.

As I looked at my rough, old clothes and my torn straw hat I would have escaped, but I knew that it would have been useless, as my uncle would have surely called me back. So putting the best face on the matter, I myself opened the door, was at once recognized by Miss Mathews and presented to her father and in return I introduced both the visitors to my great uncle.

"We came to see your house, sir, if you have no objection," said Mr. Mathews politely but rather pompously, "and the people in the village tell us that you have an old clock."

"Clock—clock—yes—how much do you say you'll give for it?" screamed my uncle, who like most deaf persons, talked very loud.

"But uncle, I don't think Mr. Mathews came here to buy it," said I reproachfully, and I sincerely hoped that he did not.

"Ah, but you don't know what relic-hunters we are," said Miss Mathews, laughing, and then to her father, "what a quaint old thing! really, papa, you must get it for me."

"But how about the price, my young lady?" said Mr.

Mathews good-humoredly, examining the clock through his glasses and comparing its time with his watch.

"Never mind that, only get it and I'll go without,—let me see ——"

"But really," I interposed, "it is an old family heir-loom which must stay in the family."

At this the daughter's face fell and she said, "Of course then we couldn't think of getting it." Mr. Mathews had paid no attention to my remark but was examining the weights inside. Uncle Philip, however, had unfortunately heard and turning toward me said crossly, "You have nothing to say about it,—I have told you folks many a time that you could have it for two hundred dollars,—but you and Henry think you'll wait till I die."

"I will give you two hundred for it," said Mr. Mathews carelessly, after an embarrassing silence.

"Oh papa, after what Mr. Barton has said," cried Miss Mathews.

But no such scruple entered the father's mind, and after some further stipulations, almost before I knew it he was writing out a check. In despair I made an offer of two hundred and fifty, but again in spite of the protests of his daughter Mr. Mathews cooly raised his sum to three hundred, and feeling that bidding was hopeless I gave the matter up. He arranged to have it packed and shipped the following day and father and daughter soon took their leave, the former with a brisk "good-day, sir," to me, but the latter with a gentle handshake as she said, "I'm sorry papa would buy the clock, but you must come and see it when we're all in town again."

I was so provoked with my uncle for selling the old time-piece that though leaving the birds upon the table, as I had intended, I stalked away without a word. The rest of the family were exceedingly put out and disappointed, and my brother, going to the gentleman's office in the city,—for the Mathews family had returned to town,—finally made an offer of nearly double the sum which the purchaser had originally paid. But all in vain,—"Money could not buy it now," he said.

Uncle Philip had shown such eagerness to sell the clock that in my disgust I had almost resolved never to go to the house again. But as I knew the old man was in real need of money, I might have forgiven him had he manifested the least sorrow at parting with the old relic. And still I wanted to show that my little attentions all these years had not been for any mercenary end, and so as I walked to church the next Sunday I determined to go home with him as usual in the afternoon. But as I went along the shady village street judge of my surprise in meeting Uncle Philip himself, not in his Sunday suit of black but in his every-day clothes and with a market basket upon his arm. "Why Uncle Phil," I exclaimed, "what are you doing here, where are you going?"

"To the village, for the mail, of course," he muttered crossly.

"Why," said I, "don't you know it's Sunday?"

"Sunday?" he said in a bewildered way, "Sunday—well, well—why, I thought—but, Tom, my old clock's gone, and I can't tell," and the feeble old man actually began to sob. I took his arm and helped him home, and truly he needed my assistance. But when we reached his dwelling, instead of entering by the door into the west room he took me into the newer portion of the house. "I can't stand it in there without the clock," he said sadly. And all day long as I staid there he repeated this many times, and when at last I said good-bye, for I was to return to the city in the morning, his voice trembled as he said: "I won't see you again, the old clock's gone, and the old man will be going, too."

But the next morning, as I entered the depot, I was again surprised to see Uncle Philip, this time in his best broadcloth and his old-fashioned beaver hat. "Going to town, going to get the old clock back," he said in reply to my astonished inquiry. "Never cashed it," and he showed me Mr. Mathew's check.

I could not tell him that his journey was useless; I felt that his pleadings might succeed where our offers had failed, and I determined to beg that the clock should be returned at least as long as the old man lived. He seemed bewildered at the novelty of the journey, for he had not left Crotonville for many years.

The sights and the sounds of the city were almost too much for him and as we stood upon the steps of the Mathews mansion the feeble old man had to lean on me for support.

The butler opened the door. Spying the old clock in the hall my uncle ran towards it with a joyful cry. Then he sank into a chair and no words of mine could draw him away. "Miss Mathews was at home," the butler said, and I waited by the stairway to tell the pathetic story. She came down very quickly and I thought her lovelier than ever. "Poor, poor, old man!" she said, the tears coming into her eyes, "who ever thought he cared so much about it! Have it back?—he shall have it back this very day!"

She went towards the old man, who was still staring at the clock. She spoke to him very gently, forgetting, I suppose, that he was deaf. There was no response and she touched his outstretched hand. Suddenly she started back in alarm and then we both understood. The journey, the excitement,—all had been too much, for though the clock ticked on as it had for two hundred years, the heart of the feeble old man had ceased to beat.

Perhaps this sad scene should have closed this little story; you know I am writing the clock's history and not my own. But one thing is still to be told, for though Mr. Mathews had said that money could not buy the old clock, yet it did come back to the family after all in quite another way. For I came to know the sweet, kind-hearted girl very well that winter; and one evening as I said good-night, the old clock in the hallway must have heard some tenderly whispered words. At any rate it is with us now in our little home; and as I write these words and Florence smiles at me from her rocker by the fire, I can hear the old clock ticking in the corner.

Edward James Patterson.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF MR. JOSIAH DAWSON.

The long summer day was drawing to its close, and the spiritual shadows of the trees stretched themselves full length along the dusty road.

The evening zephyrs, as they floated along, gently caressed the parched leaves, whispering to them fickle promises to carry the long-looked-for rain when they should return the next day.

The little brook, winding its devious way through the meadow, by the roots of the overhanging willows, and into the shadows of the slimy arches of the old stone bridge, gurgled and rippled as it tumbled over the pebbles.

Josiah Dawson tranquilly gazed on the peaceful scene, as he sat on a broad rider of the precarious snake-fence that served as the boundary between the rich meadow land and the desolate wheatfield, that had recently been shorn of all its glistening locks by the cruel hand of the reaper.

Mr. Dawson's face wore a contented expression as he sat there and whittled away at a little willow branch. Everything had gone well with him this season. It had been "fine hayin' weather;" the wheat crop had surpassed all expectation; the oats had safely weathered a slight attack of rust, and now nestled on the bosom of the hay in the huge mows of his overstocked barn; and, concerning the prospect of corn, he had but to look up to the side of the hill and see the tall stalks that rose and sank in graceful swells, like a green sea almost stilled in a calm, to know that when "huskin'-time" arrived, the corn harvest would not fall behind the others.

The scattered drove of sleek, well-fed cattle silently wandering across the meadow, through the bars, and into the narrow lane that led to the barn-yard, under the tutelage of the well-trained shepherd-dog, "Bounce," seemed emblematic to Mr. Dawson of his good fortune, and slowly the realization that there was but one thing wanting to make his home a well-rounded Arcadia, stole over him.

Very many times that summer he had wondered if it would not be a good idea to hunt around the neighborhood a little, and see if he could not find someone who would be willing to share his hand and fortune.

Somehow or other the heart did not enter into Josiah's calculations. He was too practical a man to entertain any speculations concerning such an uncertain quantity, and too simple to try to analyze so subtle and elusive a feeling as love. Love, to him, represented some strange malady with which certain members of the human family were afflicted, and to be considered in much the same manner as an attack of measles or mumps.

Old Daniel Moore, the oracle of the neighborhood, and authority on all ventures, financial, religious, and matrimonial, sized up Josiah's character pretty well to a knot of farmers at the store down at the "Corners."

"Yes, that 'air man, Josh Dawson, is ther steadiest young feller 'bout these whole parts. He's got the makin' of a fine man, I tell yer ; minds me consid'able of my roan mare that I got down to Simond's sale nigh to ten years ago when she was a colt. Left her out in my back medder fur a couple of years and one day brought her inter ther lane, put the gears onter her and without no trouble at all druve her off jist like she's an old plow-leader. She did'nt try on no capers nur go careenin 'bout like most three-year-olds, but frum that day ter this she's served me well through thick and thin.

"Now, that's jist ther way with Josh Dawson. He hain't got no time ter go a foolin' round like most young snips that dresses up spick and span and goes out courtin', then gets married afore they's got any money and lives on a rented farm as poor as church mice, fur the rest of their lives. No, when Josh gits ready ter git hitched, he'll jist go off and ax ther gal that he thinks'll suit and there's an end ter ther hull matter."

By the time the willow branch had almost disappeared under the keen edge of the knife, Mr. Dawson had determined to place himself in the matrimonial market, and, being a man of action, resolved to complete the deal that very evening. So leaping down from the fence he set off to finish up the chores at the barn and prepare for the momentous visit.

About five miles from Mr. Dawson's farm lay the broad acres of 'Squire Abram Young. There, in a rambling old farm-house, dwelt the 'Squire and his two daughters.

Miss Susan, the elder, was a maiden of about twenty-four years, very dignified and modest, and had a reputation of being the most exemplary young lady for miles around. This damsel was the one that Josiah had resolved to marry and thus acquire a valuable acquisition to his property.

Miss Cynthia was several years younger, and though greatly resembling her sister in appearance, yet differed from her in so much as she was full of fun and frolic and was much sought after by the gay young swains of the country.

Josiah had watched her from afar for some time past, and had regarded her actions with dissatisfaction, coming to what he considered the wise resolution that she was entirely too "skittish" for the wife of a sensible farmer.

It was quite dark when Josiah Dawson drove into the 'Squire's wagon-shed and hitched his big gray horse to the "Dutchman" at the end of a hay wagon.

Josiah was dressed for the occasion.

He wore a new suit that his mother, with the aid of Miss Abigal Smithson, the seamstress from the "Corners," had fashioned so well that when he had put it on and paraded himself before them, Miss Abigal declared, "it was the cunningest thing that she ever seen and that it fitted him to a T." His big cowhide boots were freshly greased, as the remnants of tallow between the soles and uppers could testify, and he wore a great red necktie over which he had laboured a long time.

Meeting the Squire at the back-gate he responded to his "How-de-dew," and walked in with him toward the house.

"Come to see the gals, eh? Wall I reckon you'll find Susan on the front poarch; she ginerally sots down thar arter the milkin's done—ter see the fellers drive by, I tell her."

The Squire entered the kitchen, leaving Josiah to find his way to the front porch. Mr. Dawson felt a little timid about venturing out on this unknown sea, but he had determined to make a beginning and an end on this evening, so thrusting his huge hands in his pockets, he proceeded around the house and upon the piazza.

There sat Miss Young, only her outline showing in the deep shadow.

"Good evenin', Miss Young," said Josiah, advancing awkwardly.

Miss Young gave a slight shriek of surprise, then recognizing her visitor quickly regained her self-possession and greeted him.

"Why, Mr. Dawson, I am very glad to see you. Were you looking for father?"

"No, I jist seen him and thought I'd kinder drop round here see as how you was a gittin' along."

"Take a chair, Mr. Dawson; there's one over there by the post."

"No, thankee, Miss Young, guesss I'll jist squat here on the steps; seems more comfortable like. Fine evenin' this?"

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Kinder warmish though," said Josiah, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a big bandana.

"Yes, a little," volunteered Miss Young.

Silence for a few minutes, broken only by the dismal croaking of a colony of frogs in the swamp down by the creek.

"I wonder if it's likely ter rain termorrer?" said Mr. Dawson finally, looking reflectively up through the trees at the twinkling stars.

"I really couldn't say, Mr. Josiah! it's been some time since we've had any, hasn't it?"

"Yes," was Josh's response.

Conversation languished for some time, now and then brightening a little like a spluttering candle in a dark room, then dying away leaving every thing in obscurity.

At length Josiah nerved himself for the great effort and resolved to "pop the question."

Secretly slipping between his capacious jaws a little morsel of tobacco and giving his trousers a hitch or two, he began in a solemn and rather awed tone:

"Miss Young?"

"Yes."

"I've been kinder thinkin' lately—"

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Young, I've been a thinkin', seein' that everything's turned out remarkable well for me this season, crops bein' good and times encouragin' like, and seein' that I'm a gettin' along so well and marm is gettin' old and not so spry as she uster be, that it'd be a good thing for me to git married ter some likely young lady in these parts."

"Indeed, Mr. Dawson."

"Yes, Miss Young. So I kinder cast my eyes around and not seein' no one that I liked—exceptin' *one*—I made up my mind ter come 'round and see her."

Then rising to his feet he continued:

"Miss Young, you was the gal that I've liked ever sence I was knee-high ter a grasshopper. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Dawson! this is so sudden."

Josiah approached her chair and leaning over said, in what was meant to be a confidential tone, "Miss Young, you're the only gal that I ever could keer fur at all. When I am pickin' potatoes, or a milkin' or a plowin'—it don't make no difference —I am allus a thinkin' of you. Won't you come to my house and help chirp things up some for me and marm?"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Dawson."

"I can't help it, Miss Young. I hain't like most chaps that go a sparkin' all the time, and I hain't onter ther ways of females much, but I knows who I likes and who I don't, so won't you marry me?"

This last appeal was too much for Miss Young, and the walls about her heart broke down and streams of love gushed forth toward Josiah.

She had known him for a long time, though not intimately, and well realized in what esteem the farmers about the country held him, and she had secretly admired his upright character and rather retired life, so lifting her eyes toward him she softly whispered, "Yes, Josiah."

Mr. Dawson's conquest was made and there only remained the task of acquainting the family of the fact. Hand-in-hand the betrothed entered the dark sitting-room, through the little hall and on out to the kitchen where the family were congregated about the dining-table, reading.

Their entrance occasioned quite a commotion and the Squire, looking up from the "Weekly Democrat," exclaimed, "Why Josh!"

"Yes, Squire," began Josiah with a hesitating smile on his tanned face, "you see Miss Susan and I have sort of come ter terms and made—"

"Susan?" cried the Squire.

"Why, yes, I—I—" then turning toward his betrothed, a look of mixed astonishment and horror overspread Josiah's countenance, for by his side stood Miss *Cynthia* Young. He had proposed to the wrong girl.

J. McGill White.

"NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON."

The golden light from out the West
  Behind the trees is fading,
The campus lawn is wrapt in dusk
  Beneath the buildings' shading.

As here and there a star appears
  Amid the Heavens gleaming,
Now here, now there from out the walls
  A lamp begins its beaming.

The footsteps fall on walks below
  As little groups are passing,
While overhead the strength of night
  Is slowly, darkly massing.

The long light slants across the elms
  To music of their sighing,
While from Old North the tolling bell
  Proclaims the day is dying.

E. J. Patterson.

DEACON BECKWITH'S BURGLAR.

The little village of Shadyville was in a flurry of excitement. Burglars were coming. Deacon Beckwith, the most learned and trusted citizen of the village, had just returned from an errand to Sanville, the neighboring railroad station, where he had heard startling stories of how that thriving borough had been infested by a gang of house-breakers for a week past. The police force (consisting of a one-legged soldier and his faithful yellow dog) was powerless. The people were at the mercy of the burglars.

Quaking with fear at these terrible tales, Deacon Beckwith started on his perilous homeward journey. Scarcely had he gotten out of sight and protection of Sanville, when he saw two men at some distance ahead of him, on the Shadyville road. Each man was carrying something—either a valise or small box. To Deacon Beckwith's excited imagination there was no doubt as to their identity. They were a detachment of the robber gang, sent out to secure the valuables of Shadyville. Else why had they those suspicious-looking boxes in their hands—without doubt containing their burglar-tools? The few remaining hairs on the good Deacon's bald head stood erect at this horrible thought. He glanced back—Sanville was lost to view; but it was not far. He could return and seek her protecting shelter. But no. He would not be a coward. Shadyville was in danger. He would hasten on and warn his neighbors of their peril. The hazard was great, but when he thought of his dear old wife and only son alone at home (the only son was a youth of some thirty-five summers) he took heart. "It's two against one," thought the Deacon, "but if the old nag stands by me, I'll soon leave them in the distance." With this consoling thought he plied his whip, and dashed into the jaws of death! Nearer, nearer, but the wayfarers paid no heed. Now they hear his creaking wheels, and are giving the road. The Deacon plies the whip vigourously once more, looks neither to the right or the left, and is soon past the travelers and safely hid behind the next hill. "A narrow escape," reflects the Deacon, as he wipes the sweat off his brow, and pulls up a little to give the nag a rest. He instinctively feels for his watch, and is astonished to find it still in its accustomed place.

Arrived at Shadyville, soon all the villagers are gathered round him, and listening with bulging eyes and trembling knees to the Deacon as he relates his thrilling adventures. A few doubters are silenced by the details concerning the suspicious-looking boxes which the burglars carried. Windows are nailed down, doors are barred, then the assault is awaited in fear and trembling.

This was the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant that the quiet peace of Shadyville had been threatened. Nestling sleepily between the green hills, and all but hidden from the outside world, the dozen houses which made up the little hamlet had, up to this time, escaped the depredations of the burglar. But occasional stories of the daring and awful deeds of this dangerous class had reached the ears of the unsophisticated villagers, and one of their number, Samantha Martin, had actually read a book once, when visiting with a relative at a distance, which bore the awe-inspiring title of,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BURGLAR;
OR
THE DARING DEEDS OF DAN THE DAUNTLESS.

Samantha was a great heroine on account of this experience, and whenever she condescended to relate some of the soul-harrowing achievements of the dauntless Dan to a coterie of her female companions—stories rendered more and more thrilling by being oft repeated and receiving new and alarmingly frightful acquisitions from the lively imagination of Samantha, at each telling—hands would go up in amazement, faces would grow long, and such approving little exclamations as "dew tell," "you don't say," "just to think," would come at each climax in the story, from the admiring and almost spell-bound little gathering.

At Deacon Beckwith's, a close watch had been kept all the afternoon and evening, and now as dusk grew into night and the supper dishes were cleared away, the old gentleman looked to the doors and windows for the hundredth time, and prepared to watch the first half of the night. His son John was to relieve him at one o'clock, and keep guard the rest of the night. Good old Mrs. Beckwith could not think of going to bed so long as "he" was up, so the old couple watched out the long hours together before the wide open fireplace. The old gentleman attempted to smoke his pipe, but it was a dismal failure. Then he sat restlessly before the fire, seeing burglars and ghosts and spooks dancing promiscuously in their fantastic glee in the flickering flame, until some noise—the wind playing in the shutters or what not—would bring the Deacon to himself again, and a realizing sense of his perilous situation would come over him, bringing big drops of cold prespiration to his wrinkled brow. Mrs. Beckwith attempted to knit, but had to give it up, her fingers trembled so—she said it was the "rheumatics," although the good soul had not seen a sick day for many a year —then she, too, fell to watching the fantastic shapes in the fire.

Deacon Beckwith drew a long breath—a breath of longed-for but scarcely hoped-for relief, when the tall clock in the hallway at last struck one. He got up from his chair before the fire, carefully, noiselessly, and went stealthily to his son's room. He found that young man enjoying himself thoroughly. Lying flat upon his back on the double decked and lofty feather bed (a luxury known to old-fashioned country life) and immersed in its downy depths so deeply that only his grizzly head and much bewhiskered countenance, looking, in the dim light, like the big end of a feather duster, was visible, his sonorous and regularly recurring snore bore abundant evidence of dreams undisturbed by environments, however dangerous.

"The dear boy," thought the old man, as the rays of the lamp fell on the peaceful and, to him, handsome countenance of his darling offspring, "it's a shame to wake him." "I'll let him sleep," and he started back; but he was turned from his resolve by his wife, who appeared at that moment and insisted that he take some rest. Then he sat the lamp down and went up to the bed and shook his son, gently at first, then harder and harder—he did not dare to call out loud enough to awake him. John rubbed his eyes with his rough fist, sat up in bed, muttered something about "wakin' a feller up when he's havin' such comfortable dreams," and then rolled lazily out of bed. As he dressed, the old man gave instructions as to how John was to act in case the burglars came, concluding with a last admonition that at the first alarm John was to "be sure and call your father at once, and don't forget, whatever else you do." John mumbled and grumbled something about "spilin' all this good sleep for nothin'," and "only imagination," and "he wasn't afeared of burglars," but the old gentleman attributed his astonishing conduct to his drowsy condition, and consoled himself only with the remark that "he'd better watch right close if he wanted to save his bacon, and not have his poor old father and mother murdered in cold blood before his very eyes."

Deacon Beckwith hung his coat over the foot-post of the old-fashioned bed and then carefully placed his hat on the top of the same post, over the coat—"in case I should need them in a hurry," he exclaimed. Then he went to the kitchen and brought a large piece of stove wood and laid it within easy reach of the bed—"in case of emergency," he further explained.

The tall clock in the hallway ticked loudly. Deacon Beckwith breathed heavier, heavier, his wife responded with longer and now longer respirations, and presently both were sound asleep. The belated moon stole up from behind the distant horizon, peeped in Deacon Beckwith's bed-room window and over the foot of the bed, casting its bright rays full in the restless countenance of the old gentleman. He dreamed. He saw burglars in his dreams—the self-same burglars he had seen on the highway. He is again on his homeward journey from Sanville. Now he has passed the burglars again, and he looks back to see if all is safe. Alas! they are in hot pursuit. He turns and plies the lash vigorously, but they still gain on him. Faster, faster, they come, with hair disheveled, wild-eyed, mouths opened, long white teeth that look like hooks, ghastly, grinning, gaudy, ghoulish, jumping, dancing, floating above the earth, in one hand a small box, the other hand waving, shaking, and—can it be true?—yes—dripping with blood —"Blood—blood—blood," whispers the frightened Deacon, and opens wide his eyes. Ah! alas! It is only too true. The burglars are upon him. There is one of them at the very foot of his bed—hat, shoulders, crouching low, as if to spring. "I'll fix him," mutters the Deacon, and reaches for the firewood. He raises himself, the wood circles over his head—shash!—bang!

Deacon Beckwith and his devoted wife are brought to the floor beneath an entanglement of quilts, pillows and bed-posts with a suddenness well calculated to dispel all dreams, pleasant or otherwise. John, awakened from a comfortable nap before the cozy fire, rushes in, lamp in hand. "Pa, pa, where be ye?" he shouts. The old gentleman is heard from the region of the heap of bed clothes, accompanied by the wailing of his frightened wife, "Look out for burglars! They're in the room! I just fetched one of them with that stick of wood. Run, run, call the neighbors!"

John sees no burglars; but what he does see—the rampant chaos of his father's bed-room—is sufficient to convince him that burglars, or something equally dangerous, are not far distant. With a wild yell, he rushes out to awaken the neighbors. Aid soon arrives. Half-dressed and quaking men, armed with old muskets, shot-guns, axes and clubs, trembling women, carrying brooms, dusters, fire-pokers, rush to the rescue of their beloved neighbors. They gather in front of the house, guards are stationed at the doors and windows, then a bold *posse* of young men, with John in the van—the pride of the old men, the envy of the youths, admired and applauded by the young women—taking their lives in their hands, sally gallantly into the doomed house, prepared to rescue the old couple or die at their post of duty. John leads the way to the chamber where the old people are imprisoned. A moment's hesitation, a last glance backward, a last farewell wave of the hand, and the door is thrown open.

Yell! Shriek! Yell! Shriek! muffled, indistinct, weird. Somebody strikes a match. No burglars. A very much entangled heap of bedclothes, which seems alive with frenzied motion, is the sole cause for fear that falls on the vision of the astonished rescuers. Presently a head appears from the heap, disappears, appears again.

"Pa, be ye alive?"

"Ye—Yes. That is—er—but look out for that burglar!"

"Where's any burglar?"

"Why, ain't there one there?—I fetched him with that stick of wood."

Meanwhile someone has found Deacon Beckwith's hat, with the huge stick of wood lying upon it, crushed almost beyond recognition. The bedpost is shattered to splinters, and the Deacon's best coat is in a sad plight.

"Why, Pa, what smashed your hat?"

"Uh? What's that you say? My hat? Sho'. Well I never. I thought my own hat was the burglar."

Edwin M. Norris.

THE SONG OF BARBERINE.

TRANSLATED FROM ALFRED DE MUSSET.

My gallant young soldier, you're off for the war;
    But wherefore so far
    From your native soil?
Night comes on apace: it grows dark as I speak;
    And this life you would seek
    Is but trouble and toil.

Alas! you believe that a love left behind,
    Dismissed from the mind,
    Will fade in a day.
And forget that the glory you win from your arms,
    No less than love's charms,
    Will vanish away.

My gallant young soldier, you're off for the war;
    But wherefore so far
    Would you hasten away?
I, whom you flattered with loving deceit,
    Whose smile was so sweet,
    I entreat you to stay.

M'Cready Sykes.

EDITORIAL.

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing the election as Treasurer of Mr. Robert P. Jack, of Illinois.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the June LIT. will be due June 1st, 1893.

PROSPECTIVE AND OTHERWISE.

AS THE '94 LIT. board assumes control for a brief time of this magazine, whose history runs back of the time when our fathers were in college, so that it is the oldest distinctively student organization we have, the editors feel the responsibility that has been placed upon them. The flattering notices of our exchanges continue to place the LIT. at the head of college periodicals, and we trust that our contributors will maintain for the magazine the high standard of previous years.

Everyone knows that the college monthly has become something very different from what it used to be, and that stories and sketches have to a large extent supplanted the essays of former years. The reason for this is often given as lying in the fact that undergraduate essays on serious themes are not apt to amount to much. Yet this is hardly satisfactory, inasmuch as it is tacitly implied that these same undergraduates can and will produce creditable stories, as if the writing of a story required less talent or less experience than the making of an essay. We may rather account for the lighter tone of present college magazines by the fact that people will read mediocre stories where they will not read mediocre essays. Now whatever ideals editors may have they *must* give the public something that they will read.

With this in view we may take a rational position in regard to essays and other more solid productions. A good essay that everyone will read and which is so well carried out that no one will shut the book until he has read it through, is perhaps the ideal article for a college magazine. To our contributors we would say "Read such writers as Lowell and John Fiske. Try to catch something of their light touch. Think about your subject until you can write as if you were talking, and don't, under any circumstances or on any pretext, ever write unless you have something to say that has not been said before. Shun triteness as you would shun a pestilence." We want more essays than we have been having, but we want essays that people will read.

So, while it is evident that Ninety-four will make no radical change in policy, we may say a word or two in regard to the coming year. The Contributor's Club, under the excellent management of its editors, has proved the wisdom of assigning a separate department to lighter and shorter work. But it has seemed to many that there existed no department for *communications* of a literary and critical character—open letters, discussions on published articles or on lectures—letters which are not exactly suited to the *Princetonian* and which are hardly elaborate enough for a set article. We shall be very glad to insert such communications in the Contributor's Club and thus make, in addition to the present function of that department, what might be called an open court for general discussion.

The Gossip and Editor's Table are so firmly established and have become so successful that no one could desire a change. The Book Reviews may be made a trifle more gossipy, as this important department ought to be one of the most interesting features of the magazine.

We express our sincere thanks to the Ninety-three editors for their kindness in explaining the workings of the various departments to the incoming board. A lack of this has sometimes rendered the work of a new board very onerous, so that an entire change in the *personnel* of the management has impaired the effectiveness of the magazine.

We would emphatically remind all men trying for the board, and especially Freshmen, of the importance of beginning work at once. The experience of past boards has rarely failed to furnish an example of good men who have missed an election at the last moment simply because they have neglected working until too late. Other things being equal, in placing men on the board the preference will always be given to those who have worked steadily from the beginning. We are particularly disappointed in '95. This large class, which has had such a brilliant record along other lines, has done scarcely any literary work. If the present dearth of material continues the number of editors for next year will have to be reduced.

Our esteemed contemporaries are enjoying a prosperous growth. The *Princetonian* has successfully solved the problem of running a daily paper, and our only wonder is how we got along without it before. Its recent experiment in literary criticism seems hardly within the province of a daily newspaper, but, with the growth of the college, and, perhaps, an increase in the *Princetonian's* working staff, it will undoubtedly soon be able to fill its columns more exclusively with news. The *Princetonian*, in a recent issue, kindly favored us with certain suggestions as to the management of the LIT. for the coming year. We gratefully acknowledge these useful directions, and have posted them in a conspicuous place in the Sanctum.

Our merry friend, the *Tiger*, continues to show us the lighter side of life; may he long continue his playful growl.

And so, realizing that the year is still before us, and remembering the saying of the ancient warrior, "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast himself as he that taketh it off," the LIT. greets all its friends, old and new, as it leaves a clear half century behind it, and enters on its fifty-second year.

PRIZES.

THE following prizes are offered for the coming year: A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the November number, for the best essay; open to the whole college.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the January number, for the best story; open to the whole college.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the March number; open only to under-classmen. This innovation is made to encourage under-classmen in literary work, by giving them a clear field, without the handicap of competing with men of longer training. Of course, under-classmen are also earnestly requested to try for the other prizes as well.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the April number, to be awarded to the man who shall have written the best poetry of the year. This prize will not be awarded for less than three poems, and cannot be taken by default. It is open to the whole college.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE attention of our readers is particularly directed to the advertisements in this magazine. Our advertisers are in most cases men who have been dealing with our student body for several years; they know their wants, and it is perfectly apparent that as they expect to hold the students' trade in the future they can not afford to work off inferior goods or to charge exorbitant rates. It is surely not assuming too much to say that if a man stops to think about it he would rather deal with a merchant who takes sufficient interest in the college to advertise in its periodicals and who knows that he must give good service to hold its trade.

The new advertisements are those of carefully selected firms, and the patronage of our readers is earnestly solicited in their behalf. It is especially recommended to men running into New York or Philadelphia at any time to look over our advertising pages beforehand.

THE SPENCER TRASK LECTURE COURSE.

IN publicly acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. Trask at Professor Boyesen's lecture the other evening, Dean Murray fittingly expressed the sentiment of the college. When last year passed by with a single lecture we wondered if the course were to be thus suddenly checked. This year, however, there has been no cause for complaint. It is difficult to imagine a better selection of lecturers than Mr. Crawford and Professors Fiske and Boyesen. Their lectures covered such a varied range of topics, and so happily complemented each other, as to give cause for congratulation. Professor John Fiske especially was a welcome visitor; and so great was our pleasure in listening to the man who is probably the finest American scholar of the century, that we sincerely hope that it may not be considered too radical a departure if we ask for the privilege of listening to him again next year.

CORNELL.

WE congratulate Cornell upon her adoption of the new system of conducting examinations, but we regret exceedingly the establishment there of a permanent court for the trial of offenders. A permanent court is a standing confession of weakness, and we hope that our sister college will soon remove this excrescence from an otherwise praiseworthy system.

A WORD ABOUT THE NEW EXAMINATION SYSTEM.

THE new system of examinations, which, after its recent adoption north of Mason and Dixon's line, bids fair to become known as the "Princeton system," has been so thoroughly discussed that we do not intend to go over it again. It is probably true that there is quite a wide-spread sentiment in college in favor of abolishing the pledge. In drawing a comparison between the pledge which we sign and the oath taken by a witness, Prof. Ormond has, we think, offered the happiest interpretation of the pledge. While we always expect a man to speak the truth, yet on some occasions the interests of society require that we should be particularly careful in telling the truth. So, as we consider it no imputation on our honour to be asked as witnesses to take an oath or affirmation, neither should the student feel that his honour is impeached if he is asked on such an important occasion to make a declaration that will impress him and keep him constantly reminded of the services and urgent nature of the trust reposed in him.

With such a courteous and dignified expression of the attitude of the Faculty, it seems almost ungracious to continue the suggestion of further action. And yet there is a deep-rooted feeling—so deep-rooted that it would be dishonourable to conceal it—a feeling that there is a certain indication of a relatively low sense of honour in assuming that a man is bound by his word, but is not bound by that subtle and intangible thing that we call Honour. We have respect for the man of whom we say that he will not do a mean thing because he has given his word; but we have more respect for the man whom, though he has not given his word, we *know* to be incapable of it because it is mean. It requires no more than a normal sense of honour for a man to stand by his word; but when we find a thousand men who, whether they have given their word or not, will not, though the heavens fall, swerve by so much as the estimation of a hair from the path of honour, then, and not till then, will we have really raised the moral tone of the college.

To recur to the illustration of the witness' oath. Three things are here contemplated. First, that in case of falsehood, the State may be able to prosecute for perjury. Second, that in matters of detail the witness may not confuse impressions and things which he remembers vaguely with facts which he positively knows. It is manifest that in neither of these requirements does the analogy hold. It is applicable only to the third object of the oath, namely, that the witness may be fortified by this solemn precaution against deliberate falsehood. Now we must remember that in an ordinary judicial proceeding the witnesses are taken from all sections of the community—they are often unknown men, and what ideas they may have of right and wrong no man can tell. But if one of the counsel engaged in the case wish to testify to some incidental matter, then the traditions of professional courtesy dispense in his case with the obligation of the oath. We hope that in course of time the position of the student may come to be looked upon as analogous to that of the known and trusted counsel rather than to that of the unknown witness.

Such, we doubt not, will ultimately be the plan adopted at our examinations. But there is no necessity for undue haste, and having already gone so far we can afford to wait.

GOSSIP.

Under a campus tree,
Who loves to lie with me?
* * * * *
Then shall we be
Free from ennui,
From physics, or rough lecture.
—*Anonymous.*

THE day is warm, the Gossip has been taking a good, dull, lazy browse on the front campus, and—well, to sum up everything—it's so comfortable there!

But he has been warned that, somehow, awkwardly as it may prove to be, he must get through his initial bow to the public before the afternoon mail goes out.

So he slowly rises, takes a good stretch, shoves his hands into his trouser pockets, and idly saunters toward the sanctum.

Certainly indoors on a spring afternoon is no place to be. The room feels dull and flat, and the sharp whack of the "grounder" fiend's bat is so tantalizing. Every nerve in your body tingles to get outside, if, indeed, May nerves can be said to possess that amount of energy.

The Gossip picks up the most comfortable chair in the sanctum, carefully brushes away the dust, cocks his feet on the table, and tries to find somewhere some imagination—you know, there never was a Gossip without an imagination.

This is the time of the year when the sound of the base-ball is heard in the land. It is the month of the first great game. The teams are at last working into good shape, and the ball cranks—indeed, all of us, are scanning the papers jealously for scores, although wiseacres do say that they show nothing.

What a town Princeton is, anyway, on the day of a big game! The stores, streets and telegraph poles are all decked with orange banners and bunting. Even early in the morning the sidewalks are crowded, and everything is in a hubbub.

By all odds, the proper way to go to a game is to go alone, or, at least, with your fellows. The word girls has a very nice sound—but, if you'll resist it, you won't have to sit up all night for those grand-stand seats. Besides, if anything should happen to go wrong there is plenty of room on the bleachers to air your opinions.

Yes, the way to go is to go on the bleachers. One has to eat a nervous, hasty lunch, and hurry down to get tickets, and then wait in the hot, dusty road for the gates to open—but it pays, nevertheless.

When at last the old red gates do swing wide, with a roar of joy you and the rest of the eager crowd push forward, overcome the struggling policemen, and, tickets or no tickets, run wildly down along the picket fence, through the tunnel, and scramble for the top row, there to sit through sultry, feverish hours until the appearance of the teams.

Who can describe that long, nervous wait, the dull buzz of the bleachers, the clouds of tobacco smoke, and the sharp cries of the small boy, " Score cards for the game! Correct score cards!"

How you crack jokes to your nearest neighbor, and how he cracks jokes to you! and neither of you pay the slightest attention, but you must say something, must do something, though you can't move.

Suddenly there is a commotion at the main gate. All eyes are strained toward a long yellow 'bus. It drives hurriedly up, and a dozen blue or crimson-emblazoned men, as the case may be, jump out.

Then, at the other end of the field, there is another dull roar. Our nine is out at last, and the preliminary practice will begin.

Old William of Orange, perhaps, would not be proud of the street which bears his honored name in March, but what a road it is after the game! The long line of pretty girls in their new summer gowns, the joyous, horn-blowing Freshmen, the hilarious Alumni, the wagon-loads cheering as they rattle by, all in a cloud of dust, all good-natured and happy.

By six in the evening the special trains have left, and most of the visitors are gone. By eight Princeton is getting to the height of its rejoicing. The campus is one huge delirious jumble of bon-fires, red lights and fire-crackers. Here and there are knots of people drawn together in little circles, with effusive Alumni speakers in the centre. Noisy processions march the walks, singing and cheering to the glories of Old Nassau.

Or else, if the day has been hard with us, we gather in each other's rooms, disconsolately to talk over the game, and, though we don't mean to, to count up the big and all the little "ifs." There is a strange, exquisite pleasure to be gained from these painful "ifs," and, no matter how often the conversation is changed, it always manages to revert to them.

Finally, in despair, we rush out to wander through the gloomy entries, or to seek sympathy from the calm old elms. All across the grass the dark, uncertain shadows form fantastic net-works, which dance up and down as the branches wave, and in the peaceful light somehow we forget our grief, and soon gain courage for another battle.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the rushing of great rivers?

* * * * * * *

"I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
'From the great lakes of the northland,
'From the land of the Ojibways,
'From the land of the Dakotas,
'From the mountains, moors and fern-lands.'"
—*Longfellow.*

HOW much of the charm of our modern, present-day literature is due to its naturalness, that element by virtue of which is reflected in undimmed perspective the life that we live and that surrounds us?

The Table does not wish to be understood here as eulogizing in glittering generalities what is sometimes called "the realistic movement," that which has become such a hackneyed subject of unlimited praise and for the discussion of which so small an amount of literary knowledge seems to be necessary. Still less is the Table lauding that worse than folly which is styled by its professed adherents "Materialism," a title which Zola, Jules Clartie and their fellows have invented as a flimsy cloak for their multitude of sins. Far otherwise! By *naturalness* the Table means simply the representation of modern men and modern women, their lives and their surroundings—with that careful attention to detail that results in such strongly-drawn characters, such graphic descriptions as are given us by Howells, Miss Wilkins, Davis, Kipling, Stevenson, Crawford, Miss Murfree, James, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte and all the rest that we know so well, and the appearance of whose names in our magazines we hail with such delight.

What real men these naturalists (if so the Table may call them) draw! Silas Lapham, Van Bibber, Oakhurst and all the rest; we know them all and we pass them by the score in the well-dressed, hurrying crowds on Broadway; we see them in every railway train, every hotel, every place of business; we even pass them on the campus or chat with them in our rooms. And their women! They, too, Daisy Miller, Jane Field and Eleanor Vernon, are all the delightfully real, flesh-and-blood women that Gibson and Du Maurier draw, and that are our mothers, sisters and —friends.

A great deal of this truth to nature, this strong laying on of what someone speaks of as the "local colouring," that constitutes what the Table has called naturalism, seems to be directly traceable to the influence of our first great American writer, Hawthorne, the observant. It is the magical naturalness with which his characters and scenes are treated that has given him the high rank assigned him by all critics. Ever since his day this tendency has been growing, especially in American literature, but also steadily, though slowly, in that of "the other side," as it is now fashionable to call England and the Continent. Here we see it most strongly marked in Barrie and Hardy and Kipling, and, the Table has sometimes thought, even in the daintily beautiful descriptions of the best French writers of the day. In such progressive periodicals as *The English Magazine*, in the fiction, the tales of travel and the essays, this naturalism is very evident, taking on a strong, healthy form, such as reminds one of our own *Scribner's* and *Century*.

The Table considers the growing tendency to this natural treatment in our college magazines of to-day one of the best signs of the times. It shows a far more observant, keen and wide-awake spirit of thought than could be found anywhere, a few years ago, when in the same periodicals the fiction was worse than dry, and the essays were the labored discussions or philosophical themes that past college *Lit.* boards were afflicted with.

On of the finest essays on literary subjects that it has been the Table's good fortune to read is Mr. Frederic Harrison's, on "The Decadence of Romance," in the April *Forum*. As keen and impartial as is Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject, the Table does not agree with some of his conclusions. His views, from the British standpoint, of course, may be summed up in a sentence of his own, when, not decrying the present situation at all, but merely making a statement of the facts in the case, he says, "Comfort, electric lights, railway cars and equality are excellent things, but they are the death of romance." His meaning is that modern life, its conditions and its surroundings, do not admit of the highest treatment of romance, but confines it to "the dead-level of correctness." The Table has an idea that the necessity of modern life and its conditions confining or restraining true genius, is not as great here in America as among the writers of Great Britain. Can it be that human life is not the same now that it has always been, and that it has lost its romantic elements because of its advance in civilization? Our American life, with its hurry and intensity, its rush and go, has a fascination that no other phase of human life ever presented and that is steadily drawing to its representation countless gifted pens that have felt the charm and spirit of our Western life. And because we are daily becoming more civilized, must the genius of romance daily decline? At the least, let us hope that in this respect Mr. Harrison's essay has seen only the English side of the case.

And now let us look at the magazines that lie on the *Table* this month.

MAGAZINES.

First there is the *Century*, in its gala dress, with two good articles on the Columbian celebration, "At the Fair," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, a chatty bit of advice to prospective visitors (beautifully illustrated by Castaigne), and " Decorative Painting at the World's Fair," by Richard Watson Gilder, a short but artistic discussion of the work of the two most prominent artists, Melchers and MacEwen, and illustrated with excellent full-page reproductions of their best work. F. Marion Crawford tries his hand very successfully at history in a sketch of "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown." Thomas Janiers' delightful "Embassy to Provence," and Mrs. Burton Harrison's strong story, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," are both concluded in this number, while the " Leaves from the Autobiography of Sabimi," the lighter fiction and the poetry are all exceptionaliy good.

The *Atlantic*, too, has something on the Fair, Henry Van Brunt's able discussion of "The Columbian Exposition and American Civilization," and John Dean Caton, an Illinois pioneer, tells of the early days of the Windy City in "'Tis Sixty Years Since, in Chicago." Capt. Mahon, the well-known naval authority, has an interesting article on "Admiral Saumarez," the English commander. Lafacadio Hearn's peculiar paper on " The Japanese Smile," an odd phase of human nature, Bliss Perry's "Hawthorne at North Adams," and Col. Henry Lee's recollections of "Frances Ann Kemble," giving the story of her American triumphs, with Prof. Greenough's " The English Question " and some dainty poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton and Alfred Wood, make up a most readable number.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for May is an original etching by Percy Robertson, called " Shere," in which the delicate gradation of tone and the massing of light and shade make one of the best plates that we have seen this year. The reasons for Mr. Burne-Jones' resignation from the Royal Academy are fully explained in a careful article, and Frederick Wedmore discusses "The Genius of Whistler," the American artist who is now so famous for his wonderful etchings.

One always has the feeling, on taking up the *Arena*, that *here* we have information that can be relied on. There is no exaggeration or striving after sensations, no newspaper style about it, but every writer is an authority on his subject. The May issue is no exception to the rule, but, with Wm. Ordway Partridge's "American School of Sculptors," Prof. Orello Coxe's " Evolution of Christianity Prior to Dr. Abbott," Frederick Hoffman's " Suicides and Modern Civilization," and Theo. Seward's " Industrial Schools in the Netherlands," as the main articles, we have a varied collection of excellent treatises. Among the shorter articles may be mentioned Louise Chandler Moulton's " Four Strange, True Stories," of which it has been very rightly said that " if they are true, they make one think."

The Table regrets that it has to go to press this month before must of the college papers have arrived.

In their absence it may be said that one of our exchanges, the *Harvard Advocate*, of April 28th, has attracted not a little notoriety by the publication of two articles that, ordinarily, would have resulted in the prompt suppression of the paper. I refer to "An Iconoclastic Encounter" and one of the "College Kodaks," both of which sketches are, to say the least, decidedly out of place in any periodical that should portray the best side of college life, and not the worst.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[We first insert reviews of three books received too late to be noticed in the last number of the Ninety-three board.]

THE MEANING AND METHOD OF LIFE. BY GEORGE M. GOULD, A.M., M.D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The object of this book is to find God in the Atom; it is a search for religion in biology. We quote a few sentences from the introduction in order to give us an idea of the author's method:

"The invisible life is an organizing power using matter as material, and intelligence and purposiveness are plain characteristics of the invisible life. Every cell and organ and organism shows presently acting intelligence, healing power, adaptation to circumstances, resistance to or use of circumstance. It is plain that a practically omnipresent, invisible living has personal control. Language fails us when we try to picture to ourselves and to others this incomprehensible fact. Perhaps it would be near truth to say that Spirit, which is outside the limits of space and time, finds or rather makes, the cell his universal throne, so that He Himself in very literalness is the life of each of the innumerable living elements that make up the substance of plants and animals. In this fact we get the vivid demonstration of many things extra-cellular."

"The Biologos is the mediator between Spirit and matter; it is the incarnation, the "immanent in living, up bearing, though willing Father of Life."

"From this standpoint of biology and intelligent force is operating in and through every living being. The dark riddle of life is to explain why Life is thus incorporating itself in material forms, and why the peculiarties. Course, accidents, length of progress and evils, the process, are as they are. This little book, I believe, gives the key-note and methods of the solution of the riddle."

This solution is outlined in the chapter called "Cytology." The science of cell-life is the author's theology. He says:

"The cell is God's *πoυ σιτω* for moving the world. Its nucleus is His million-fold point of contact with matter. Back from every cell nucleus runs the lines of unity, meeting in the focus of a system of philosophy, is developed." He carries the "biologos" into the sphere of ethics and æsthetics, gives a solution to the problems of evil, and freedom of the will. Other subjects that are brought in are evolution, immortality, sensation, reproduction and personality.

The author sums up his theory in the final chapter of the book, "Sleep, Dreaming and Awakening." In speaking of man's destiny, he says: "The journey's end in death will not be a ruthless and sudden awakening among strangers, into what we know not, but it will be the eager and delighted reception at home by our Father and our Friend."

SON OF MAN; OR, SEQUEL TO EVOLUTION. By Celeste Root Lang. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

The book before us is an excursion into the field of Psychic Evolution; it is a carrying of the methods of biological development into the sphere of the psyche. It deals with a theme that has had little place in the discussions of religious thinkers. The book is divided into three parts: I. Psychic Evolution; II. Psychic Evolution Considered in Relation to Material Evolution; III. Man's Place in Nature.

Among the topics touched upon in this volume are: Planes of Divine Energy. The Union of the Supreme with Nature. Data of Individual Immortality. Psychic Kingdom of God. The Christ Theory. The Christ Dispensation. Evolution of Force. General Evidence of Evolution as a Universal Law. Psychic Evolution and the Problem of Evil. Man's Place in Nature as affected by the Copernican Theory. Man's Place in Nature as affected by Darwinism. Man's Place in Nature as affected by the Christ Theory.

MADAME SAPPHIRA. By Edgar Saltus. (Chicago: F. T. Neely.)

This is the story of a New York divorce suit. The heroine is intended to represent the present-day society woman as an adept in the art of lying and blackmailing. The plot is well developed, and some of the situations are startling.

CHILDREN OF THE KING. By F. Marion Crawford. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Our author writes what may be termed a strong story. His paintings of scenery and his recounting of incidents are at once forcible and vivid. His heroes and heroines are drawn with a master hand and in every volume he portrays some one or more characters of a wonderful strength. His plots, while often not complex nor broad in their range, have yet a characteristic power and depth.

Although we should hardly term this, his latest work, his best, yet "Children of the King" contains all these qualities to a greater or less degree. The plot is simple, but strong and tragic in its close. The scene is laid in Southern Italy, where Beatrice, a Palermian heiress, is tricked by her mother and Count San Miniato into an engagement with the latter. Speedily finding that there is no affection on either side, she seems too weak to endure the scandal which a rupture, according to Italian prejudice, would have caused. Ruggiero, the Count's boatman, and one of the "Children of the King," being hopelessly in love with Beatrice, to save her from this unhappy marriage drowns both himself and the Count.

The characters are all well drawn, but the two "Children of the King" and Teresina are the only ones we can thoroughly admire, although Beatrice, despite her evident weakness, charms us by her frankness and her discernment of true affection. The style varies somewhat from that of other of his works but is nearly as easy and graceful.

SALLY DOWS AND OTHER STORIES. BY BRET HARTE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

This little volume contains four of Bret Harte's latest and best stories. They illustrate well his versatility, dealing with very different scenes. The first and longest, "Sally Dows," is a story of Southern life, a new field for this author. It reminds us in plot of "A Fool's Errand," and in it the spirit of the South, just after the war, is well maintained. The pretty dialect of the Southern girl is very natural and one's interest in the story never flags. The first chapter, especially, is a very fine bit of description, full of color and life. The story itself is very dainty and bright and at times exciting. The other stories are shorter but equally vivacious and entertaining.

POLAND. STORY OF NATION'S SERIES. BY W. R. MORFILL, M.A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Americans, as a rule, know very little about Poland and its people. We are familiar with the last sad act in the drama of the nation's history when its three great neighbors united to divide its territories among themselves. The history of her mighty kings and heros, her poets and warriors, has all been lost in the oblivion which followed the nation's downfall. Kosciuszko, saddened by the downfall of his country, took his patriotism and love of freedom to America and became a noble factor in that struggle for independence. Poland's history is a sad one; it is the story of a crushed, humiliated race. In the telling of such a story it is difficult to be impartial, but we think that here Mr. Morfill has succeeded admirably. The book also shows a depth of research and study which is most remarkable. His remarks upon the language and ethnological element of the population indicate a deep knowledge of the subject. We are sure that the readers of the "Story of Poland" will find in it an interesting and a profitable history.

GREEK POETS IN ENGLISH VERSE. BY WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

In these latter days we are swept along at a rapid rate by the swift current of life and we have little time to spend seeking ourselves for the beauties that lie hidden in the ancient and modern art and literature. We require these to be culled out and placed before us in an attractive form, so we can photograph them on the great negatives of our mind, as it were, by a "snap shot."

In this delightful volume Prof. Appleton presents to us a few of the gems of the Greek poets. The book is simply a compendium of Greek poetry, and is limited by the same boundaries as are all compendiums, yet within its sphere it will be eminent for the taste and beauty of its selections. Prof. Appleton was admirably qualified for the task, as is most effectually demonstrated by the result.

In the introduction to the verse he rapidly sketches the outlines of the plots of the poems of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, and endeavors to accentuate their grandeur, sublimity and beauty. As an æsthetic volume this will appeal to many, for the author wisely refrains from a critical study, and gives us the best translations of the Divine Masters whose works have thrilled the souls of all lovers of art and beauty in literature.

THE ILIADS OF HOMER. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Of all the translations of Homer, Chapman's has doubtless caught more of the quaint poetic beauty and the genuine archaic ring. Here we have his translation of the Iliad in a most handy and attractive form. These three little volumes, uniform with the rest of the *Knickerbocker Nugget Series*, besides containing the great translator's preface, add to the merits of the previous editions by their numerous illustrations. The edition is printed on the best of paper in excellent type and is contained in a most pretty and tasty binding.

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

This volume contains a number of essays written in a most readable style and dealing with some of the practical questions of the day. The *Student in American Life* is perhaps a little more idealistic than those which follow, but here the writer shows his deepest powers of thought. The second essay, *Scientific Charity*, treats of the subject historically rather than suggesting any reliefs for poverty or discussing the causes which underlie pauperism. In *The Root of the Temperance Problem* the key-note of the discussion is found in the sentence, "The problem which lies before us is the rational and moral development of the individual." High license he favors, regarding State prohibition as inadequate and impracticable. *The Political Conscience* likewise looks toward the education of the individual citizen. *Moral and Religious Instruction in Public Schools* is an essay in which our author strongly attacks the position of the Roman Catholics, at the same time maintaining that with the ecclesiastical use of the Bible in our public schools, the only logical outcome is an established religion in the State. In *Religious Destitution of Villages* the writer brings graphically before us the condition of many of our smaller centres, especially in his own section of the great Northwest. Here he pleads strongly for more of religion and less of creed.

We can hardly agree with Mr. Crooker in all his premises or conclusions, nor do we always see the strength of his logic. Yet the work contains much valuable information and many passages which we would do well to more than read. Mr. Crooker impresses us as a writer of keen penetration and deep powers of thought, as a man of strong character and high ideals.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS ON MILTON AND ADDISON. EDITED BY JAMES CHALMERS, PH. D., LL.D. (NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO: LEACH, SHERWELL & SANBORN.)

In this volume we find two essays and a poem, "*The Battle of Ivry*," which are peculiarly literary as distinguished from other writings of the great author which are biographical or historical or political. With the essay on Milton, Macaulay's literary fame began. And on it, perhaps, more than on any other one production, his name as an essayist still depends, both for the perfection of style and its wonderful power of reasoning and thought. This volume belongs to the *Student's Series of English Classics*, and these works, while designed for rather elementary use, yet contain in a convenient pocket-form selections with which everyone should be familiar.

JOAN OF ARC AND OTHER SELECTIONS FROM DE QUINCY. EDITED BY HENRY H. BELFIELD, PH. D. (BOSTON AMD NEW YORK: LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN.)

For his breadth and power of thought, for his richness of imagination and illustration, De Quincy acknowledges few superiors among our English essayists. Dr. Belfield has here made most judicious selections from the very best of his writings. The essays contained are: *Joan of Arc*; *The English Mail Coach* (*abridged*); *Lervna and Our Ladies of of Sorrow; Dinner Real and Reputed* (*abridged*). There is also a brief sketch of the author's life, a careful introduction and copious explanatory notes often helpful and necessary in a study of this writer. This volume also forms a part of the *Student's Series of English Classics*.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST. BY THE AUTHORS OF "PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY." (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

These papers are written by professors of Andover Theological Seminary. They give their work to the public at this time, because of the great amount of discussion now arising upon the subject of the divinity of the man Jesus and on kindred topics. Investigation has taken on fresh forms, and scepticism has armed itself with new weapons; old conceptions have changed and men look for more accurate explanations at many points. The book is not written against utter scepticism, but in support of the proposition, "The Jesus of history is the Christ of faith;

the Christ of faith is God revealed and known." The book proves in successive chapters that Christ undoubtedly believed in his own divinity, as did the early church. It discusses at length the various elements in the character of Jesus, drawing what it believes the only logical conclusion. The book is comprehensive in its treatment, deep in its thought, logical in its method. Be the needs of Christianity at this time great or small, it has here a valiant champion.

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP. BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

The critic had this volume in his pocket as he stepped on board a train and the tedium of a three-hours' journey was whiled away by the pleasantries of its pages. *A Cathedral Courtship*, is a pretty little story, scarcely possessing a plot nor going very deeply into character delineation but written in a bright and amusing vein. And in *Penelope's English Experiences*, which occupies the greater portion of the book, we meet the same charming, sketchy style. There is only the thread of a story but instead we find a little harmless satire and clever delineations of certain phases of English character. The book contains five illustrations by Clifford Carleton.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH. ESSAYS BY YOUNGER MINISTERS OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

In writing these essays, the various authors have endeavored to speak out of their lives rather than from what they have derived from books. Their aim has been to lead to a better understanding of the religious life of the Unitarian Church. Written in such a spirit and with such an aim we are not surprised to find a series of earnest and helpful papers. The book should have a wide circulation, especially among the supporters of the Unitarian faith.

THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. BY PROF. ERNEST LAVISSE. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MARY BUSHNELL COLEMAN. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & CO.)

We have here another example of the fact often noted, that the best histories are frequently written by foreigners. Although written by a Frenchman, German critics pronounce it the best biography that has been written upon this character in history. We are doubly interested when we remember that he is writing of the origin of that growth of power which culminated in the defeat of the French armies. Nowhere else have we so plainly set before us the intimate relation which Frederick William I. and Frederick II. of Germany bore to the rise and growth of the nation. The characters are treated with perfect fairness, and the author has not permitted their merits and virtues to blind his eyes to the overbearance of the father or the arrogance of the son.

Although an accurate and valuable history, it is written so as to hold the attention from beginning to end, and we can almost imagine ourselves in the palace at Berlin and that we are living in the time of Frederick. The translator has done her part well and has preserved for us the clear style and brightness of the French.

THE GOLDEN BOTTLE. BY IGNATIUS DONNELLY. (NEW YORK: D. D. MERRILL.)

The writer is the man of strange views and unique hypotheses. He advanced the theory of the Great Cryptogram, he is a strong supporter of the People's Party, and now, in an allegorial story he presents to us an economic theory. By an unlimited supply of money put into circulation by loans at low rates, he believes that most of the existing evils of society will be remedied. The scheme, even if a success at all, could hardly be as world-reaching as Mr. Donnelly predicts, nor can we see how the currency could escape being utterly depreciated by such a policy. Still, while scarcely a success as a theory, the work is suggestive and cannot fail to start us thinking along important lines. The book is a little crude in style, though told in an interesting and often amusing manner.

THE SECRET OF CHARACTER BUILDING. BY JOHN B. DE MOTTE, A. M., PH. D. (CHICAGO; S. C. GRIGGS & CO.)

The text of this little book is the old saying, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Under this topic the author has used in a novel manner a number of physical analogies to illustrate his points. Character, he asserts, rests upon a physical basis. The work is intensely practical, and its deep underlying moral and religious tone cannot fail to leave a strong impression upon the reader. It is a treatise which is both interesting and instructive.

NAPOLEON. HEROES OF THE NATION'S SERIES. BY W. O'CONNOR MORRIS. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

"Napoleon," as Mr. Morris says, "has many biographers." Some creating in him a hero, have lauded his every action and shut their eyes to his every fault. Others have seen him only as the scourge of Europe, an ambitious despot who poured out the best blood of France like water. Mr. Morris, we think, has reached a happy medium in his biography. He is a more impartial judge, in many respects, than any who before him have undertaken the task of describing the life of Napoleon.

The character of Napoleon is a mystery to too many of us. We cannot understand that mind, so high in its workings, so vast in its ambitions. His desires and aspirations were so extraordinary, so far beyond the ken of average mankind, that we fail to fathom them. We think hat a truer insight into the character and aims of Napoleon may be gained through Mr. Morris' work.

The biography is a very thorough one, we feel that nothing has been left out which could be of interest or aid to the reader. Mr. Morris is a narrative rather than a critical author. His biography is impartial. His accounts are accurate and full, and he is quick to see and understand the motives which actuated Napoleon. His book is a valuable addition to the biographies of the great Corsician.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. BY FREDERIC HARRISON. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

In this little volume Mr. Harrison selects the men who are almost universally chosen as the really great representatives of the world's literature. But when we come to any comparative ranking of writers we as ever realize that individual taste is too important a factor for there to be any actual scale, and that such comparisons are unsatisfactory at their best. Our author gives plain evidence of two important things —a thorough understanding of the needs and condition of his age and a general literary knowledge, and this not only from an outside standpoint, but as though deeply imbued with the spirit of what he criticises. The book is a sensible, practical treatise, covering a wide area, and is clear, logical and incisive in its thought. As regards its style, nothing is left to be desired.

JESUS BROUGHT BACK. BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

The author of "Problems in American Society" has given us a rather peculiar book, whose aim is to show that "the Christ of theology" is not the true Jesus, but a mistaken view of the greatest character of history. Instead, his aim is to "put forward that interpretation of his life and message which is least open to destructive criticism and most serviceable for training in righteousness." The essays are written in a smooth and readable style and contain much earnest thought.

REDBANK. LIFE ON A SOUTHERN PLANATATION. BY M. L. COWLES. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING CO.)

Here we find a good description of life in the South and a portrayal of customs differing in many respects from those of our own section. And this is the book's chief merit, for it hardly gives us any new picture of the infinite variety and wonderful shades of human character, nor does the story seem possessed by any strong motive. The book is doubtless true to life but realistic almost to the extent of being commonplace, and the conversation, while at times brilliant, is too often trivial and tedious. Harry Halcombe and Waverly Brooks, while well portrayed, are characters almost too conventional each within its class, though in Jessica, the heroine, we cannot fail to appreciate the sweet and womanly qualities. Although we can hardly commend the author for any great originality, he has told his story in a style readable and clear.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have been received and will be reviewed in our June issue:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALITY. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

DROYSEN'S PRINCIPLES OF HISTORY. By Johann Gustav Droysen. Trrnslated by E. Benjamin Andrews. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS? By Mrs. Frank Leslie. (New York and Chicago: F. T. Neely.)

THE MOSAIC RECORD OF THE CREATION EXPLAINED. By Abraham G. Jennings. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

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APRIL 24TH.—Glee Club Concert, Baltimore.

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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES AND IMITATIONS.

APRIL 26TH.—Princeton, 14; Lafayette, 1.

APRIL 26TH.—Preliminary Lynde Debates.

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APRIL 27TH.—Fiske Lecture, "Columbus."
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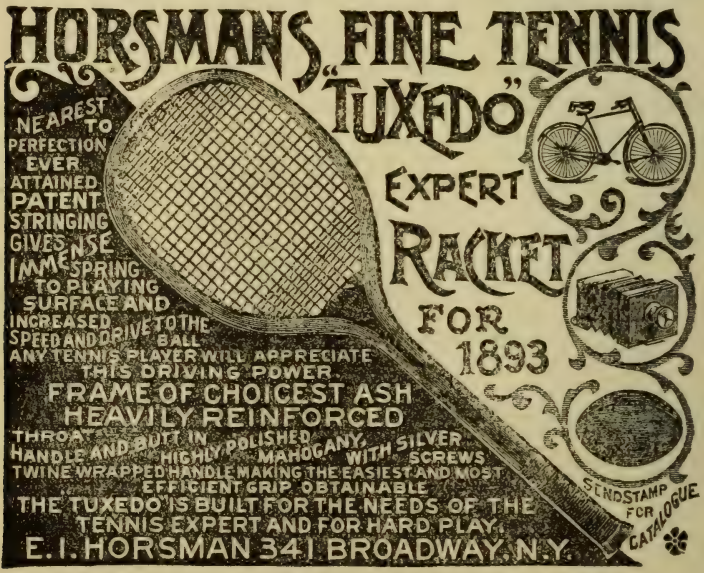
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VOL. XLIX. JUNE, 1893. NO. 2.

FROM THE PESSIMISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

HE WAS standing on the old bridge at Stony Brook late one afternoon in June, and his elbows rested carelessly on the pointed wooden top of the stone railing. The slanting rays of the setting sun lit up the whitewashed walls of the old mill hard by, and the sluiceway, fallen to pieces through age, together with the battered mill-stone, half buried in the roadway to one side, gave the whole place an ancient and time-worn appearance, which bring forcibly to one's mind the days of the Revolution, when Washington passed by on his way to the battle of Princeton. But the solitary figure on the bridge was thinking of none of these things. He was gazing steadfastly down into the water below, where a little brook, swollen by the spring rains, flowed through the newly-ploughed fields and emptied into the larger stream beneath the bridge.

Somehow this afternoon he wanted to be alone, and he had taken this walk out to the historic bridge because he knew he could think better while walking than in his room in Reunion. As he stood leaning over the railing, looking down into the water flowing silently below, he turned his thoughts back to the time when, as a rough country lad, he had left the little New England farm in the heart of the Berkshires, and had come to the sleepy college town which he was so soon to leave. Yes, at the end of Senior year the time seemed so short since he had been a Freshman, and as he thought of the many things he *might* have done in those four years, he felt provoked because he had not even tried to do them. It was not his fault that he was somewhat of a pessimist and a cynic. He could not understand why he was so unpopular. Had he not started out with the determination to be elected to one of the big clubs in his Junior year? Had he not always tried to be intimate with the influential men in the class? And yet he had always found something to make him disgusted with himself and particularly with everybody else, so that he had wished many a time during those four years that he was through with the whole business. He had never been deeply interested in his work—not that he wanted to be a "poller;" far from it—yet it would, at least, have been pleasanter for him had he not given up in despair whatever he tried to do. In Freshman and Sophomore years his conversation was never so animated as when he vented his wrath against higher mathematics. Why, he would ask, weren't they a little *lower*—say within the reach of two or three in the class? Having said this, he never studied the lessons; never even opened his book; so that when examinations were over he found himself with a condition, all of which he thought most unjust. In the Junior and Senior electives he had hoped to make great progress; but hardly had he started on the year's work when he discovered that he had chosen just the courses he did *not* like. And as he stood on the old bridge in the twilight of this beautiful June afternoon, he came to the conclusion that he had not made a brilliant success of himself, and wondered whether he had been repaid for coming to college at all.

His views on athletics were different from those of anyone else; that was the chief reason why he had such views. His friends had no objection to his holding whatever opinions he pleased, so long as he did not talk to them about what he thought ought or ought not to be done. He did not believe in going down to practice, because he imagined an hour's exercise with a base-ball pleasanter, and of more benefit to himself. In fact, he had only been inside the "cage" twice during his whole course, and then only for a few minutes to please a friend. When the team was defeated in a championship game, instead of feeling glum about it, as he did of most things, he inwardly rejoiced; for, as he said, there would be no further incentive to crack players to come to college solely to play on one of the teams. Somehow he seemed to think these a hindrance rather than a help to the welfare of his Alma Mater. His friends at the club, as they informed one another just how the game *ought* to have been played, mentally put down this view of the athletic question as one of the eccentricities of the pessimistic mind.

But it was in the giddy whirl of Princeton society that he shone brightest, and the last four years had developed the country lad into a typical "society man." His craving for what was "good form" became almost a mania, and he was just beginning to flatter himself that people might now call him a representative man of his class. It was upon him that the reputation of his club depended, as far as being frequently represented in dress suits and patent leathers was concerned. That was why, at the mere mention of anything in dress, passing along the street, he would jump from his seat at the table and rush to the window to see whether it was any one whom he knew. And yet, no one of his most intimate friends could have told you whether he really enjoyed it or not. He was simply one of those, as John Ruskin says, "who want to 'get into good society,' not that they may have it, but that they may be seen in it; and their notion of its goodness depends primarily upon its conspicuousness."

The solitary figure on the bridge, as his restless glance wandered listlessly over the rolling country about him, the quietness and peace of the old place making him forget where he was, thought over the things he had done at college, and realized now how insignificant they were in comparison with what he might have done. At last when the shadows began to grow dim in the approaching twilight, he roused himself from his reverie and started slowly homeward along the road beside the stream. Around the corner of the large "triangle," past the tall spectre-like water-tower, sharply outlined against the evening sky, up Mercer street and through the seminary grounds, quiet now save for the strains of a melodeon floating out of an open window in "Old Sem," and finally up the stone steps from the station. Just then the bell in Old North tolled seven, and immediately after the wanderer could hear the Seniors on the steps lifting up their voices to the old familiar tunes, and he quickened his pace a little, as he thought how long he had been gone.

The front campus was crowded with students, many in tennis suits, some lying on the grass, others leaning against trees, still others standing in little groups smoking and talking of the last base-ball game.

After the Seniors had risen to sing "Old Nassau," it seemed as if they put their hearts into the song; after they had cheered for their class with a "three-times-three," after the crowd on the campus had dispersed, each one yelling at the top of his lungs for someone else, and as the rooms in the dormitories were being lit up, one by one, there remained still one solitary figure, leaning against the giant elm, near the library. He waited until all were gone, and then walked slowly over to the steps and sat down. The electric light on Nassau street, shining through the trees, threw fantastic shadows in front, and the bronze lions guarding the doorway seemed to look down at the figure on the steps, as if he were an intruder. And there, where so many of his classmates had but lately been, he sat alone with his elbows resting on his knees, his head buried in his hands and continued his gloomy thoughts. He had left the little farm in the Berkshires, and had entered college, intending later to study law, but he had come to the conclusion, during his course, that he was not fitted for a lawyer. In fact, he had not, as yet, found anything for which he was especially fitted. He had never done anything in his Hall, even though he had attended several meetings. He never made a speech; never had anything to say; and, in the words of George Eliot, "having nothing to say, abstained from giving wordy evidence of the fact." Clearly he could not be a lawyer.

But there was one thing of which he was absolutely certain—that he would *never* be a farmer. If there was anything on this earth which he loathed, it was to sit in the middle of a field, exposed to the blazing heat of a midsummer sun, and pick weeds out of a tomato patch. He remembered too well the long hours he had spent before he came to college under just such circumstances, and the mere thought of it made him shudder. To think of going back to that little, insignificant, uninteresting town, and for his sole amusement to listen to the country wits throw out their time-honoured jokes from the top of dry-goods boxes in the village store—the very idea seemed positively revolting. And yet, he must do something for a living, and the time was not far off when he must decide definitely what that something was to be. He would not be a farmer—that was certain. But what else could he do? He had not found, during his whole college course, a single line of study in which he was in the least interested. He had often pictured to himself the stir he was going to make in the world; but when, at the end of Senior year, he found himself at the very bottom of his class, his hopes of becoming anything of note in his chosen profession, were dashed to the ground at one stroke. To cap the climax, he had only to-day received a letter from his father, saying, that after due consideration, he had concluded that his son had not proved himself worthy of being a lawyer; nor, in fact, did he consider him fitted for any profession; so that he had decided to bring him back to the farm as soon as he graduated, if, as he ironically added, he graduated at all. The practical New England farmer no doubt intended to impress upon his son that a college education is a privilege—a privilege which had not been granted to him—and that to use this privilege rightly, ought to have been his aim. The point which the father especially dwelt upon, was that his son would never have as good a time again, and would, in the future, regret that he had viewed life from his limited experience, in such a pessimistic light. And the figure on the steps gave a grunt of dissatisfaction as he thought of the gloomy prospect before him.

He must have been there a long time, for just then the old bell in the tower struck nine, each stroke sounding clear and mellow in the still evening air. And when the last faint echoes had died away in the distance, the figure on the steps arose and went slowly over to his room in Reunion.

* * * * * * *

High up in the cloudless sky, the August sun blazed fiercely down upon a broad and fertile field along the slope of one of the Berkshire hills. In the centre of the field, exposed to the burning heat, a young man was busily engaged in weeding a tomato patch, and the basketful of weeds, near at hand, showed the result of his morning's work. Now and then he drew his shirt sleeve across his dripping brow, only to return to his hopeless task. Soon the sound of a horn was wafted over the fields from the little white farm-house further down the slope, and, as the last note died away, the young man started toward the house with his basket under his arm.

Along the hot and dusty road winding through the hills, a man was slowly driving, and, as he left behind him the little white house on the hill, the sound of some one singing in the adjoining field caused him to stop his panting horse and listen. Far up the slope a solitary figure was slowly trudging along, and in a sweet yet sad voice, he was singing the song he knew so well:

"Still we banish care and sadness,
As we turn our memories back,
And recall those days of gladness,
'Neath the Orange and the Black."

Andrew C. Imbrie.

A WAR–TIME TALE.

"We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed and we wept."

* * * * * * *

"But in my spirit will I dwell
And dream my dream and hold it true;
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell."

IT WAS a dreary afternoon. Great masses of gray clouds were swept across the sky, typical of the war clouds that, at that time, dimmed the horizon of the nation.

The waters of the rambling Rappahannock were, in those days, literally tinged with blood.

"I wonder if the blood of soldiers is the seed of the state, just as the 'blood of martyrs is the seed of the church,'" mused Captain Randolph, as he sat on a battered and half-burned stump and watched a couple of men from his company build a mound over a dead companion's grave, with twigs, bits of stone and earth.

"However it may be, that dead soldier was a hero," he said. The night before had been one of those wild, weird nights, when the mist and fog that rose from the surface of the river was chill and clammy, and the sentinels encircled in its miasmic folds were drowsy, as if drugged by the dark and dismal spirit of the swamp. One man, alone, was thoroughly awake and alert. Leaning on his gun, he listened to the creaking of the black branches and the rustling leaves, as the wind swayed gently them to and fro.

"What is that!"—a ghostly yell, like the cry of a screech-owl!

"Ah, another!" What does it mean?

The sentinel, dropping to the ground, listened.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of an army on the march, mingled with the breaking of branches, as they made their way through the underbrush.

The sentinel leaped to his feet.

Two sharp reports—one meant life to the camp, the other, death to the picket.

For, after the alarm, the advance, the skirmish and the battle won, the body of the sentry, with the hole of a bullet through his breast, was tenderly carried to camp by his comrades, and now they were giving him the last rites due the slain soldier.

Captain Randolph slowly and reverently opened a package that had been taken from the dead soldier's knapsack.

Drawing out a letter, well-worn and with traces of tear-drops upon it, he read:

"DEAREST JACK—Papa says that I must not see you again and if you join the Yankees he'll shoot you on sight.

"Darling, I love you more and more each day. I long for the time when this cruel war will be over and you can come back to me again. I am praying for your safety all the time. Good-bye, dearest.

"Your own LUCY.

"P. S.—I send this by Sam, as he can be trusted."

No date or mark to indicate the author or whence the letter had come.

Beside the letter in the package there was a tiny lock of brown hair, with a glint of gold in it, as poets say, also a photograph of a beautiful girl, with great, dark eyes, sweet and soulful.

Captain Randolph gazed at the picture long and tenderly; then, with a voice husky with emotion, murmured: "Poor girl, poor girl. Your lover will never come back to you. You may watch and wait for him among the maples and magnolias of your Southern home, but all in vain."

* * * * * * * *

During the next few weeks the course of the war had moved the camp a number of miles further down the river. On the one side of the stream was the Confederate camp, on the other the Union.

On a brilliant night while the tiny stars were struggling for recognition in the clear, cold light of an Autumn moon, Captain Randolph was pacing up and down the bank of the river watching the camp-fires in the back-ground play hide-and-seek with the shadows of the wood. In the placid waters of the stream the long drooping branches of the overhanging trees were pictured and the quiet beauty of the scene filled the soul of the Captain with a longing to be far away from the struggle and strife of war.

Was it an angel's breath that cooled his brow and brought him rest and peace?

For his life had been a lonely one. Early thrown on his own resources he had won his way to fame by hard knocks, rough handling, honest determination.

Of the "quality of mercy" he had but little, at least he thought so, though his comrades might have told a different story, and for love—why he hardly knew what that was.

"Love! What did it mean to him? Who loved him? Why should he love anybody? Umph! all that's good enough for children and—and fools, but what had a man of the world to do with love?"

All this he had often said to himself, but that was before he had seen that photograph.

Ah, that picture! that picture! Those beautiful eyes had burned into his very soul; the vision of that beautful girlish face would not leave him.

Was this strange, half fearful feeling—yet so sweet,—that dominated his entire self, was it love?

He stopped a moment to analyze his feelings in an avenue of light, where the rays from the camp-fires mingled with the rays from the moon and tinged everything with an ivory whiteness.

Love—yes, there was no doubt of it now.

"It must be love, it *is* love," he said, "and yet how strange —in love with a picture and the original of that picture loved another."

There was peace and rest now to the troubled soldier for a little time—but every Eden has its serpent. Suddenly he started forward a step or two as the thought struck him: "Someone else may woo her—may even win her. Oh, heavens! what shall he do?

He must seek her—find her—tell her of his love. There must be no delay. He must get his discharge at once. He must—"

Sleeping nature was startled by a sharp report. A stinging sensation in the breast, a sharp pain, a stagger or two, and Captain Randolph fell unconscious, shot by a sharp-shooter on the opposite shore.

* * * * * * *

When the Captain next opened his eyes they fell on the white walls of an army hospital. Everything was dim, hazy, indistinct and he was but vaguely conscious of a soft, cool hand bathing his forehead and a sweet, far-away voice telling him to lie still and not try to think. The voice, mingling strangely with the fancies and dreams that flitted through his brain, seemed that of an angel and the light touch of the slender hand across his fevered brow was so pleasant that he wished for nothing else, but to lie there forever in a lotus-eating land of fancy.

Presently, however, he slightly turned his head and raised his eyes.

At his side stood the original of the photograph! It did not seem at all strange, for was not this but the embodiment of his visions? Did not his angel have the same face and form?

It was not until some time had elapsed that he was startled from dreamland to reality by a movement of the spirit to give him some bad-tasting medicine. Raising slightly he whispered: "Pardon me, but is your name Lucy?"

"Why, yes; how did you know?" was the answer. But all the wounded soldier could say was, "Poor girl; poor girl!"

"Do you know my Jack? Has anything happened to him?" she excitedly demanded.

The Captain's face told her the tale and with a look of agony in her sad, sweet eyes, she turned away.

When Captain Randolph had grown stronger he told her all—except his passionate love—and gave her the letter taken from Jack's knapsack, reserving the lock of hair and photograph for himself. In return she told him how her father had been shot in a guerilla skirmish and, having few ties to bind her to the South, she had found her way North and had entered this Union hospital to care for Jack's comrades and perchance see or hear some news of him.

Day by day passed by and the Captain's love for his beautiful nurse increased more and more. Irritable when she was away, he listened ever so impatiently for the sound of her footstep and the tones of her voice. Loving her with his entire heart and soul, it touched him to the quick to see her grow sadder and more pale day by day.

Slowly and surely irresistible fate impelled him nearer and nearer the hour when he knew he must tell her of his love.

One evening when the sinking sun was sending his last rays through the western windows to trace strange hieroplyphics on the white walls of the hospital, and the dying wind was caressing the great oak just outside and whispering tender farewells to its leaves and branches, he told her of his love.

Taking her little hand between his two great ones, he looked up into her face and passionately poured out his story. His intense earnestness lent him eloquence as he told her of his past life, the finding of her picture and a little later, the true depth of love.

She listened with down-cast eyes and trembling frame to his avowal, then suddenly pulling her hand away and bursting into tears, said between the sobs: "Don't speak to me so; please don't. No, I can never love you as I did my Jack. I can never love any person again—his memory is all that I can have."

Then turning her beautiful face toward him with tears in her dark eyes, she said:

"Good-bye; I shall remember you for Jack's sake," and she was gone.

The rapidly sinking wind gathered itself together for a final effort and with a moan that stirred each tiny leaf, died entirely away just as the sun set behind the distant hills.

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The grim black hearse drew slowly out of the little graveyard as Captain Randolph stood beside her grave a few weeks later and watched the old sexton of the chapel across the way throw in the hard, cold clods upon her coffin.

A little darkey walking down the road was singing, and the western wind wafted these words to the soldier's listening ears:

"All dis world am dark an' dreary,
Ebbrywar I roam."

J. McGill White.

NEMESIS.

I.

I LOATHE that dreary stretch of stream
That flows along so dark and still,
With only here and there a gleam
Of sunlight as it rounds the hill;
Where other waters laugh and play
It glides in silent gloom away.

It is so treacherous and black,
Unruffled by the slightest breath,
That with a shudder I turn back
As from the frowning face of death,
For even the foliage seems to shrink
Away from the threatening, dreary brink.

There dwells a devil in these depths
Whose face no eye but mine hath seen—
He tore my darling from my arms
And bore her to his realms of green—
Yet still I linger near to see
Him give my darling back to me.

II.

To float adown the stream
  And watch the clouds on high;
To hear the marsh-bird's scream
  Across the fleecy sky,
And now an insect's note, so shrill, so gay,
  Stabbing the stillness of the summer day.

'Twas thus I met my love;
  From an old house on the lea,
She leaned far out above
  And smiled across at me;
The careless breeze blew back soft, brown hair,
  And kissed her lips as she stood smiling there.

III.

Go, lovely rose, float lightly down
  The river, past the quaint old town,
Past the decaying quay,
  To the dear window where my sweet
Is leaning on the window-seat
  To keep her tryst with me.

IV.

Oh tree, oh tree, I am tired and world a-weary—
  Let me rest my head against thy shaggy coat—
No matter how dreary
  The world may be, thou dost not catch a single mote
Off its grim weeping.
  Oh pine, thou art the same from year to year,
Thy matchless green still keeping
  In balmy spring or winter cold and drear.

It happened but yesterday—
  I was floating beneath her window as of old,
And she, in the self-same way,
  Was leaning out and listening to the tale of love that I told—
I could see the fond light play in her deep, blue eyes,
  And the blood across her face
Like the crimson West where the daylight slowly dies—
  But—oh God—she leaned too far in that treacherous place—
I caught the gleam of her dress beneath the wave.
  Deep, deep did I dive and caught her to my breast—
But a devil—I see him now—though my friends believe I rave—
  A devil—I swear it—tore her away from me as I held her pressed

Against my heart—I can hear her scream—
And I, like a corpse, went floating down the stream.

V.

There is no fate in the breeze that blows
The perfumed petal from the rose,
Although the rose must sigh and moan.
There is no fate in the gale that rends
The limb from the tree for its own wild ends,
Although the limb lies limp and dead,
And the tree with grief bows down its head.
Then why should I say it was fate's decree
To take my darling thus from me?

VI.

To trust in this or that, what does it matter?
  God, Fate and Providence—are they all the same—
Things which a moment's doubt may serve to shatter—
  Does Christendom adore, then, but a name?
My heart says no, and I shall heed my heart,
  Because my love, I know, would wish me to—
Oh, love, some day we shall not need to part—
The day when I shall come through space to you.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE FIFTY-NINE MAN.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
—*Ovid.*

AS OLD John Drayton walked up the steps from the railroad station, he could not help thinking that after all it was hardly fair to drop down upon Stanley in this fashion, without a word of warning. But as he could not have foretold even his own unexpected Eastern trip twenty-four hours before his departure, he felt innocent on the score of not having given notice, and surely there could be no objection to a graduate's visiting his alma mater at whatever time and in whatever manner he pleased.

All the way to Princeton he had been wondering how the old place would look with its improvements, and he had drawn mental pictures of the new buildings, which satisfied him better than the photographs at home. He knew from careful study of the diagram in the catalogue, just how to get to Reunion, but when he found himself on the campus a quaint idea seized him to drift around until he should run across Stanley at random. "Find out how the rascal spends his time," he said to himself, with what he considered a very sly wink, but as a matter of fact the old gentleman's benevolent face never could wear a sly expression, and the smile that played at the corners of his mouth was a very good-natured smile indeed.

He walked straight towards Reunion, and whether it was the rarified atmosphere of the Princeton hills, or some magic incense that hovered about the place, he felt remarkably young for a man who had passed his half-century mark some years ago, so that he would have liked to join the ball players that were scattered about on his right, and felt that if he could only have the bat for a few minutes, he could knock a ball considerably higher and farther than that man in the blue shirt, and might possibly send it clean down to the gymnasium.

In front of Reunion there was a mingled crowd of men of every kind of appearance that a college affords. It was half-past six now, and they seemed to have plenty of time on their hands. Some were talking in little knots, some wandering back and forth without any assignable purpose, and one group right at the Triangle, singing. Some of these latter wore mortar-board caps ; Drayton remembered that his class had tried to introduce the custom. Somehow, it had not turned out very well at that time.

It troubled him a little at first, although he knew it was only natural, to find that he did not feel quite at home in that lively and happy crowd. Old North stood guarding the campus as proudly as ever, and he did not feel like an intruder when he looked at the dear old hall, but the crowd around him seemed for a few moments as belonging to a different life from his. *They* did not seem to take any such view of the matter, but, on the contrary, left him entirely unnoticed, and it was this that made him feel a little lonely. He would not have been offended in the slightest if one of them had said, "I wonder if old rusticus is a graduate," but it did seem for a moment or two that there was no difference, after all, between a stranger who was a graduate and any ordinary stranger. This feeling wore off in a very short time, and he began to feel that his gray hair and frock coat were all that kept him from being one of the boys. He wanted to get acquainted with them, and he was quite sure that he could join in the singing, if he only knew the words. So he relinquished his original plan, and decided to go direct to Stanley's room.

Now while he knew perfectly well that he was standing in front of Reunion, he was not quite so clear as to the exact location of "North Middle Reunion." So he inquired of a tall and rather lanky young man who was going in the building, asking to be directed to North Middle Reunion.

The young man answered by asking what number Mr. Drayton wanted, and on being informed remarked that he roomed just above, and would be pleased to show him the place.

"These stairs aren't much to boast of," said the yonng man, apologetically, as he led Drayton up their marvelous windings. "HELLO! DRAYTON"—this last in a stentorian tone. "That's the way we call each other, you know." Receiving no answer he pounded on the door and then tried the handle. The door was locked.

"Come up and wait in my room till he comes. There's no use in going down stairs and up again. We'll be right over his head and we can hear him come in."

The Tall Young Man vaulted lightly up the stairs and flung open the door of his room for Drayton to enter. There was a square table in the middle littered over with books and papers, a pipe or two and a mandolin; pictures of more or less merit were hung about the walls, and a few books were scattered over the shelves of an oak book-case in which "Three Men in a Boat" reposed trustfully side by side with Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe."

"You see, we're rather rough and tumble here," said the Tall Young Man, "but then it's a pretty good sort of a location. You look right out over the campus and know whatever's going on. You probably noticed that there was a general stamping-ground down there in front of Reunion. You're just near enough Dickinson, you know, to have plenty of time to get to recitations. But perhaps you're not familiar with the place?"

"Oh, yes; yes, I am." This with an inward misgiving, as Drayton had never seen Dickinson Hall in his life. "You know Stanley Drayton; I suppose?"

"Why, yes;" laughed the young host, "I do know him fairly well. He's in the class below me. I used to see him in Hall a good deal, and got to know him pretty well before he came to room in Reunion. You say you didn't know that the men in different classes saw very much of each other now? Dear me, yes. You know we don't wait for introductions here. Somehow or other we get acquainted with the fellows just as we do with the buildings, without knowing when or how. We get thrown in together in Freshman year, and we have a keen scent for a classmate *then*, you may be sure. You don't know how that is until you've been through it. You see a Freshman isn't regarded as quite a full-fledged college man; he can't make too much noise on the campus, or pull an upper-classman's leg—I beg your pardon, he can't play a joke on an upper-classman, and he can't wear any orange and black. But that sort of thing doesn't last long. It's because you *can* do just as you please and wear what you please and live as you please, that we think Princeton is such a jolly fine place to live in. If you want to wear corduroys and a sweater you can wear them, and you will find half the college dressed the same way. If you prefer to wear good clothes all the time you can do it without exciting comment.

"Greek Letter Societies? Well, I should think not. It's the sentiment of the students that keeps them out more than the pledge that they make you sign when you matriculate. You see, the way we are here, its rather hard to form cliques; we don't even have sets with hard and fast lines. I remember a man asking me whether I belonged to the 'Literary Set' or the 'Athletic Set.' Well, all that sort of thing sounds ridiculous here. There isn't any 'Literary Set' or 'Athletic Set.' You probably know the way people have of dividing college men into classes; it's a regular stock literary trick. First, they say, there's the grind, or dig—only we call them pollers—then the athlete, the sport, etc. I don't know how it is in other colleges, but that's all bosh here. There may be thirty or forty men in each class whom you can put squarely into a division like that, but that's all.

"You suppose we're rather conservative still? Why, yes, in one way. We move slowly—great bodies do, you know. We don't carry the elective system quite so far as some colleges, but its pretty much all elective after you get to Junior year. Then there's compulsory chapel—you'd probably call that conservative. I suppose they'll change it some day."

The chapel question had never struck Drayton in quite that light before, but he decided to think it over before adopting the student's view. But he had begun to feel singularly intimate with his random friend. He had red hair that fell over his temples; he was freckled, and wore glasses perched on his nose in such a way as to give him an aggressive look. He could not by any straining of language have been called handsome, but he had a frank and good-natured air that lit up his features and gave his face a peculiar charm. Drayton asked him a few questions that unloosed his tongue; he rattled away, checking himself occasionally as if surprised at his unasked-for volubility. Drayton, if the truth must be told, was not a little reassured, that in spite of its improvements and new dormitories and new ideas, the college had not changed so very much since his time.

"I'm afraid I've been boring you," said the young man, "you let me do all the talking. Drayton has probably stopped somewhere on his way in. How would you like to take a little stroll about the campus while we wait. Leave your valise here. Why, I assure you, you aren't putting me to any trouble. I had nothing to do. Our exams. are all over. Are you a Princeton man?"

Drayton was feeling as if he had known the young man a long time and that that the latter was entitled to question him without ceremony. This pointblank question seemed perfectly natural, only he wondered why it had not come before.

"Yes," he answered, "'59. That was the time when political excitement ran high. Hall feeling was stronger than it is now, from all I can learn. I remember we had to sit up with guns all night to watch our Junior Orator. It was Hutchings, and he afterwards became Surrogate of New York. Suppose we walk out towards the new halls. Are you Whig or Clio?

"Whig."

"I was Clio, and we drew the lines sharply in those days. It was Dr. McLean—Old John, we used to call him—that stopped the Greek Letter Societies. I fancy you don't know what a strict faculty is. We couldn't take liberties in those days. We used to get up mock programmes, and all sorts of queer costumes—something like your Washington Birthday exercises, I suppose. Well, one of us once dressed up as the devil and distributed the mock programmes—"rakes" we called them. Old John worked himself into a fever heat and if he had caught the man his stay wouldn't have been long. But I don't believe there was ever a college president that was better loved than Old John."

Drayton approached the cannon almost reverently. "You know it was our class that finally put the cannon where it stands now."

"Do you make as much of it as ever?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why, you know the cannon is our patron saint," cried his new friend—"that and the Tiger—although the Tiger isn't as substantial as the cannon. It used to be the custom for the Freshmen to try to build a fire around the cannon at the beginning of the term, but they've stopped all that now. But we come here to celebrate a foot-ball victory; old cannon's growing rusty there, but we'll polish her up again next Thanksgiving. The underclassmen used to have their rush here, and whoever got the cannon and kept it, won; but you know the fellows have stopped the rush. Then the class-day exercises are held here, and the Seniors smoke their last pipe—a yard of clay, and then every fellow walks up and smashes his pipe on the cannon. Oh, yes; the Cannon's a great institution.

"No one seems to be playing foot-ball? That's because this isn't the season. If it were in the fall you wouldn't see much else. We go down to the 'Varsity practice every day—the whole college, except a few dyspeptics. Everybody plays himself; if he doesn't do anything more he gets one or two other fellows and they kick the ball back and forth—count points, too. Oh, that's quite a game. Then every other eating club gets up a team and plays a match every Saturday."

"Who is singing?" asked Drayton, as the burden of a song from a hundred throats came across the campus.

"That? Why those are the Seniors. They sit on the steps of Old North every warm evening and sing. Suppose we go and hear them."

They walked around to the front campus, where the Seniors grouped about the steps of Nassau Hall, and, rendered perhaps a trifle pensive by their approaching separation, were singing their last songs. The other classes were scattered about the campus in front of them, some sitting in careless groups, lazily smoking, some alone or walking about, and some standing in little knots engaged in subdued conversation. The old elms shaded them, curiously contrasting their venerable antiquity with the youthful faces beneath—and Old North, loving mother that she was, reared her ivy-covered walls, battered with the storms of four generations of men, against the classic sky. The old graduate and the young Senior stood side by side and neither spoke.

Without warning, a great, hearty voice suddenly broke upon them from behind. "Why, father—"

The Tall Young Man saw Drayton start and turn—he saw Stanley's beaming face—"Whew," he murmured to himself—"I never knew it was the governor—I have a suspicion that I'd be *de trop*," and hurriedly making his excuses, he sprang away and joined the men on the steps.

M'Cready Sykes.

OCEAN.

WHY wast thou built, or who doth know thy length,
Thy breadth, thy shores, thy ev'ry part and strength;
Why was it from the first ordained to be—
That thou shouldst sing thy ceaseless song—oh, Sea!

Hath God in His great wisdom put thee here
To teach men His infinitude to fear;
Thou wast not made by chance—how couldst thou be—
To rock and roll, to roll and rock—oh, Sea!

In all thy tireless movement thou art bound
By the horizon, limitless as round,
Kissed by its edge forever shalt thou be;
Sink down and be at rest—oh, noisy Sea!

Hath God said to thee: "Ocean, never sleep,
But rock, and roll, and surge, and toss, thou deep!"
Yet in the end—I know that it shall be—
Thy God shall make thee sleep—oh, boundless Sea!

Wast thou then made, a heaven to uphold
That lends thee blue, and by its Queen controlled:
Who like thy God—was, yet is, and shall be—
Thou cleanseth all, yet are not cleansed—oh, Sea!

Or, wast thou made to be the Day King's bride,
To follow him in all thy beauteous tide;
He lays his head upon thy breast, to be
His pillow through the peaceful night, oh, Sea!

The lovely moon, great Queen, is she thy child?
The stars are pillowed on thy breast when mild,
Mother of all the heavens canst thou be—
Tell me, I long to know—oh, mighty Sea!

Dost thou, to cause thy lovely brood to sleep,
Forever at thy ceaseless rocking keep?
The silent stars sink down and rest with thee,
Their mother, rocking all her brood—oh, Sea!

God says: "Well done, old servant, to the end,
Thy Lord's great joy I freely to thee send,
Sorrow and tears forever from thee flee—"
And then thou art at rest—oh, faithful Sea!

—*James Fentress, Jr.*

GRIGGSBY'S SISTER.

"ULTIMATELY," wrote Thorton, "all contiguous association falls under —" His pencil stopped irresolutely. Thorton looked up among the great rafters of Examination Hall as if in one of their dusty crannies he might find the information he sought.

What *did* contiguous association fall under? He scratched his head perplexedly. Griggsby had read that lecture to him last night, he was sure. He could almost hear Griggsby's clear, boyish voice: "All contiguous association falls under"—ah, he remembered now—it was the category of sequence. Thorton's pencil started again, and traveled on busily for five minutes more. Finally, with a triumphant flourish and an emphatic dotting of "i's" and crossing of "t's," Thorton laid it down and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. It was the last June exam., and he was through. All over the great room fellows with their coats off were writing, or gazing hard into space as they grasped longingly after some elusive bit of knowledge, so snugly packed away in the storehouse of memory that it could be jostled forth with no ordinary cudgeling of academic brains.

Thorton saw Griggsby sitting at a table in a far corner. His boyish face was intense in its earnestness. He hardly ever paused in writing. Once he looked over at Thorton and smiled brightly, and once again he went to the desk for more blanks. He was the first man to do so, and the fellows all stamped loudly at this evidence of mental progression. "Of course, Griggsby will finish away up," Thorton thought. "He's polled like a dog." A graver expression came over his handsome face as he thought of his own misspent opportunities. He took his paper to the desk, and went slowly downstairs.

"How'd you hit it, Jack?" cried a jolly voice. Thorton looked up and saw Lyman standing on the steps outside. "Oh, I got through, I guess, thanks to Griggsby. He read the lectures over to me last night." "Wish *I* had a Griggsby about examination time," said Lyman, as he threw his arm over Thorton's shoulder, and the two strolled across the shady campus lawn. "Pollers ain't much good any other time, are they, Jack?" he continued. Thorton's response was not as emphatic as it might have been. He had roomed with Griggsby for two years and liked him, even if he was a poller.

His conscience troubled him as he thought of the sad, grieved look that came over Griggsby's expressive face when he told him that next year he was going to room down in Brown with Lyman. But then he argued to himself, why should he room with Griggsby? Although everybody liked Griggsby, still he was a poller and he (Thorton) was—not. They didn't go with the same crowd of fellows and altogether he thought it was about the best thing he could do. And still, at times he could not help wondering whether he would be as happy with Lyman and the rest of that jolly crowd as he had been the last two years with Griggsby. He remembered the night of the rush, where he first saw Griggsby. How in the midst of one of those wild charges around the cannon he heard a cry of pain, and pushing aside with his strong shoulders the men around, he had lifted from the ground a limp, slender form and carried it to his room. And there, for the first time, the blue eyes of Griggsby opened upon him. Ah, it was those blue eyes that had first attracted him. There was a look in them that reminded him of the mother he idolized and whom he had longed for in a homesick way. And it had seemed something like home to come in and find Griggsby there, and see those blue eyes looking up confidingly to him.

As for Griggsby, when Thorton told him one evening, in a brief and somewhat gruff manner, that he was going to room with Lyman next year, he was completely "broken up," as he expressed it when writing home. He was a frail, gentle little fellow. He had never been away from home in his life before he had tearfully kissed his mother and sister good-bye, and with quaking heart started for the big college where he was to win honor for himself and them.

To him the strong, independent Thorton was the ideal of perfect manhood, and his letters home were filled with glowing accounts of what Thorton did and what Thorton said.

Griggsby's sister was coming down to see the ball game and attend the other celebrations attendant on commencement time.

Griggsby told Thorton this piece of news with a happier face than he had worn since the distressing intelligence Thorton was going to leave him.

The day after Thorton's last exam. she came. Thorton went up to the room in the afternoon. He had just come in from a walk with Lyman. They had been laying plans for next year. He wondered if it wasn't about time for Griggsby's sister to arrive. He had seen her picture and he wondered if the original had been flattered here. He was whistling absentmindedly as he turned his key in the latch. He opened the door—and the next moment he stood in the presence of an angel, at least that is what he called her afterwards. He pulled his cap off awkwardly, and looked around for Griggsby to explain things. Griggsby wasn't to be seen. Thorton was about to mumble something apologetically and withdraw, when she came forward and holding out her hand said, sweetly, "You are Mr. Thorton, I am sure, and I am your room-mate's sister. He has just gone out to find you. I have heard so much about you from him that I hope you will forgive my not regarding you as quite a stranger." Thorton grasped the hand extended to him, and managed to say something about "his being able to forgive anything but that." She introduced him to her mother, a sweet, white-haired old lady, who smiled upon him gratefully and said, "Yes, Mr. Thorton, my son has told me how you helped him out of that terrible rush, and how kind you have been to him, and I have longed to see you and thank you myself, for in being kind to him you have been kind to his mother." Thorton fairly blushed. "I always liked him from the first," he said earnestly, as if he wished to convince himself as well as them. He thought remorsefully of his intention to leave Griggsby, and hoped he wouldn't tell them while they were here. Griggsby soon came in and was delighted to find them already friends.

Thorton had determined to go home after the ball game. Lyman was getting up a crowd to go the same route, and they were going to have a jolly time. For some reason or other Thorton changed his mind and resolved to stay to commencement, much to Lyman's disgust.

Of that delightful commencement week Thorton has dreamed many an evening since over his briar-wood. He took Griggsby's sister to the game—in fact, he took her to everything, and really she didn't seem to object to his monopoly. The afternoon when it was all over and they were going home he took her for a walk down that beautiful old avenue of elms, whose slim, graceful branches arch in a beautiful confusion of verdure overhead.

"How I shall miss you this summer," he said.

"Shall you?" she answered. "I shall miss you, too. You have given me such a delightful time that I feel almost as grateful to you as to Griggsby."

"Oh, I don't *want* any gratitude," he exclaimed irritably.

"Don't you," she answered, raising her eyebrows in pretty surprise. "What do you want?"

"Oh, I know," she said, interrupting him as he was about to speak. "I will make you a sofa-pillow. Will that satisfy you?"

A look of unutterable scorn passed over Thorton's face.

"You shouldn't look so cross when I offer to make you something. It isn't complimentary. It's just the same as saying I can't make sofa pillows; and," she continued, innocently, "I have made some very nice ones; at least, so they said. No," she said, shaking her head, "you shouldn't be so rude. It hurts my feelings. I shall begin to think Griggsby's glowing accounts of you were flights of imagination."

"Of course, you are welcome to form any opinion of me you choose. I can't help myself," he answered.

"But I didn't say I had formed any opinion. I shall have to wait till I know you better."

"I'm afraid you never will," he said. "You are not likely to come up here very often."

"But you will come down to visit us with Griggsby next fall, will you not?" she said persuasively.

Thorton was silent, mentally calling himself an ass. This would have been his chance. But now he had lost it by leaving Griggsby. Was it too late now. Perhaps Griggsby would take him back now. He would see him that night.

"You will come, won't you?" she repeated, "and then we can decide about the sofa pillow."

"I will try hard to," he answered.

Griggsby was packing up when his room-mate came in. He eyed Thorton sorrowfully.

"Well, old man," he said, "this is our last night together. I wanted to tell you that if you wished to leave any of your traps here till next fall you will be welcome."

"Oh, hang it all, Griggsby, do want me to leave you?"

Griggsby looked up astonished.

"Why, no, Jack," he said, "I thought you wanted to go."

"Well, I don't, Griggsby. I want to room with you next year if you'll have me."

The smile that lit up Griggsby's face was answer enough. Next fall Lyman roomed alone. Thorton went home with Griggsby at Thanksgiving.

C. Waldo Cherry.

THEIR ANNIVERSARY.

THE landlord was a friend of my father's; that is how I happened to go to the quaint little hotel. It was on one of those side streets which still keep their odor of cypress trees and old-fashioned gardens, but are now almost forgotten by modern Savannah. I had been there two days when they arrived. An old-fashioned carriage of the kind in use before the war, stopped in front of the hotel. The negro coachman climbed laboriously down from his box and opened the door. A portly old gentleman stepped out and gave his hand to a little lady, who alighted and took his arm. They came up the walk looking curiously about them, stopping once to gaze at the great cypress tree that guarded the gate, and once more as they reached the house, when they peered through the hall doorway as if expecting some one. The old gentleman carefully helped his wife up the low stone steps, and an expression of genuine delight stole over their faces when the landlord came out and welcomed them as old friends. He conducted them within, and I saw no more of them until they had dined. Later, they came out on the wide veranda and walked up and down, affording me an opportunity to examine them more closely.

The husband was a stout, fine-looking gentleman, with long white hair, which came almost down to his shoulders. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, ruffled shirt and silk waistcoat. His face had a mild, gentle expression, and became very attractive when he spoke to his wife, of whom he took the greatest care—and she was a spry little lady, who took two steps to one of his, dressed in black and wore a big cashmere shawl and little black bonnet. But her face—a whole lifetime of love shone there, and each wrinkle was as necessary to it as the seams and marks in my grandfather's old violin—each seam an added sweetness, each mark a virtue.

They were very interesting, this old couple, who seemed to reflect each other's very thoughts, so long had they lived together.

"It has changed here in a year," I heard the husband say. "There is that great tree gone that always stood at the gate. Do you remember, they were only half as high when we first—" Here the old lady looked up at him, and they both smiled and continued their walk.

I had become quite interested in this old couple and hunted up the landlord to find out more about them.

He told me that they came to the hotel every year, just at this time, and always stayed three days, but once when it rained they stayed four. The landlord had kept the hotel for twenty years, and may be they had been coming before that—he did not know.

The following day the pair remained at the hotel without going out at all.

I tried to talk to the old gentleman, but he seemed actually timid, and after saying a word or two he murmured something about his wife and disappeared around the corner of the house.

Next morning and afternoon they spent on the veranda quietly talking. Often I saw their eyes meet, then they would smile and become silent. Once when I happened to walk by them I heard the old lady say, in reply to a remark of her husband, "We could not have a better day."

At dinner they both seemed nervous and expectant. They hardly said a word during the whole meal. When the waiter brought the dessert, I saw the old gentleman whisper something to him, and soon he brought a glass of brandy. The old man looked enquiringly around, but seeing me busily engaged, he rose, and with a grand bow, which included his whole person, said (almost in a whisper), "Your health, Madam!" and drained his glass like a true Georgian planter. Then the couple left the dining-room without a word.

Soon their carriage was driven up, they got in and started off at a pace which one could easily follow. I went out after them. The absurd old carriage went up one street and down another, till I began to think that it had no destination, and that they were only out for an evening drive. I was wrong, however, for after a while the carriage stopped, the couple stepped out, and walked away quite rapidly, for them. I followed at a distance and soon saw them turn into Bonaventure Cemetery, the pride of old Savannah. They turned up a path and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Ah! those trees of Bonaventure Cemetery; who can forget them, with their long ribbons of gray moss that swing back and forth so solemnly in the breeze.

I walked noislessly, and soon saw the couple sitting on an iron seat. They were seated facing each other—one at each end of the bench. Now the old gentleman slowly moved toward his wife and took her hand in his. She looked at the ground and drew her hand away. They were both weeping.

"Lily," I heard the husband say. "Miss Maynard, I must tell you that ——." Here he stopped and looked at her, but she turned away her head. Suddenly the old man sank down on his knees on the ground before her and took both her hands in his own. He looked into her face. She withdrew her hands from his and put both arms about his neck. "Oh, Henry!" she said, and now they were sobbing in each other's arms. I went back to the hotel with a full heart.

This, then, was their purpose in coming to this place for so many years. How they honoured that sacred day, when here they had spoken these very words so long ago.

Next morning the old couple drove off in their heirloom of a coach.

I happened to be in Savannah just a year later, and went to the hotel again. The old man only was there. He was very feeble. In the evening I saw him start for Bonaventure cemetery. He was keeping his anniversary day alone.

Irving D. Kip.

BESIDE THE FIRE.

THY face is with me here to-night,
As it hath often been before—
The red fire casts its fickle light
Across the floor.

And as the shadows come and go
Thine eyes look at me through the haze—
Oh, darling, they did once look so
In happier days.

In happier days—ah, me—when age
Nor grey-beard wisdom came between—
What matter though my heart may rage
With anguish keen?

With anguish keen?—it cannot feel—
So numb my heart hath grown of late—
The sharp, swift thrust, the chilling steel
Of scorn or hate.

Yet once—but that is dead and gone,
And left no trace adown the years—
The love, the grief, that could have drawn
Hot, gasping tears.

What is my wasted life to thee,
So cold, so stern—and yet so fair?
The all that thou hast thrown to me
Is grim despair.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A REVERIE OF AGE.

UPON a hillside stands a mansion fair,
Amid the clustering locust trees;
That sway with every movement of the air,
And tempt with blossoms, murmuring bees.

Within the door an oaken stairway climbs,
And towers o'er the hall below,
And as I sit and dream of far off times,
I hear the steps of long ago.

The gently tripping steps of maiden feet,
The music of a rustling dress,
And now and then a face so fair and sweet,
I wonder at its loveliness.

And now I hear the hurrying, pattering tread,
Of little feet, that ever run,
Now full of boisterous joy, now childish dread,
From early morn, till evening's done.

Now age with hesitating step and slow,
Toils up the stair so high and steep,
In hope, that soon—how soon it does not know,
To rest it's weary head, and sleep.

The day was dying, and the evening bell,
Gave men from labour, glad release,
The dream was over, and the old man fell,
At last asleep, asleep in peace.

Samuel Dickey.

ANDALUSIA.

Over the belfry of Old North the clear rays of the moon came stealing and gliding down through the leaves and branches of the grave old elms, bathed the green grass and the recumbent forms of the undergraduates with the mild soft light of fairy land. It was directly after "Senior singing," and the mandolin club, arranging themselves on the well-worn steps, were giving their instruments a few conciliatory pats and caresses preparatory to the painful and arduous operation of tuning up.

Lying half within the shadow of the immortal pile that has witnessed the coming and going of so many generations of students, and half within the shining circle of moonlight, was a group of four fellows. Arranged in camp fashion, which afforded the greatest amount of comfort with the least possible inconvenience, and sending up puff after puff of blue smoke from their briar-woods to fashion themselves into wierd shapes, now in the light, now in the shadow, they calmly awaited the mystic chimes of the mandolins.

"Ping, pingety, ping—ting, tingety, ting—bling, blingety, bling," chirped the mandolins in a hurry to get in tune.

"Rhum, rhum—tum, tum—bum, bum," growled out the guitars, struggling for unity.

"Wish they'd get a move on and blaze away," said Jack Wentworth, the athlete of the group.

"Don't be in a rush, Jack; all good things come in time," responded James Daly, who frequently answered to the name of "Poller" Jimmy.

Then the third fellow of the group raised himself on his elbow long enough to give the fourth member a poke in the ribs and remark, "Say, Sleepy Sam, give me a match."

"Look out there who your hitting, Sporting Life. Here's my pipe; hope that will suit." The third member of the group, by name Harold Hollister and by nickname Sporting Life, took the proffered pipe and obtaining a light, resumed his comfortable position just as the mandolin club—now a united family—struck off with a whirl into the mazes of "Andalusia."

The throng of listeners, moved by a single impulse, settled down into complete repose, starting from it only to applaud the the successful terminations of the different pieces.

Jack Wentworth's thoughts quietly stole away from the realms of Old Nassau, with their fun and frolic and "Exams," and rapidly gliding past the winter sports and the foot-ball field came to rest down at Seacliff, where the wild sea waves with never-ending patience—now wrathfully, now calmly—attack the steep, jagged cliffs that guard the mainland.

Late in the evening at the "Oceanic," the heated whirls of the mazy dance have stirred every pulse. Jack Wentworth is walking along the veranda arm-in-arm with—well we needn't know, but Jack whispers the sweet cadences of her name beneath his breath, lest his comrades may hear. Just as the orchestra strikes up the beautiful strains of "Andalusia" they seat themselves in a corner of the piazza, where the awning, falling in peaceful folds, veils them, yet affords a view of the starlit ocean below.

'Twas the same old story—sometimes sweet, sometimes sad—but Jack pats his breast-pocket as he thinks of the letter within, containing the answer that she would not give that evening. "I always was a lucky fellow," he murmured to himself.

Poller Jimmy was troubled by the fast approaching "Exams," and the knowledge that somehow study did not come so easily now since—since—but Jimmy wouldn't say when, though he knew full well. Raising himself to stretch his cramped limbs just as the last chords of "Andalusia" were dying away, he caught a glance of a fair, girlish face, lit up by the moon's rays. Its carriage, the folds of dark hair falling across the brow, the finely penciled features—all brought back to him memories that he had vainly trusted were buried forever.

With a ring and a swing the mandolins started off with the overture of "Robin Hood."

"Oh, why do they play that," groaned Poller Jimmy; "that of all pieces!"

Jimmy remembered, far too well, a certain afternoon, not many months ago, when he had set off in high spirits for New York City.

He had heard that a certain young lady, living in his town, and whose very pleasing person had occupied many of Jimmy's thoughts ever since they were children together, was visiting in the Metropolis, and he spent most of the time in the train reading and rereading a little note that he had received, stating that

Miss Dorothy Vorhees would be greatly pleased to accept Mr. James Daly's kind invitation to "Robin Hood."

Jimmy will remember to the last day of his life that ride to the theatre in the evening—the perfume of the great bunch of hot-house roses at her corsage—the throng—the lights—the music—the play—all combined to turn poor Jimmy's head. His half-formed dreams approached reality; fanned by excitement, his fancies of the future burst into passionate desires. He was in love.

And on the drive back to her home he asked her something—he pleaded a certain cause, but her response was:

"Oh, Mr. Daly, I am so sorry; didn't you hear? No? oh I can't tell you now; please wait until to-morrow."

When Poller Jimmy let himself into his room at college the next morning, he found on the floor a letter containing the announcement of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Vorhees to Mr. Daniel Spahr.

"I always was an unlucky fellow," Jimmy murmured, as the mandolin club tuned their instruments before venturing into the ins and outs of a merry Spanish serenade.

Music didn't appeal particularly to the soul of Sporting Life Hollister. In his devil-may-care existence he had met but few tunes that had lingered with him in anything like their pristine melody, but he did remember that there was something connected with that serenade which wasn't exactly pleasureable, but what it was, he for his life couldn't think.

Suddenly—it might have been because a certain chord of the serenade set in vibration a chord, or more likely a discord, lingering in some obscure part of his mind—he remembered all, but he wished he hadn't.

Yes, he recalled that little incident far too well. It would be a long time before he forgot after a certain game—the memory of which, by the way, wasn't exactly pleasureable either—that he had paid a man wearing a red rosette a cool one hundred dollars and the impolite fellow turning, had walked away whistling snatches of this tune.

Sporting Life regretted the misspent opportunity of that hundred dollars—for where in the deuce was he to get another.

"Watch in hock, several pants, too; well, I guess I won't think about that any more," he said, rising to his feet just as the last strains of the last piece were quivering in the air.

And what was Sleepy Sam thinking of all this time?

One by one the group arose, with the exception of Sleepy Sam. Jack Wentworth leaning over him for a moment, gave him a kick and said, "Well, I'll be shot, fellows, if he isn't asleep!"

"Ugh! Look out there, wazzer mazzer? concert all over? Great Fishhooks! if I wasn't asleep.

J. McGill White.

A JUNE LETTER.

WITH A BUNCH OF WILD ROSES.

I send thee rose-buds, breathing sweet,
  June roses, almost blown.
The maiden flush upon their cheeks
  To a softer blush has grown.

Now, by their own sweet, wondrous might
  The dewy leaves unfold,
Showing 'mid petals, dainty pink,
  A daintier heart of gold.

Here sips the enchanted bee, his store
  Of odourous honey wine.
Thou dost not treasure up thy sweets,
  Fair, generous Eglantine!

So may thy gently-budding years,
  Beloved, thus unfold,
Within, a wealth of sunny warmth
  Reveal a heart of gold.

A heart, a very treasure house
  Of fragrance and delights,
Whither my charmèd soul may wing
  Its never-ending flights.

W. M. Urban.

"A BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON."

The band, which had been brought out from Muscogee for the occasion, was playing, and the music floated out through the open windows and across the spacious lawn, and then lost itself on the boundless prairie beyond. The long, low ranch-house, with its wide verandas and spacious dining-room, was a blaze of light. Occasionally, the cowboys outside caught glimpses of many moving figures within, and the ponies hitched to the rail at the side heard, with wonder, the murmur of soft, feminine chatter and laughter.

It was a great day for the Two Z's Ranch, as the cowboys called it, or as its mistress loved to say in the melodious Spanish which she had brought with her from Mexico, "*Ranchito del Fuerte*, The Little Ranch of the Strongs." Two years before this the country round had been electrified by the news that the Two Z's had been sold, and to a Mexican—"a blasted Greaser, with silver buttons all over him, I reckon," as Big Bill, the foreman, said. James Strong was a Mexican, sure enough, but not one of the kind to whom Big Bill was accustomed. On his ranch, in Mexico, he had been as happy as a king, but when his wife, who had been his light and life, had succumbed to the fever and left him alone with their sixteen-year-old daughter, the lovely place grew distasteful to him and, with a sad farewell to the grave under the roses, he had turned his face towards the Indian Territory, and sought new scenes and new associations. He had made many friends among his neighbors and was equally beloved by every one of his hands, with whom he had such a gentle, kindly way of dealing, that he easily won their hearts. His ventures had been very prosperous too, and as the months went by he grew happier and happier. To-night, as he watched the merrymaking, he thought of the gay times in Old Mexico, without the sudden pain that hitherto had always come with such thoughts.

It was a gala occasion of his daughter's arrangement. Tired of the regular and sometimes wearisome round of ranch life, having coaxed her father till she obtained his consent to her plans, she had sent out invitations far and wide to all of the ranches in the neighborhood, and to the town forty miles away, for a grand ball on her nineteenth birthday. The worry she had been through for fear things might not go right or her guests might not come, was enough to have worn her to a shadow, but the evening had at last come and with it guests from every direction, and now as she stood at the head of the improvised ball-room she felt supremely happy and content.

A young man who came into the room at that moment, as his eyes caught the group opposite him, said to himself that he had never in his life seen Nita Strong look so beautiful. She was all in white, her only ornament a bow of orange ribbon at her throat and another nestling coquettishly in her dark hair. Her brown eyes flashed merrily, and her face lighted as she turned to greet him. He was the son of a neighboring ranchman, and had just come home from an Eastern college on his vacation. With a laughing salutation Nita pounced upon him and bore him off to "see things," as she said, while the other young men looked on, and muttered something about Bertie Jasper being a "lucky dog anyhow."

So Bertie himself thought, as he listened to Nita's chatter, watched her animated face, and the soft glow of enjoyment in her brown eyes. Her duties as hostess prevented her staying long with him. He was content to stand still and watch her flitting here and there among her guests. With a strange thrill he noticed that she wore a bow of orange ribbon at her throat. Once before, an evening in his Christmas vacation, she had worn it, and he had asked her for it, not so much, he knew, because it was his college color, as that *she* had worn it. His eyes had revealed this to her, and with a quick blush she had refused him and turned away. He remembered how hurt he had felt, and how he had gone away in a few days without even bidding her goodbye.

The music of the band disturbed his dreams and he went to seek his partner for the dance. No trace of weariness came over the faces of those young people as in their vigourous Western fashion they danced the hours away. The supper, with its great birthday cake, which Nita had cut and portioned out with her own hands, had been finished. The interest of even the strongest dancers was beginning to flag; Bert Jasper leaned over Nita's chair and whispered something to her.

She smiled up at him and rose, and together they stepped out on the long veranda which ran almost around the house. The effect on the company was instantaneous, and soon the porches and long board-walk leading to the old-fashioned well in the yard were dotted with slowly moving couples.

The August moon was shining brightly, and from the prairie the soft night-wind crept up laden with all sorts of strange whisperings and bringing with it the faint perfume of the dew upon the grass. Once the faint howl of a coyote was borne on the still evening air.

A pony at the hitching-rail shook himself drowsily, and the iron stirrup of his saddle clinked musically against that of his neighbor. Half hidden in the deep shadows of the veranda Bert Jasper and Nita paced slowly up and down.

He was talking to her earnestly, and as she listened she smiled softly, and looked up at him.

The silvery moon, peeping in at an opening among the honeysuckles, saw a little brown hand go up to a white throat. There was a soft laugh, and—when Bert Jasper with the rest of her guests bid Nita good-night, a bow of orange ribbon was in his buttonhole.

Seldon L. Haynes.

THE UNLUCKY MR. STETSON.

Mr. Oliver Stetson belonged to that melancholy, misanthropic class of individuals who go through life firmly possessed of the belief that they are unlucky. Nothing could turn him from his conviction that the Fates looked upon him with disfavor, and that in the sky of destiny his unlucky star was constantly in the ascendant. He had even acquired a species of meekness from the continued experience of misfortune, and one could hardly help wondering at the almost complacent manner in which he accepted the flings of fortune. "My luck again," he would say, his dark, melancholy eyes full of sad resignation.

It must have been this sad, uncomplaining acquiescence to misfortune, which was the dominating trait of Mr. Stetson's character, that first attracted the beautiful Miss Martha Van Twiller; certainly there is no other reason that a close student of human nature can assign for her preference. For Mr. Oliver Stetson was quite an ordinary young fellow. He did not shine as a conversationalist. He did not have that vague, indescribable fascination about him that takes feminine hearts by storm, and last, but by no means least, he was only passably good looking. His eyes, large, dark and pathetic, were the redeeming feature in a face long and rather thin.

Quite the opposite of Mr. Stetson was Miss Martha Van Twiller. If he was the personification of ill fortune—sad, silent, gloomy—she, with equal propriety, might have taken the part of the fair, sweet goddess, whom all men worship and love to have by their side. Joy and mirth sat enthroned upon the fair, white brow of Miss Van Twiller, and peeped demurely from out her bright eyes, and played hide and seek among the ripples of her sunny hair. All men worshiped Miss Van Twiller, at least all the men she knew, and there were some very nice ones among them, too. A successful young lawyer of Sunbury, brilliant and witty, only awaited her faintest encouragement, to lay his name and fortune at her feet. The new minister, eloquent and refined, thought that in her he would find an ideal pastor's wife. Besides these a score of other devotees burnt incense at her shrine. Strange, ah, how strange and inscrutable are the whims of fate and of—women. The melancholy pathos which sat in the dark eyes of Mr. Oliver Stetson, was the first influence that caused a flutter in the maiden breast of Miss Van Twiller.

If Miss Van Twiller had been looking for her affinity or her spirit-love or anything of that sort she certainly would never have chosen Mr. Oliver Stetson. But, Miss Van Twiller knew nothing about affinities, and for this reason truth compels us to admit, even at the expense of weakening our depiction of Mr· Stetson's character, that an element of good luck entered his melancholy career, but then, this was entirely overbalanced and rendered null by the accident which first made him acquainted with the lovely Miss Van Twiller.

Mr. Stetson, Sr., a prosperous farmer of Sunbury, was possessed of an exceedingly buoyant and frisky young sorrel, which, at the period when our story opens, had passed the sunny days of colthood and arrived at years of discretion, without ever having experienced the humiliating curb of bit or bridle. What put it into the head of Mr. Oliver Stetson to harness him to the buck-wagon and endeavor to drive him down the road to Sunbury, no sensible man can fathom. Mr. Stetson affirmed afterward that it was fate. Perhaps it was. At any rate, one beautiful day in June, when the roads were good and the birds and bees were filling the air with melody, Mr. Oliver Stetson drove the sorrel colt down the lane, out through the gate and disappeared amid a great clatter and cloud of dust, down the peaceful road to Sunbury; of the vain, frivolous conduct of the sorrel colt it is not necessary to speak. How he vainly and indiscriminately endeavored to climb telegraph poles and rail fences, how he danced about lightly on his hind legs and pawed the air vigorously with his fore feet when the soft June breeze wafted a stray newspaper across the road, are all details which the dignity of Mr. Stetson and the solemnity of this narrative prevent us from describing.

Sufficient is it to say that, being firmly convinced that a respectable linen duster which hung on Dame Wilton's clothes-line, was a fiery-eyed dragon with six double joints in his tail, the sorrel colt, with a wild snort of terror dashed down the road, in frantic endeavor to leave the frightful monster far behind. Turning a corner very sharply, with utter disregard for the vehicle behind him, he dashed the buck wagon into fragments against the fence, and landed Mr. Oliver Stetson prone in a bed of astonished black-eyed Susans, in Mrs. Van Twiller's garden. Mr. Oliver Stetson lay white and still in the midst of the flower-bed. The Van Twiller mansion was wrapped in its afternoon siesta. The sun shone brightly on the long row of milking-pans, laid in the grass to dry. The drowsy hum of bees came from among the morning-glory vines. Presently the screen-door slammed, and Miss Van Twiller, fresh and radiant from her afternoon bath, stepped out upon the porch. "Dear, how hot it was! The flowers looked withered, poor things; she would go out to see her pansy bed," and tripping daintily over the intervening beds of lady-slippers and verbenas she came to the black-eyed Susans.

Miss Van Twiller would not have been a woman had she not given a little scream and jump backwards. Her first impression was that she had discovered a tramp. But then, that was a queer place for him to be reposing, right in the glaring sun, and in a flower-bed. On close inspection, she decided that he wasn't a tramp. His clothes were too good, and his face was clean. And then she saw the shattered fence, and remnants of the buck-wagon against it. She understood it all at a glance, and a terrible thought crossed her mind. Was he dead? She knelt down and placed her hand over her heart. Yes, it was still beating.

Miss Van Twiller was a practical girl, and one of action. She ran to the house and brought out—an umbrella and a pitcher of water. "It's a wonder he hasn't been sun-struck, poor fellow," she said pityingly, as she propped the umbrella over his head, so as to shield him from the sun, and proceeded to bathe his face with the cool spring water. Whether it was from the effect of the water or Miss Van Twiller, or both combined, Mr. Oliver Stetson opened his eyes at last. He endeavored to raise himself on his arm. An expression of agony passed over his face, and he sank back heavily upon the ground. "Oh, dear," said Miss Van Twiller sympathizingly, "are you hurt much?" Mr. Stetson groaned and answered, "I guess my arm got broken someway, coming over that fence; but don't mind me," he continued, sadly, "it's just my luck again," and as he uttered these last words so despairingly, and with such a hopeless look in his deep, dark eyes, the tears of compassion started to Miss Van

Twiller's own blue orbs. Running into the house again, she roused Mr. Van Twiller from comfortable dreams concerning the potato crop, and in a very short space of time Mr. Oliver Stetson found himself ensconced upon the lounge in the cool sitting-room, with motherly Mrs. Van Twiller flitting anxiously about him with salts and camphor and bandages, while Miss Van Twiller fanned him gently. Mr. John Van Twiller, Jr., was dispatched for the doctor. "How did it happen?" queried he, as he busily prepared splints, and lint, and bandages. In a faint voice Mr. Stetson described the gyrations of the sorrel colt, and the ultimate termination of his afternoon's ride.

"But I might have known before I started," he concluded, "it would turn out this way. It's just my eternal luck."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the crusty old doctor, "If a man's fool enough to drive a colt that's never been in harness, he deserves to have his neck broken. You got off easy." Mr. Stetson was too weak to dispute the question, but his whole manner said clearly: "It's no use for you to argue with me; the same thing would have happened if I'd taken out old Joe, the plough horse. Its only my luck, and I don't expect anything else."

It was three weeks before Mr. Stetson could return to the paternal mansion, and during those three weeks Miss Van Twiller waited upon him, read to him, and sympathized until, at last—how can we explain it? How often has that trite old phrase rung in our ears, "Pity is akin to love." It was pity which filled Miss Van Twiller's heart when first she saw him lying among the black-eyed Susans. It was pity that made her sigh when she saw the sad, resigned expression in his eyes, as he plaintively declared it to be "his luck." But was it pity that filled her blue eyes with tears when he left her? or was it pity which made her sigh, as she remembered how gratefully he had thanked her for her kindness to a "poor, unlucky fellow like him?" If not, it was something to which pity is akin. Mr. Oliver Stetson, his arm in a sling, was driven home again by his father, after his three weeks' absence. His eyes were more sad, his brow more gloomy than ever. "It was just his luck," he thought, for him to fall in love with a girl who wouldn't have him. He sighed regretfully as he thought of that memorable afternoon when he had returned to consciousness among the black-eyed Susans, and found her sweet eyes looking down upon him pityingly. He would never dare to tell her his love, and he only went to see her once after his recovery. But if Mr. Stetson was backward in avowing his devotion, Mr. Brace, the young lawyer aforementioned, was not, and it was openly rumored that his sole reason for running for the legislature, this year, was that he might offer Miss Van Twiller a home at the capital, where, if ambition stirred her, she might shine as a society queen. Mr. Stetson groaned when this piece of information was told him. "Oliver," said his father, one day, "why don't you run for the legislature; I've got consid'a'ble inflooence 'round here, and all the other farmers will support you?" "'Twouldn't do any good, father, luck's against me; I couldn't get elected." "Shucks with your eternal nonsense about luck. It's pluck, not luck, that wins, an' you're goin' to run for this legislature and get there, too." Mr. Oliver Stetson submitted himself resignedly to the inevitable, and resolved to go in and get defeated as heroically as possible. But the day before election he became tortured with the thought that he was not doing right. Mr. Brace, his opponent, had evidently succeeded in winning the affections of Miss Van Twiller, and if elected, would introduce her to all the pleasures and gaieties of the capital. Was it grateful, after all she had done for him, to run against her lover?

Of course he (Stetson) couldn't be elected, but all the same the principle of the thing was wrong. So, finally, he resolved to go and see her, apologize for his ungratefulness and withdraw himself from the contest. His face wore a resigned, peaceful look as he waited in the cool parlor of the Van Twiller mansion. When Miss Van Twiller entered his heart sank. She greeted him very coldly, seated herself on the edge of the chair and tapped the carpet impatiently with her foot. Yes, he knew it; she was angry with him because he had run against Mr. Brace. "Miss Van Twiller," he began, his mournful eyes fixed upon her, "you were very kind to me a few weeks ago." She looked at him curiously. "Well?" she said coldly. "And I want you to feel that I am grateful." Miss Van Twiller stamped her foot impatiently.

"I know you think I'm not," he continued nervously, "and so I came here to apologize, and show you that I am."

Miss Van Twiller's foot had ceased its tapping the carpet, and she looked at him intently.

"I didn't want to run for the Legislature," he declared earnestly. "But father was set upon it, and so I let them put me up, and I never thought till last night about Mr. Brace, and I wanted to tell you that I would withdraw my name, so that he will be elected unanimously, and—and—" "And what?" cried Miss Van Twiller sharply. "And you can go to the capital with him," he finished brokenly. Miss Van Twiller rose from her chair so suddenly that she startled him. "Mr. Stetson," she said, angrily, "you are the biggest fool I have ever seen!" Then suddenly bursting into tears, she fled and left him gazing after her. His face was a curious study—at first it seemed filled with puzzled astonishment, then a look of intense thoughtfulness passed over his brow, and, finally, strangest of all, a dim, faint, joyous light came into his dark eyes. It was almost laughable to see it there. It looked so out of place, so uncomfortable, as if it were a stranger, and couldn't get used to its surroundings! He took a card from the receiver and hastily penciled this note on its back:

> DEAR MISS VAN TWILLER.—Won't you please come back for a moment? I have something of the greatest importance to say to you. It isn't about the election, or Brace, or anything but *myself*.
>
> OLIVER STETSON.

He found Mrs. Van Twiller in the garden and she readily consented to take the note to her daughter, while he waited there.

And she did come back again, with her lovely eyes all dimmed with tears and regarding him reproachfully, and in the garden, among the sweet peas and hollyhocks and daisies, who had witnessed his first entrance there, she promised him that if he were elected he should not go to the capital alone.

Mr. Stetson could not help confessing now that he was anxious about the election, and the next evening, when he drove down town, he was more excited than anyone had ever seen him before. As he drew up before the post office several of his supporters approached with a gloomy, disappointed look upon their faces. Brace was standing near them and he looked happy and satisfied. Mr. Oliver Stetson's heart sank within him. ' Never mind, boys, it's only my luck." He wondered why they all laughed.

"Brace," said Mr. Jones, "jes' bet us fellers drinks fer the crowd thet you'd say 'My luck' ef we laid fer you. So we did, an' I kinder reckon the drinks is on us, but we 'lows you'll stand fer them, 'cause we jes' run yer in by the biggest majority ever polled in Tuscadoga county." "And say, Stetson," said Brace, taking him aside, "I'm just about tired of you're springing that everlasting whine about your ill luck. Why, confound you, you're the luckiest dog I ever saw. Here, when all the rest of us were thinking ourselves crazy trying to find some method for bringing Miss Van Twiller around, what do you do, but go and get yourself chucked into her flower garden and get nursed by her for three weeks, and don't I know you got off something about your ill luck, just because your arm got smashed. Why, I'd have been willing to break two arms and a leg to have gotten the chance you did. And then you come in and win this election, hands down. Talk to me about hard luck. *I'm* the unfortunate fellow, and from now on I suggest we trade places. You shall be the lucky, I the unlucky man."

An odd smile flitted across Stetson's face. He looked at Brace humorously for a moment and then said, hesitatingly: "I-I don't know, I think I prefer being the unlucky fellow."

C Waldo Cherry.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the October LIT. will be due October 1st.

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

WE ARE surprised that any contributor should not know that anonymous contributions can not be received or considered. It seems strange that any writer should be ignorant of this inexorable custom in journalism. We have received more than one unsigned contribution we were on this account unable to use. If a contributor prefers that his name should not be published, of course his wishes will be respected, and the authorship will be considered confidential; but no attention can be paid to contributions which come to us anonymously.

PRINCETON COLLEGE AND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE recent trial and conviction of Dr. Briggs, while of profound interest to all thinking men, is a topic with which, of course, the LIT. has nothing to do. As laymen, we naturally have our views on the subject, but they find expression through other mediums than the LIT. But when certain inaccurate statements in regard to Princeton College are scattered broadcast over the country and repeated in the editorials of the secular press, we do most earnestly protest. We refer to the habit of newspapers to refer to the prosecution as " The Princeton Element in the Presbyterian Church."

This false and misleading designation probably arises from a confusion, in the minds of many, of Princeton College with the

Princeton Theological Seminary. Between the College and the Seminary there is no organic connection whatever. With the Briggs case Princeton College has nothing whatever to do. The College takes no side in theological controversy. In fact, the case for Dr. Briggs was largely conducted by Trustees of the College, but we should not, therefore, say, that Princeton sided with him in the dispute, although that would be more justifiable than to state the opposite.

This is the first time that we have had occasion to refer even remotely to questions of theology, and we hope that it will be the last. We are only driven to speak because of the erroneous ideas that have found voice in the daily press. Princeton College is non-sectarian. It is a Christian College, and always will be, but no denomination, and still less, no portion of a denomination can claim it for its own.

The conviction of Dr. Briggs is neither condemned nor approved by Princeton College.

NOTICE.

FOR the convenience of men visiting the World's Fair, the LIT. has established a register at Chicago for Princeton men. This ought to prove of great convenience to the students, and by keeping them informed of each other's whereabouts, add largely to the pleasure of the trip. The use of this book will be entirely gratuitous; it will be known as the NASSAU LIT. REGISTER for Princeton College, and will be kept at the office of the *Chicago Tribune*. All men connected with the College, who may visit Chicago this summer, are requested to register their name and address upon arrival.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WHEN a large object is so near us as to occupy most of the field of vision, after we have become accustomed to it it happens often that we fail to notice it. The World's Fair fills such a prominent place in the public press, and is so much talked of that it seems like a nine days' wonder, whose mystery has become commonplace. If the Fair were at London or Paris most of us would probably know more about it than we do now. Distance magnifies everything, from a local politician to an International Exposition. The Fair is more talked of in Europe than it is here. And so it happens that a great many people who might go to Chicago this summer are quite apathetic and seem perfectly willing to stay away.

In our judgment they are making a great mistake. It is true that a great part of the Exposition will not be of value to all. To a person not especially interested in manufactures it would hardly be worth while to spend a summer in Chicago for the sake of becoming familiar with the making of condensed milk and mowing machines. But there is something for all, and what makes it of universal interest is that here we have an epitome of the world. Not alone in the exhibits of the various nations, but still more strictly in their representatives and visitors, will the student of humanity behold a picture of our planet earth. Here, in this marvellous gathering of the nations, he will find a new Arcadia, a new Cheapside; for his benefit the Nevski Prospect and the Champs Elysées are reproduced; a great, western, shifting, hurrying, careless, kaleideoscopic crowd of humanity—where could you find it but in Chicago, and when but in 1893? And then there are the buildings—whited sepulchres though they are, that before another year shall vanish away and leave no trace behind—yet they bring before us a mosaic of the world. There has never been such an architectural display since the time of the Roman Empire.

Architecture is not only "frozen music"; it is history, and literature, and religion in stone. Here one may see the most stupendous object-lesson in the evolution of society that has ever been given the human eye. Here is the social fabric in all stages of development. Here is the infant, the boy and the soldier. Let the student of humanity mingle in this concourse of his fellow beings; let him revel in it; let him drink of the stream and then tell in what stage of evolution America belongs.

GOSSIP.

> To Alma Mater sing—
> Bright College Years, with all their strife,
> The brightest, happiest years of life!

SPRING is the halcyon time in Princeton. Even the Exams are comfortable, now that pocket rolls and watches have been retired to the shelf. Instead of going into Examination Hall like a prison convict, and being glared at for hours by the proctors, you can now sit down, disrobe, take out your pipe and tobacco, and at least be comfortable, if not enjoy yourself. Everything is vouchsafed to you except the unparalleled excitement of handling a crib. At noon, there is always the Varsity practice to watch, or if it is very hot, the front campus to loaf on. Then at five it cools off, and the air is just right for a short stroll down Mercer street, with its Gothic arches of Elms, or through the Rhododendrons of Guernsey Hall; or, if you can once get past William street, there is always a breeze on the Varsity Grounds. The green diamond, cut by the magic hand of Jack, stands out in bold relief. The trackmen are running, and if it is clear, you can see the light-house far off on the Neversink Highlands. In the evening, when the Seniors sing on the steps, and the front of old North lights up with the reddish rays of the setting sun, and the Elms throw dark shadows across the lawn, we lie on the grass and spend an hour of unalloyed bliss. Then the dusk comes, and the cigars glow red, the Mandolin Club plays "Moskowski's Serenata." The campus is a lazy, dreaming paradise! Surely the Goddess of Spring is kind to us!

Commencement is here. To the majority of us, this means that another lazy summer has come, with all its sails and dances and general careless good time. But to the Seniors it is an ending, and still worse a commencement—for after four long years of happy undergraduate life, they've at last gone out from their alma mater, and will soon enter the wide, wide world.

Our friend, the little philosopher, suddenly beholds that there is a worse theory to confront than Schopenhauer's and Descarte's, and the long-haired poet who has lived among his hazy golden dreams, awakes and sees that the time has come when, instead of lovingly polishing off his sweetest madrigal, he will soon be priding himself in the shading to the twirl of his latest S on the bank ledger. Then there is the athlete, who, day in and day out, has toiled for hours upon the foot ball and base-ball fields. He has gotten his name in the paper, and sometimes a few cheers, and a pat on the back—or curses when we've been unlucky. Who ever thinks of the hours of worry and anguish and despair, he has spent. He can tell you that his life is not all filled with 'Varsity stripes, and loafs on the club-house veranda. Few have worked so hard for old Princeton, and few have learned to love it more, though it has been of late, as some one sadly remarked, a good place to train for disappointments in life.

Yes, college is a pretty fine old place after all—though once in a while we do doubt what's the use in it—but that's when we're sour-balled, or the March fogs go prowling our walks, or the rain drives into our faces, as we run to morning chapel. The more the Gossip thinks of this, the happier he is that there is still a barrier of a year—short as it may be—between him and the time when he'll look down at the canal for the last time, as the train rattles and twists over the trestle.

How many times we have seen that canal—we can all remember how black and gloomy it looked the first time we rode over it in freshman year. We were nearing Princeton. How we quaked, our mouths grew parched, and straightway under the malign influence of the "Golden Fleece," we paid one dollar and a half to have our trunk moved two blocks. We heard of its merits from our Sophomore friends; we have walked by it, skated and rowed on it, and bathed in it these many times, and we've all grown to love it, ugly as it is—and it's the last bit of Princeton we'll catch a glimpse of, when the train pulls up the hill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"The long slow swell of the still sea
Rises and falls, and sluggishly
The wind-bound ship rolls to and fro,
Soundless, save when the huge sails go
With heavy boom from left to right,
A few stars only trail their light
In quivering snaky gleams below
In the sea's depths.

* * * * * * *

"But westward far where sea and skies
Blend in one darkness, breaks a beam
Of wan faint light."
—*William Sharp.*

IT is very natural that just now, when the eyes of the civilized world are turned upon Chicago, the event which the great "White City" was built to commemorate should assume an even greater importance than ever.

The days of 1492 have been brought very near to us of late, and we have felt more than ever the significance of that October morning when the eyes that were weary with straining through the darkness of the night, and the gray light of the dawn were gladdened as the first rays of the rising sun sparkled from the surf that foamed white along a stretch of glistening sand beyond which there rose the bright, fresh verdure of an unknown shore.

The result is that a great deal of this year's literature consists of a strange mixture of the events of the last decades of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries that may be not inaptly compared to the strange spectacle that was lately presented when the tiny, lateen-sailed caravels of Columbus and the colossal steel-clad men-of-war of our modern navies lay at anchor in the Hudson, side by side. To whatever magazine or newspaper we turn we are sure to find either most interestingly written and finely illustrated articles on Columbus and his times or voluminous letters from Chicago correspondents. Served up in our morning papers or in the readable and well-illustrated pages of our two great weeklies, *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's*, or in the unsurpassed articles that *Scribner's* and *The Century* offer us, Columbus and Chicago are everywhere present, one and inseparable. In England and on the Continent, too, the magazines have their correspondents in the "Windy City," and illustrate the huge buildings for their readers quite as we do here, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, *The Graphic* and *The London News* doing the best work in this line.

All this is right, for though one of the fellows did voice the opinion of a great many people, the other day, when he said, as he sat in the LIT. room with his feet on the table, smoking a cigarette and rummaging through the exchanges, "Oh, Columbus is getting to be a good deal of a chestnut, nowadays." This is only the most superficial view. Judged by the standard of relative importance, shall the discovery of America sink into the background when compared with Marathon and the Norman Conquest, and the Great Charter, and all the events of the world's history that have aided in the progress of liberty and the westward course of Empire?

It must be said, however, that much harm is being done by the circulations of the production of a certain class of writers who can only be compared with the nefarious "market-hunter," and who put out books with attractive titles to catch the eye of the public, but the contents of which are plotless and worthless. Several such have appeared this year from the pen of John Musick, a Missouri writer, which promise, at first sight, to be very interesting, but which are worse than disappointing. Fortunately, these are the exceptions to the general excellence of the Columbian literature of 1893.

Before taking up this month's magazines we must allude to the latest sensation in literary circles, the offering of the Poet-Laureateship to Mr. John Ruskin, an action that has been most severely criticised. *The Critic* calls it "the only indication of approaching senility that Mr. Gladstone has yet given," and the generally expressed sentiment is that if the Laureateship is bestowed in recognition of past work it should be given to Mr. Swinburne; if in token of the expectation of greater work yet to come, it should belong to Mr. William Watson, who has, fortunately, just recovered from his late mental trouble.

MAGAZINES.

The June *Arena* is a mammoth number. It is probably the largest magazine ever published as a monthly issue of a review, containing one hundred and sixty-four pages, of which one hundred and forty-four are in the body of the magazine, and twenty pages of carefully written book reviews by such well-known critics as Rev. W. H. Thomas, D.D., of Chicago; Helen Campbell, Hattie C. Flower, Hamlin Garland, and the editor of the *Arena*. Among the leading papers in this notable anniversary issue are: Insanity and Genius, by Arthur McDonald; The Liberal Churches and Scepticism, by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D.; Arsenic versus Cholera, by R. B. Leach, M. D., is interesting and timely; Women Wage-earners in the West, by Helen Campbell; Does the country Demand the Free Coinage of Silver, by A. C. Fisk; Save the American Home, a striking economic paper, by I. E. Dean; Islam, Past and Present, by Prof. F. W. Sanders, one of the most scholarly religious essays of recent times, and should be read by all interested in obtaining a correct idea of what Mohammedanism is; Union for Practical Progress, by the Editor, a strong plea for the union of progressive and reformative impulses for educational and practical work. Mr. Flower also contributes a striking paper, entitled Parisian Fashionable Folly versus American Common Sense, which deals with the dress reform movement now being so vigorously pushed by the National Council of Women of America. This paper is handsomely illustrated, containing twelve or fourteen large photogravures of Boston ladies in the new reform costumes. Mrs. Frances E. Russell, Chairman of the Dress Committee of the National Council, also contributes a paper on Freedom in Dress. One of the most striking features of this issue is a symposium advocating the charms of the Maize as the National flower. To this symposium a number of eminent writers contribute, and the charms of Indian corn are set forth in such a way as to appeal to the reason and sentiment of all readers. Altogether this is a most notable issue of this great progressive review, and no readers of magazines should pass it by.

A subject of great and growing importance, that of "Irrigation in the Arid States," has the first place in *The Popular Science Monthly* for June. The article is by Charles Howard Shinn, who describes practical methods and their results, illustrating both with handsome cuts. Herbert Spencer concludes in this number his essay on "The Inadequacy of 'Natural Selection,'" which has attracted much attention from thoughtful evolutionists. "The Ceremonial Use of Tobacco," comprising the use of tobacco as incense and sacrifice and in the operations of seers and medicine-men, is described by John Hawkins. "An Ethnologic Study of the Yuruks," a wandering people of Turkey, is contributed by Alcide T. M. d'Andria. The features, dress and dwellings of this people are shown in illustrations. Under the title "Modern Miracles," Prof. E. P. Evans describes some of the astonishing feats of Arabian and Hindu fakirs. An article describing "The Phenomena of Death in Battle" is contributed by George L. Kilmer. In "The Revival of Witchcraft," some of the later developments of hypnotism are shown to be based on fraud and delusion. The article is by Dr. Ernest Hart, who has examined most of the famous hypnotic subjects in Paris. Certain "Adaptations of Seeds and Fruits," which serve to utilize favorable and resist unfavorable influences, are described by J. W. Folsom. In "Why Grow Old?" some hints toward preserving early vigor are given. James Macdonald's interesting account of "East Central African Customs" is concluded in this number. Frank H. Eaton describes "The Bay of Fundy Tides and Marshes." Sir Archibald Geikie is the subject of the usual "Sketch and Portrait."

Rodolfo Lanciani's new paper, called "New Facts Concerning the Pantheon," which opens the June number of the *Atlahtic Monthly*, is another instance of this writer's power in presenting in a living and entertaining way a subject which has great possibilities of dryness. Most people who should endeavor to give facts, however new, about the Pantheon, would inevitably lapse into dullness and prosiness; but Professor Lanciani tells so brightly and concisely what he has to tell, that one wishes discoveries in Rome were more frequent if they could be reported by so clever a writer. A paper which should be read in connection with this is Mr. J. Irving Manatt's "Reminiscences of Dr. Schliemann." This article, written by one who knew Dr. Schliemann well, gives an intimate account of the home life of the great archæologist, of his family, and of his personal characteristics. The name of Schliemann suggests Greek literature, and thus we naturally turn to a paper by William Cranston Lawton, on "Womanhood in the Iliad," which abounds in those delightful rhythmic translations with which Mr. Lawton is wont to illuminate the articles which he writes upon the classics.

EXCHANGES.

The Wellesly Magazine. "A Bird's-Eye view of European Politics," by Luise C. M. Habemeyer, unusually elaborate and comprehensive. "Spanish Dancing Song," Lillian Corbett Barnes, rhythmical and pretty. "A Chiel's Amang Yee Taking Notes," and her notes are very bright and life-like. "A Botany Lesson (*not* as taught at Wellesley)," is very good, too.

The Yale Lit. for May. The sketch "Jen," by Lindsay Denison, a really excellent bit of dialect. "College Sincerity," by Henry Lane Eno, is a thoughtful bit on the importance of seriousness in college life, and applies quite well to other colleges than Yale.

The Columbia Literary Monthly is only four months old, but is a very welcome addition to our Table. It has the difficulties that surround all new magazines to contend with, but its May number is very commendable. "Bink," by Richard Austin Dobson, and "Bossnet and Daniel Webster," by Prof. Adolphe Cohn, are its best articles.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES.

Who once has lingered by those inland seas
  And watched them whiten when the storm-winds blow,
  Or drifted with their subtle tideless flow
And felt upon his cheek their cooling breeze,
And listened to the murmur of the trees
  That bend around the margin, drooping low,
  And marked the dying sun's reflected glow,
And has not felt their magic on him seize?—*Yale Lit.*

MY COLLEGE LOVE.

My college love? Perhaps 'tis he
Who blithely burns a cigarette
And lights the muse through verses three;
Perchance 'tis he whose charms are set
In tenor tones to tuneful key—
Besides I'm strangled in a net
Of banjo-strings, whose harmony
Sets forth love's tender alphabet.

My college love? I can't forget,
Adonis or Terpsichore!
At tennis court one dearer yet
Quite oft declares, "'tis love," to me;
To heroes of the field, a debt
Of homage, say I, ardently,
And sigh farewell with fond regret,
When foot-ball claims one devotee.

My college love? Ah, well you see,
So many charming youths I've met
Who could with graceful gallantry
Slide through love's mystic minuet,
That composite my love must be—
For it were hard indeed to let
One reign alone, while memory
Blends all in soulful silhouette.—*The Inlander.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALITY. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The atom is a correlation of vibratory motions; if these motions are dissociated in (*e. g.*) an atom of carbon, the elements will no longer belong to the relative order. "The physical world is literally one vast complex of associated and perpetually modifying and exchanging modes of motion." Modifications in the forms of action of an atom arise exclusively and continuously from without itself through co-operations (with other atoms) whose increasing complexity produces an increasing evolution of more and more complex forms. Radiating, vibratory motions in atoms may be horizontal, perpendicular, or curved; and when two or more atoms, having complementary or homologous motions, approach each other they become a molecule. The theory is applied to explain the different valencies of chemical actions; and proves in the author's hands a beautiful solution of the phenomena of heat, light, sound, together with their transferences, electricity, magnetism, radiation and gravitation.

But the rhythmic atom has two sides, a material and a psychic. It is a potential mind. "Nascent sentience it must have from the beginning of its correlativity." Mind pertains only to one and the same rhythmic-motion individual and is developed just in proportion as its atomic body comes into active co-operation with the rest of closely related nature. The individual may be the mind-side of the whole living organism, or of a single atom—a perfect consciousness or mere sentience. "So far from mind being a property of matter, matter is but the vantage-ground, the place, the ever-balanced sustainer, the helpful servitor of mind." The theory presents, as the view of consciousness with which psychology starts, the Lockian conception of a congeries of atomic sensations, and the author is committed to trace in detail the process through which these sensations are transmuted into logical conceptions and the world of reason.

In the introductory chapter we read, "Given active intelligence and its laws, rational thought (organically assisted) everywhere mediates between simple sensations, gotten through passive intelligence, and transmutes them into subsequent ideas." Knowledge is possible, because both mind and its object are constituted by a harmonious correlation of qualities and quantities. "Ideal relationships, functions, principles—all non-material facts—are ideal existences in the external as in the internal universe." Knowledge is a function of this principle of identity in mind and its object. In the chapter on "Correlated Mind and Matter," the development of mind from the nascent sentience of the single atom is explained as due to its active co-operation with closely related nature. The co-operations of two-sided rhythmic atoms are made the condition and ultimate explanation of both external nature and mind.

The question at once arises as to the nature of a co-operation. Is it a mere chance, together of rhythmic atoms? or is there some immanent spiritual principle in the relative, constituting the unconscious principle of order in nature and the conscious principle of order in man? Does mechanism explain and underlie teleology? or is the latter also an ultimate fact in the world? If the latter alternative be the true one, then whence is teleology? Obviously, the ultimate explanation of the relative must lie outside the relative order in some absolute personal intelligence. By this train of thought, the author is led in the last chapter to the postulate of a " Rational Cause of Intelligent Design and Intention." Creating the relative from the absolute is creation by limitations, which, however, do not create power, but merely decide the nature of its manifestations.

The author has not considered that she has reached two absolute postulates—one, an absolute totality of power and motion; the other, an infinite intelligence. She has made the former a positive power, separate from the latter and yet absolute, and the question arises whether it does not amount to a condition to the power of the infinite mind. In the last chapter we are told that the latter gives to the former its nature and reality, but we are left with the suggestion of many difficulties unsatisfied. We wish the author had discussed the relation of these two postulates to each other, and of the relative order to both more fully; but this would, of course, have greatly extended the work. We are left as wholly unsatified with her doctrine of immortality. If it deserves the name, it does not seem to be an immortality which anyone would want. Finally, the theory of the intimate relation of the absolute to the relative is commended to us as a most satisfactory one to the religious consciousness, and yet the work has reached no higher conception of God than a mere abstract principle of intelligence. The work is most useful in its physical speculations. The theory of the rhythmic atom seems to be a very beautiful and very potent one.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The author of this delightful little book says somewhere in its pages that he is not criticising Hawthorne as a writer of romances, nor is he attempting a biography. His purpose seems to be to shed such side lights on the life and character of the greatest American novelist as can be imparted only from a long and close friendship. To college men the word friendship has a meaning which is significant and deep. Horatio Bridge was the college chum of Hawthorne in the class of 1825 at

Bowdoin, a class which also numbered among its members Longfellow and Franklin Pierce. Till Hawthorne's death the friendship continued, kept up by mutual visits and a correspondence, a large part of which is here reproduced. In the college reminiscences we see the traits of the future novelist, which were accentuated into the marked peculiarities of later years. The letters give us a broader view of Hawthorne as a man; they seem, in particular, to display something of the lighter and more genial side of his nature. Also, they acquaint us with his struggles against poverty, his own comments on his writings and on their reception at all stages of his literary career. The book is written in a style which, if a little terse, is none the less delightful to peruse. Though, as a rule, we confine our criticisms to the contents, we here must praise the tasty and beautiful form in which the work is bound.

OUTLINE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF HISTORY. By JOHANN GUSTAV DROYSEN. TRANSLATED BY PROF. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

This book deserves more than a few passing words of commendation, for without being unique of its kind it yet possesses elements which will make it a power in the historical world. One of the greatest drawbacks in most English translations of German historical and philosophical works lies in the fact of the inability to, or rather the difficulty of applying the cumbersome German diction to clear, concise English expression, so the thought is generally buried under a mass of words and phrases and is only with difficulty exhumed. Prof. Andrews is to be congratulated on his success in transferring the aphoristic and rather disconnected statements of Prof. Droysen, and moulding them into a homogeneous and harmonious whole.

The "Outlines of the Principles of History" can hardly claim to be entirely original. The German school of philosophers and historians—if we may be permitted to use a term so broad that it comprises many antagonistic and heterogeneous theorists—have long been engaged in ferreting out the facts of history and endeavoring to formulate them into a logical evolution. Hegel, in his "Philosophy of History," has perhaps succeeded better than any of his contemporaries or successors in presenting fact and cause in proper sequence and consequence, and it is to Hegel that Prof. Droysen may be said to be especially indebted for much of his admirable reasoning. But this book is short—only about six score pages—and in many parts it exhibits the careful, painstaking, original result of Prof. Droysen's peculiar and praiseworthy genius.

The whole discourse presents the "Problem of History," and without attempting to give an analytic and adequate answer, yet Prof. Droysen does present the latest and most complete data necessary and leaves the solution to posterity. Perhaps this problem, which is so intermingled with other questions, moral, ethical, physical, and metaphysical, will never be satisfactorily solved, but it is eminently necessary for the student of history to have at his command the methods of systematic study and these this book will give him in a most concise and complete form. Taking up the divisions of the work the book successively treats of, I. "The Doctrine of Method," II. "The Doctrine of System," III. "The Doctrine of Systematic Presentation," and contains, beside a biography of Prof. Droysen, discussions on, I. "The Elevation of History to the Rank of Science," II. "Nature and History," III. "Art and Method."

WOLFENBERG. By WILLIAM BLACK. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The scene of this story is laid on board a Mediterranean steamer of the "Orient Line." The story itself is the blind and trusting love of Wolfenberg, an artist, for one of his pupils. The girl fails to realize how much she values his friendship until she is compromised and beyond his reach. The suicidal death of the heroine nearly breaks the hero's heart, working in him a complete change of character, for where before he was selfish, even in his love, now he is kind and beneficent to all. In a letter written just before her death, the young woman shows that at last she keenly feels how much Wolfenberg has become to her, and in it she begs for his forgivenness. The other characters of the book are strongly drawn, and several are almost on an equality in depiction with Wolfenberg and Amilie. The situations are generally good, and many are intensely exciting. The work is written in this well known author's usual happy style.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PANICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By CLEMENT JUGLER. TRANSLATED BY DE COURCY W. THOM. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

To the body of the work the translator has prefixed an introductory chapter on the indications of approaching panics. In this preliminary essay Mr. Thom classifies the various kinds of panics which have occurred in this country, briefly outlining the causes to which they may be attributed. He also endeavors to disprove "the theory that new tariffs are directly productive of panics."

The main part of the work is devoted to the periodical occurrence of panics in this country, with especial reference to American banks. The author begins his narrative in the old colony times, bringing his account down through the panic of 1890, so that one of the merits of the work is its freshness. Written as it is by a Frenchman, influenced by no questions of party or of politics, we are not surprised to find a most fair and at the same time comprehensive treatment of the subject. The dangers which now confront us, the lessons which our past experience should teach, are clearly set forth. Translator and author have both illustrated their points with a number of charts and diagrams, helpful to a proper understanding of the subject. We find in the volume a valuable addition to the works on this branch of economics.

DONALD MARCY. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

There has been one truly great college story—"Tom Brown at Oxford." But this is an English tale, it is not representative of our American colleges; they differ from the Oxford of Tom Brown in a thousand ways. Both graduates and outsiders have seen in colleges such an attractive field that many have wet their pens with the ink of academic romance. Yet both have singularly failed. Take "Arthur Bonnicastle," for example, or "His Majesty, Myself." Admirable stories, no doubt, but they are not representative, for they deal with our institutions in their infancy. It is true they are no older than the book of Mr. Hughes, yet the Oxford of his day is practically the Oxford of our own times; while with us the great and representative institutions have undergone a marvelous development and college life has attained a corresponding growth. To be sure, many works of fiction contain the most perfect representations of certain college scenes and some phases of college character, but where in all the long list, ending with the unfortunate "Harry's Career at Yale," where is the *the* American college story?

We regret to say that we do not find it in "Donald Marcy." We are reminded of the theatre of a country town where one sees the same scenery and the same settings with every play. The story is the conventional college tale; we find a rush, a hazing, a rustication, an oratorical contest, and surely the hero sometime or other has acted before us in another troupe. Judged from a college standpoint, the story does not seem natural,—we feel in need of a draught of good fresh air from the campus.

But while not the longed-for college classic, we are far from saying that it is not a most pretty and entertaining story. The heroine is certainly a sweet and lovely girl, the ideal college girl of the period, and the love of Donald is certainly ennobling and beautiful. The conversation is amusing and bright and the book is written in an easy, graceful style.

ENGLAND AND ITS RULES. By H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.)

This is a valuable book, especially for reference. It displays excellent judgment and a pleasing sense of proportion, and while there is not a superfluous word, the style is readable. The purpose is evidently not so much to show cause and effect in their mutual relations, but rather to disengage from the mass of facts in the centuries of English history, those facts which are related to the permanent forces of the nation and to record them in a clear, terse, and succinct manner. This is admirably done. Despite the fact that it is thus merely a compendium, it contains much of popular interest, and some really curious and valuable data which are not found in the average historical sketch. Particular attention is paid to the habits of the people, socially, politically and religiously, and the early part of English history is admirably treated. The valuable indexes and tables with which the book abounds add much to its value.

DEAREST. BY MRS. FORRESTER. (NEW YORK: TAIT SONS & CO.)

Especially to those who are admirers of the Charlotte Brontë style of novels will this book appeal. In character sketch and gradual development it shows many praiseworthy features, but it is not what one would call a strong novel, for the authoress has not allowed herself a sufficiently wide scope to display her talents. By far the best depicted character in the plot is that of the governess, Miss Le Briton, and in this the authoress shows her true power, which is to a great extent veiled in other portions of the book.

It is an interesting story, told in a very matter-of-fact way, and the dialogues show here and there a trace of humor which greatly enhances the effect of the whole.

OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY. BY H. F. PELHAM, M. A., F. S. A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

The writer is the Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford and the history is a reprint, with many additions, of his article in a late edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The work is divided into seven books, the writer beginning with the earliest authentic times and ending with the extinction of the Western Empire. The greater portion of the volume is purposely given the period included between the death of Gracchus and the ending of Nero's reign. The writer is a man of broad learning and the long list of authorities testifies to the amount of his research in the preparation of the work. The institutions and customs of Rome, their gradual change and evolution with the slow expansion of the nation are well described. The writer shows in his narration great powers of condensation and selection and is gifted with a good share of philosophic insight. We might mention among the many merits of the book its comprehensive grasp, its elevation above mere detail to a discussion of great movements of history, also to the special prominence which is given to the events of particular importance. Such characteristics show the author to be a true historian and not a mere chronicler. The volume possesses a number of maps and is contained in an excellent binding.

CAP AND GOWN. POEMS CHOSEN BY JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON. (BOSTON: JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY.)

A book prettily bound in satin and gold came to us to-day, which is of special interest to college men. "Cap and Gown" is a collection of poems and verses taken from the leading college periodicals of the country, and among the selections we are glad to see numerous clippings from our own back numbers.

As the editor says in his preface, "College verse, like everything belonging to college life, has an individuality of its own." One need not look far through the pages to determine in what this individuality consists, for it has been clearly illustrated by Mr. Harrison's judicious selections. For one thing it is the presence of true poetic form,—college men above all others should know what this oomprises. But the more important thing is the bright, happy tone, the cheerful note of love and youth and spirits, which is the only fitting key in which young people with the best of life before them should sing.

And does not this collection of beautiful little poems also contain some word of promise for the future? Recall the long list of English writers and run over the little group of great American poets. Nearly all, and certainly most of the best, are college men. And from the great nnmber of college writers whose contributions fill this volume, is it not fair to hope for some few really great poets in the future? We wish to commend Mr. Harrison in the heartiest terms for his happy and novel idea.

MR. TOMMY DOVE AND OTHER STORIES. BY MARGRET DELAND. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

These five stories by Mrs. Deland are not meant simply to while away a careless, thoughtless hour. They are remarkably well written and readable and will fulfill their object of starting us thinking, when thinking can hardly fail to modify our opinions and give us new motives for unselfishness. They are true to life—true to a part of life that always seems joyless and dark—the old maid's existence, and they describe accurately and strongly the tragedies that too often occur in such lives through the indifference and selfishness of others who think, as Mr. Temple in *Mr. Tommy Dove*, the first of the stories, that "Janey hasn't any mind, particularly, but she is a very good sort of person to depend on," and so make use of her regardless of her interests or the love that might brighten her life.

The Face on the Wall is the most powerful and vividly written of the stories, a tale in which Paul Calkins, a painter, is made illustrative of man's struggling moods of sensuality and spirituality.

The next story, *Elizabeth*, tells of the attempt of an elderly lady to keep the man she loves true to the memory of his wife.

At Whose Door well describes the repression of the natural desire for enjoyment and affection which is so painfully practiced in some households. The scene is laid among the Friends.

The last story is the longest. It is the only one that could be called at all amusing, and the comic parts are really the most pathetic. *A Fourth Class Appointment* paints the slow attention to post office duties in a retired village. The summer boarders find fault with the service of the widow and her elderly daughter and after the presidential election this meagre part of the "spoils" is given to an active partisan. The daughter lays aside her own personal feelings and marries him to save her mother from want and the shock of losing "her official position."

WHAT IS POETRY? BY LEIGH HUNT. EDITED BY ALBERT S. COOK. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

Few critics have ever lived who have had more of a natural instinct for beauty than Leigh Hunt. And it is as a critic of poetry that he finds his truest sphere. The essay *What is Poetry?* which we find in this little volume, is taken from his "Imagination and Fancy," which is, perhaps, the best of his prose writings.

Starting with his fine, comprehensive definition of poetry, the whole essay contains so much of deep and beautiful thought and elegant criticism that we are pleased with the happy idea of Professor Cook of turning this classic into a text-book for class-room study. But Leigh Hunt was really not the first to point out the important distinction between imagination and fancy. In an appendix the editor has thoughtfully given us such selections from Richter, Coleridge and Wordsworth as bear upon this point.

OLD KASKASKIA. BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

A pleasing little story of the bright, fresh days of the early West, when there yet lingered along the banks of the Mississippi the beautiful romance and Arcadian simplicity of the first French settlers, long before the hurry and rush of English civilization had entered to sweep them all away, to leave us only the memory of those joyous and happy times·

The plot is a simple one, laid in Kaskaskia, the oldest town of Illinois, and hinges on the rise and flooding of the Mississippi. Though at moments even tragic in some of its presentations, it is but the "old, old story" of love, its joys and disappointments, veiled with a slightly different mask and hidden under somewhat varied circumstances. Some of the scenes and conversations are rather ingenious and often amusing, yet at times the characters are somewhat overdrawn. In places the diction is excellent, but the story lacks unity, and more than one of the haracters might be omitted without affecting the thread of the plot Still, taken as a whole, the book is quite readable and often very interesting.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. BY FELIX PYAT. TRANSLATED BY BENJ. R. TUCKER. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

The novel is the history of a Paris rag-picker, a class with whom every visitor of the *Faubourg Saint Marcel* is familiar. With his iron hook and basket he seeks a livelihood among the rubbish and offal which choke the gutters of Paris. Gathered around Jean, the central and dominating character, are a number of lesser ones. The Duke of Crillon and Baron Hoffman, who are one and the same person, the author makes his exponent of lust and avarice. Camille Burville and Marie Didier represent true affection and the story ends with their happy marriage. Pyat's power as a novelist lies more in his vivid depiction of human passions than in his power as a character builder. He only accentuates one side of human nature at a time. In the rag-pickers his characters are either all good or bad, with the exception of the Rag-Picker himself who is representative, and Claire, who is negative.

Pyat is socialistic in his views. He satirizes the Romish Church in particular and religion in general. His aim in this work has been to portray the terrible poverty of the poor of Paris and he has eminently succeeded. Poverty is before you everywhere in his story and the most abject, terrible poverty—poverty which makes one man murder another for a crust, that makes young girls surrender their virtue for the price of a night's lodging, that makes a mother abandon her offspring, and fills the morgues with the last relics of sad lives of those who, wearied with the misery and strife of life, have sought eternal rest beneath the muddy waters of the Seine.

This work has given Pyat a high rank among French novelists.

DON QUIXOTE. JOHN ORMSBY'S TRANSLATION. ABRIDGED AND EDITED BY MABEL F. WHEATON. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

We all recall the monotonous hours spent over dull, uninteresting readers in our own school-days. We remember well the wearisome descriptive articles, the threadbare speeches, the unpoetic verses which our text-books contained. And if ever by some chance we found a selection from some standard writer, it was even then too short and separated from its context to arouse our interest. We are glad to note a tendency now to impart, along with instruction in reading, some real knowledge of the works of the great masters of literature. The volume before us belongs to the series of *Classics for Children*, these works being especially prepared for use in the upper grades of our High and Grammar Schools. The authors from whose writings selections are made in this series are Shakespeare, Ruskin, Irving, Goldsmith, Lamb and many others, while we note among the editors such names as John Fiske, E. E. Hale, Charlotte M. Yonge.

Don Quixote is considerably abridged, but not enough to destroy the connection nor mar the unity of the whole. The editor has also prefaced a short biography of Cervantes, and, considering the purpose of the editor, the sketch is doubly necessary. Though designed especially for schools, the work is in a convenient form for general use.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. ABRIDGED BY EDWARD GINN. WITH LIFE BY MABEL F. WHEATON. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

Lord Chesterfield hardly comes up to our ideal of the perfect gentleman; he is an apostle of culture, but hardly of the culture of the broadest or the deepest type. We look to our ideal gentleman to have something more than a scholarly education, a high social position, and a worldly refinement. Yet tainted as Lord Chesterfield is by society's vices, he has left us in his letters to his son a wonderful amount of practical, sensible advice and this though flavored by, is yet exalted above the world in which he lived.

Though Chesterfield's literary productions are considerable, only his letters now are read, the reason doubtless being that they, never designed to be published, are free from the over-elaborate style which mars his other works. It is of these letters that the great Dr. Johnson says, not "Take out the immorality and they should be put into the hands of every young gentleman." Such a sifting seems to have been made in this edition, the volume belonging to the series of "Classics for Children." We can also commend the admirable introductory sketch, the helpful explanatory notes, and the convenient form in which the work is published.

PHILLIPS BROOKS IN BOSTON. BY M. C. AYERS. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

This little book, containing "five years' editorial estimates," appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* during the last part of the famous bishop's life. It is valuable for the insight it gives us into the secret of this great man's influence with "all sorts and conditions of men." The range of subjects is broad, showing the many sides of the great preacher's character. Mr. Ayers, the writer, shows not only a deep appreciation of the man, but also a very just and sensible conception of his relation to his time. It is well worth a careful reading.

NANON. BY GEORGE SAND. WITH INTRODUCTION AND ENGLISH NOTES BY B. D. WOODWARD, PH.D. (NEW YORK: WILLIAM R. JENKINS.)

A book which has run through half a dozen editions needs little comment at our hands as a work of fiction. Though not the equal of "Consuelo" or its sequel, yet on this book, written near the close of the authoress' life, rests considerable of her fame as a novelist. The merits of this edition are the convenient pocket form in which we find the work and the copious English notes by the editor.

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS? BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE. (CHICAGO: F. TENNYSON NEELY.)

Mrs. Frank Leslie writes from the standpoint of a society woman. Society to-day is superficial, and as much can be said of Mrs. Leslie's book. One hardly knows under what classification to put it. Mrs. Leslie herself calls it a collection of "sketches." One feels that she did so for lack of a better name. They are a sort of American *olla podrida* of love, politics, and religion. Although they seem to lie in the realm of discursive prose, they can hardly be called essays, they are not deep enough. Mrs. Leslie doesn't take up a subject and exhaust it, she touches on it once in a while, tells an entertaining little story, here and there and seeks another field.

The collection will doubtless please the popular taste of the day, which inclines more toward froth than good liquor. However, Mrs. Leslie gives evidence here and there in her "sketches" of marked ability as a writer. Her keen insight into human nature, and her power to delineate its freaks and foibles would render her successful, we think, in a higher field than that of the "society essay." Among the best chapters are those on, "Men Women Admire," "Art of Kissing," "What is a Lady?" and "The Natural Flirt."

THE MOSAIC RECORD OF THE CREATION EXPLAINED. By Abraham G. Jennings. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

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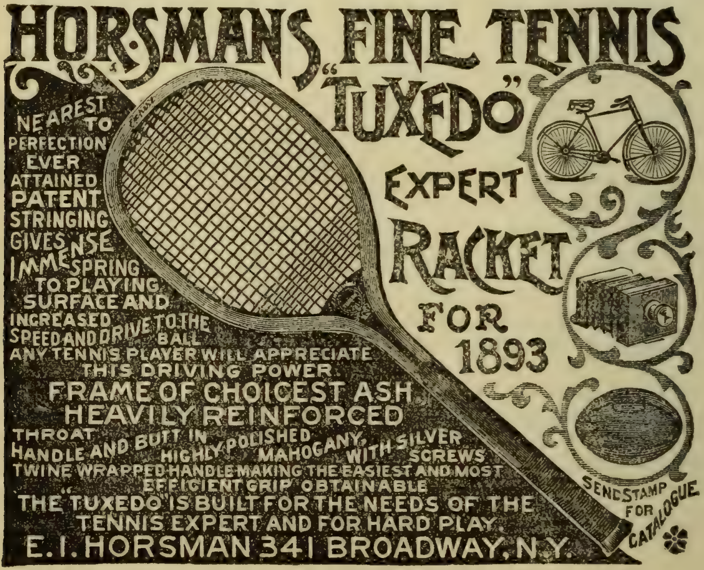

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THE PURITAN IN LITERATURE AND ART.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION.

IN A nation's religion we read a nation's life. Religion penetrates the labyrinth of society, lays bare the innermost recesses of the human soul, and is the only universal test by which to judge mankind. The form of a nation's religion, its prevailing ethical cast of thought, stand as unfailing signs of the trend of its æsthetic development, for the peculiar genius of a people is shadowed forth in its literature and its art, and religion is the common measure of the two. In the literature and art of the English race, of the influences that have come upon it, chief among them and more important than all the rest, we behold the imprint of the Puritan's hand.

There came with the Puritan into England a mighty revolution in national thought and life—a revolution greater than all the upheavals in government that English history has to show—a revolution which so profoundly influenced the destiny and character of the English race that in another land and after two hundred years we in America are beneath its power still.

For in the England of Shakespeare, as nowhere else, the spirit of the Renaissance had had full play. Over the hearts and minds of men had come a great and wondrous change. The long night of the Middle Ages was over; the spirit of man was blossoming forth, and it seemed as though the day were almost come—the world's long-promised day. Poet and painter lived in the freshness of morning—in the morning of life, when Spenser sang, when Bacon bent close to the mighty throbbing of Nature's bosom, when Raleigh, Frobisher and Drake sailed forth upon unknown seas, and when Shakespeare, "fancy's child" indeed, burst the last bonds that remained of the older growth and spread before the world the open pages of the infinite book of Nature, of Beauty and of Truth. Then was England standing on the threshold of a glorious career, when all that men had done seemed "but earnest of the things that they should do."

Then came the Puritans, and with a hand as ruthless as the torch of Omar, as pitiless as those Mohammedan hordes in Asia eight hundred years before, they swept all this away. It was a deluge of Philistinism. It crushed to the earth the opening glories of Art ere they had reached the fulness of growth; it crushed them as remorselessly as a torrent rushes over a fertile plain, leaving nothing but a trackless and barren waste behind.

Oliver Cromwell stands in history as the restorer of English liberty; small doubt that his name will ever be held in affectionate regard. But we look again upon that stern, that implacable, that terrible face, and back of the hero of Marston Moor we behold another Cromwell. Whose hand is this that is raised to shatter the stately fabric of those monuments of devotion that have preserved so long the religious spirit of an age gone by, those sublime cathedrals, symphonies in stone, all the creations of art and imagination that were making England something more than a nation of traders—whose hand is this that sweeps across the vision?

Cromwell, didst thou hear no voice, didst thou see no hand uplifted to stop thy vandalism? Did the message of five hundred years bring thee no word to stay that ruthless arm of thine? Cromwell, we glory in thy work in the making of England; we pay thee the tribute that a lofty moral purpose ever commands; but the mute and battered walls of Melrose Abbey shall remain silent witnesses against thee so long as their stones shall endure. A thousand shattered churches, statues and paintings shall forever upbraid thee for stifling the instinct for Art in the English race, and the mouldering ruins of Dryburgh shall remain with their voiceless reproach to accuse thee to the end of time.

And yet, by a strange and subtle paradox, the same elements that checked the development of Art served only to enrich and amplify the nation's literature and the other great fields of the human mind. Literature was indeed for a time repressed, but from its stern pruning it blossomed forth richer and stronger than ever before. And standing here on the shores of a newer England, at the very close of the nineteenth century, with the thousand wonders of Science flashing in the sunlight about us, realizing to the full that we are "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," then looking back upon that strange chapter in history, we may yet say that if it had not been for the Puritan, English literature, the English temper, the English mind, would not have been the mighty products they are to-day.

Literature and Art! They are twin daughters of a single race. Each represents a phase of the human mind that forever separates man from the brute. Literature, in its highest form, is the uplifting of man to God. It is a striving—a rude and ineffective striving though it may often be—of the human mind toward the moral order of the world. It is an effort to bring these human joys and sorrows of ours within that wider sphere which shall include them all; it is a reaching out to the universal. When Shakespeare depicts the ravings of a mad King Lear, or the tortuous self-questionings of a Hamlet, his words are true only so far as they reflect those universal principles that reign forever in the human heart; they are true only so far as they bring us within those universal sympathies and aspirations that mark our kinship with God. And as the Puritan beheld with the clear eye of faith the omnipotent Judge of all the world, as he was brought into this close communion with his Maker, unhampered by the intervention of priest or church, as he seemed to behold the mechanism of the universe stop in its awful, mysterious course, while he communed with the Most High, so was man's life uplifted and brought close to God. In the sufferings, in the trials and temptations of man, every word, every act, became no longer the idle jesting of an empty day, but of transcendent importance, for it was a step in the progress of man to a life beyond. It is the mission of literature to portray the life of man; is it strange, then, that Puritanism should have given birth to the greatest literature of modern times?

But if literature be the uplifting of man to God, Art is the revelation of God to man. To steal the perfume of the violet, to body forth the tempest or the changing hues of sunset, to inscribe upon the lifeless stone something that shall tell of the ecstasy or the agony of the human soul, to rear a fabric that shall teach a lesson of devotion, of strength or praise, to seize upon that impalpable something that defies our senses and which we cannot name, to bring to man some scant portion of that infinite beauty and harmony that pervades existence—this, this is the work of Art. And this the Puritan temper could not give. Here it was that Puritanism failed, and stamped the mark of its failure upon the English race. In the men shrinking beneath the stern gaze of their dread Recorder, the glories of Art could awaken no sympathetic response. To the men whose souls hung trembling in the balance, the pealing organ and the lofty vaulting of the cathedral seemed but foolish and wicked pomp. Alike in Art and in the wonders of Nature they saw naught but that which appealed to the frivolous and sinful mind, and it was no longer God that spoke in the crash of the rolling thunder, but rather the powers of darkness leagued against God and His world.

Such, then, was the work of the Puritans. They gave us the grandest literature that Europe has to show; against this they well nigh destroyed our sense for Art. But the end is not yet, and when time has worked the fulfillment of destiny the remotest effects of Puritanism may yet prove the grandest of them all. We stand on the moral foundation that they have laid, and as they rise in the vistas of the past, is it a mark of weakness, or do we humiliate ourselves unduly, when we say that they were mightier than we? From that stern and rugged stock shall spring the noblest, purest art. For this no race has ever been so fitted as the English race, by the very reason of its long darkness, is fitted now.

For while the night still hung deep about us, and while we could not see so much as a star, or a single ray of light to guide our path, the foundation was being laid deep and sure. Another toilsome night is past, another century of striving, and soon shall come the day. May it be granted us to add the crowning glory of Art to the achievements of the English race. Speak to us, Raphael and Angelo, and bring us a message of the glory that hath been. Tell us not that it is a voiceless past, and that for us remains no grander work than to look back and say, "So much hath been done; we are content." The smile that lingers on the marble of Phidias—shall it not pierce the gloom and beam upon us once again? Tell us not that the striving, the aspiration and the sublime achievement of those that have gone before shall pass away and be but as the things that were; but rather, that leading us onward and ever beyond, they may prove the harbinger of the glory that is to be, and from the splendour of the ever-living past, teach us that "the highest human nature is divine." So then may each of us say with him to whose clear vision the light was given years ago, "So venerable, so majestic is this living temple of Art, this immemorial yet freshly growing fabric of beauty, that the least of us is happy who hereafter may point to so much as a single stone thereof and say, 'The work of my hands is there.'"

M'Cready Sykes.

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

JOHN HEATH is a strange old character, at least he was ten years ago, when he still retained possession of all his faculties. He must have been some seventy-five then: robust and active though somewhat stooping. As he himself expressed it, he was "a right tough old hickory." It is very difficult to describe some characters, though we ourselves seem to have a clear conception of them. John Heath was one of these. He was neither country farmer nor gentleman; he seemed to be a combination of both. Where you looked for the former you were often surprised to meet the latter. He had a farmlike dialect but his ideas were by no means crude; they showed a surprising amount of careful thought.

It is just ten years ago this September that I stepped off the train at Hilltop. The day was cool and beautiful. I remember looking out of the car window, as I leaned back in my seat, and thinking how delightful it would have been if the train were not to stop at all. John Heath met me at the station. He caught sight of me before I had been able to distinguish him in the crowd.

"Well, Mr. Hinsdale," he said, as he advanced, cap in hand, "it's a long time since we've had the pleasure of seeing ye, but it's right glad we are to have ye with us again."

"And I am delighted to be here, John; and how is Mrs. Vorhees? I hope she is quite well."

"Well, it's not for scaring ye I be, Mr. Hinsdale, but it appears to me as she's been ailing of late, though, when she knew ye were coming, she began to pick up a bit, and now she's chirp as a robin, though for all that she don't seem kind of natural to me. But I'll touch up the horses a bit, if ye say, as we'll have to get on live-like if we're to get ye in time for supper."

As I greeted Alice Vorhees on the porch I thought John must have been mistaken. She seemed so happy and lighthearted that I was quite thrown off my guard and my forebodings dispelled.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, as we shook hands "Whenever I do so I fancy Archie at your side and then I feel quite young again. You and he were always such good friends. It's almost fourteen years since he died. They've dragged a little slowly at times, but the last thing I promised him was to be happy and I've tried to remember that. But how are you? you don't look quite well."

"Oh, I am feeling splendidly, but John tells me you have not been well of late. I was exceedingly sorry to hear it." Alice Vorhees started as I said this.

When we had finished supper, she suggested I should take a stroll around the grounds to enjoy my cigar. I jumped at the chance, as I thought she looked tired and hoped she would rest. When I started out it was still quite light. The night air bathed my temples and, as ring after ring of smoke sailed gracefully upwards, I too began to feel quite young again and imagined my companion of long ago at my side.

Gradually the darkening shadows of the trees made me fancy I saw all kinds of queer and fantastic shapes, and I was beginning to feel almost uneasy, when I was startled by a familiar voice at my elbow:

"Good evening to ye, Mr. Hinsdale."

"Oh, it's you, John," I answered, quite relieved.

"It's of Mrs. Alice I would like to speak to ye, and do ye think she's well and natural?

"Oh, yes," I answered, somewhat surprised at the old fellow's anxiety, and only half reassured myself.

"Oh, yes, I don't see anything's the matter. She's probably been in the house a little too much. A little more driving and she'll be herself again."

"I'm right glad to hear ye say it, though as for the driving, says she to me the last time I took her out, and when we'd only been gone the half hour: 'Well, John,' says she, 'I guess we had better go home. I'm tired and I'm afraid I don't care for driving as I used to.' Why, she never said that before. Thinks I to myself, she's been thinking too hard on Mr. Archie. But she hasn't wanted the carriage since then, and when I says, 'Shall I get the horses this afternoon?' she says, 'I guess not, John, I'm kind of tired;' and I don't know what to make of it. It's all mighty queer."

There was silence for some time.

"Good-night, Mr. Hinsdale."

"Good-night, John," I answered, and then we separated.

When I reached the house I was informed by the servant that Mrs. Vorhees had gone to bed sick, but she hoped I would find everything comfortable and would see me in the morning.

I went up to my room and undressed, but, when I turned out the light, it was not to sleep but think of earlier days, of Archibald Vorhees and his widowed wife.

There were few finer looking fellows in those days than he and few lovelier girls than Alice Newcastle. Both had known each other since childhood, and when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, they were engaged. This was in September; in the following February they were to have been married. Suddenly, in January, Archibald disappeared. The matter was hushed up. It was commonly believed that some family difference had brought about the unfortunate occurrence. Even the intimate friends of both families, like myself, were in the dark. For eighteen months we neither heard or saw anything of Archibald. Then suddenly he returned; from where no one knew. The first time I saw him he greeted me as cordially as usual, but, even when I hinted at his absence, he changed the subject. His eyes seemed to read my thoughts: at the same time I read in them a secret which he wished to lie buried, so from that day to this one I had waited in vain to hear the cause of those eighteen months' absence. One thing surprised me. The old ties seemed to have been renewed, as if no interruption had occurred. When I again congratulated Archibald, he started a moment, and I thought a slight flush mounted to his forehead. The next moment he had recovered himself and I concluded I must have been mistaken.

They were married shortly afterwards, and up to the time of his death I have never seen a more devoted couple. The atmosphere of their home always seemed cheerful, and many a winter's evening, when the world outside has seemed very cold and selfish, I have blessed the kind look in Alice Vorhees' face and the cordial grasp of Archibald's hand.

As I tossed in bed all these things crowded in upon my mind. I passed a wretched night, and at daybreak I hurriedly dressed and stole out upon the grounds, lighted a cigar and endeavoured to drive away my evil presentiments. I must have been buried in thought, for some one rested a hand upon my shoulder before I became aware of his presence. I turned; it was John Heath.

"Are you usually up this early, John?" I said.

"Nay, Mr. Hinsdale, I can't say as I am, though ten years back I thought nothing finer than to get up with the larks. It's Mrs. Alice what takes me out this morning. I heard the cook say as how she'd passed a poor night. She said as how they could hear her talk to herself, saying all kinds of queer things, and when Rose went in she wanted to know if Mr. Archie had come in from the hunt."

I waited, and John went on.

"And seeing Mrs. Alice is no better, and if ye haven't anything special to do, I'd be mighty glad to take a walk with ye. There's something weighing mighty heavy on my mind. It's been there many a long year, and perhaps it's time it came off."

"All right, John," I answered, curious to know what the old fellow had to communicate. We turned off on a side road leading across the fields.

"My story's a wee bit long, Mr. Hinsdale, and I'm not much of a talker, and there'll be a good many stops I can't help, aye, and for more reasons than missing a word, too." His voice quivered a little.

"Go on, John," I said.

"I suppose ye think I'm from these parts, Mr. Hinsdale, but I'm not. My old home's down there in Kentucky, and mighty proud I was on it too. It's a lovely land down there. Why, bless ye, the years that have wasted themselves on that tree there would have put it up double near my old home. And the old ones were mighty good to me, but both were laid by before I'd seen my fourteenth birthday morning, and then I quit school altogether—though, bless ye, I hadn't done much at it before—and had to kick kinder for myself, seeing I weren't left much besides blessings. And then the war came, and I must have given a pretty good reckoning of myself in those days, for I came out with corporal's stripes and a medal for doing something. But those things don't give a man bread and butter, though I guess they're pretty good in their way, and I had to buckle down. I expect I was right shifty though, for when I'd seen twenty-four summers I had quite a bit laid by. And all this time I'd been doing something besides laying away. I'd been making a little love, as ye say. I don't care to speak much of Jenny, though—"

It was some moments before John could clear his throat and continue:

"It makes the words come kinder hard, Mr. Hinsdale. She left me a little girl after we'd been married a year, but I buried her aside the old ones, so the three best friends of my early days are down there yet in old Kentucky. It came right hard to leave the old place, but it wasn't the same without Jenny, and I came North to try and forget. I brought the young one along and called her Jenny too. She had her mother's own hair and eyes, and, when I looked into them, says I to myself, 'John,' says I, 'it's Jenny herself be looking at ye from up there.'

"It's not easy to get work for the looking, 'specially if ye've got a baby on hand, but I drifted to Mr. Newcastle's place and he gave me what I was looking for. There was another young one in the family too, a little girl just about Jenny's age—it's Mrs. Alice as I'm speaking of now, Mr. Hinsdale—and pretty soon the young ones took to playing with each other, and by and by there were three, for Mr. Archie came over as soon as he could toddle. The years went by, and, before I knew it, Jenny was grown up. But she was alone now and spent her time in fixing up 'bout the house. Mr. Archie and Miss Alice were grown up too, and were getting mighty fond of each other.

"Miss Alice was blonde-like, with blue eyes and medium tall. Jenny was about as high but more wavy-like. Her hair was black and her dark eyes had a mighty 'tractive way of looking around that made a fellow look twice at them, and her ways were mighty taking too. She always looked right quick and bright, and said things Miss Alice didn't, and she laughed and moved in a way that said, 'Now come, Mister, don't ye think I'm right pretty?' and she was, too, as they told me, and she made me think of my own Jenny.

"And I guess Mr. Archie thought so too, for he used to call for all kinds of things for Jenny to bring in. Perhaps he'd be sitting in the parlour with Miss Alice, and, on a sudden, he'd want a glass of water, but, when Miss Alice gets up to get it, he'd say, 'Now don't trouble yourself, Alice, just ring for Jenny, she'll bring it in,' and Miss Alice, unsuspecting-like, would ring.

"Or I'd be showing Mr. Archie some new colt, when he'd come over, for he was mighty fond of them, and knew the good and bad points, but bless ye, Mr. Hinsdale, Jenny would come up, and he'd grow red and talk all kinds of nonsense. I used to puzzle what was the matter, for I didn't know what it was then. I expect I wasn't very quick.

"And I remember I once dropped into the parlour to see Miss Alice about something, 'twasn't often I did it, and there I saw Mr. Archie and Miss Alice, and I was just going to bow myself out, when I see it wasn't Miss Alice at all, but Jenny who was putting a flower into Mr. Archie's coat. Well, I was all tossed up about it. But Mr. Archie said it wasn't anything—he'd dropped into the parlour, waiting for Miss Alice, and Jenny happened to come in with a rose in her hand and he'd asked her for it. But I wasn't exactly satisfied about it and had it out with Jenny, and she began to cry and say she didn't mean anything and wouldn't do it again for anything, and pretty soon I forgot all about it.

"The strangest thing to me in this world, Mr. Hinsdale, is how a man can love two women at the same time! I know Mr. Archie loved Miss Alice for ten years, as ye know yourself. I've never seen a better husband, and I learnt afterwards how he loved Jenny. I ain't much on philosophizing, I don't know how it's done, but I think I see how it was. Mr. Archie loved Miss Alice all along; I think he even did in those eighteen months, but Jenny kinder fascinated him besides. There's a powerful difference between the two, and they're mighty like at times, and once in a while a fellow sees a girl that makes him follow her by her eyes and with his whole self as well. And Jenny was just like her mother there.

"It was a month before the wedding, as ye no doubt remember, Mr. Hinsdale, I noticed Jenny was kind of unnatural and nervous, and when she'd kiss me she'd throw her arms about my neck and hug me as if I had been going away. I didn't see anything of Mr. Archie either, but I was awfully busy about them colts.

"I was up bright and early one morning, putting one of them animals through, when up comes Rose. 'John,' says she, 'where's Jenny been all night? I waited till past twelve for her and, when I sees she wasn't coming, I thought she stayed out and I put out the light.'

"Well it didn't take me long, Mr. Hinsdale, to put that colt up. I kinder thought something was wrong but I hadn't the heart to believe it.

"'Where's Jenny,' I said kinder dazed, 'why I reckon she's with Mary or one of the girls.'

"'Nay she ain't though; I've asked them.'

"Then, Mr. Hinsdale, I felt as if some one had shot me, and for a moment I nearly fell. The next minute I was running like mad to the house. It didn't take me long to get to my room and open the door; I'd have broken it down if it hadn't come easy. I thought Jenny wouldn't leave her old father without a word, and sure enough, there on the floor was an envelope. I tore it open, but I had to read kinder slow, when I was a dying to know what was in it. It was written in a good hand though, and I knew Jenny hadn't done it, because she was pretty weak with a pen.

"Here it is, Mr. Hinsdale, envelope and all. I've carried it ever since, and the writing's nigh worn out, but it's the last thing Jenny left me. I'll read it to ye if ye say, though I know it well nigh by heart.

"'DEAR FATHER:

"'Archie's writing just what I say, for I can't do it well, as you know. I wanted him to do everything, but he said I must tell him what to say. Yes, your own Jenny's running off from her old father, and he's been so good to her; but you once loved another Jenny, as you've often told me, and Archie, he swears that he loves me and says he's going to marry me and not Miss Alice, and you'll forgive me, father, won't you? It came terrible hard to leave you, you've been so kind to me, and I haven't deserved it once. I said I wouldn't, often, but Archie said we'd come back again soon and give you a fine home, and I'd see you every day, and you'd have lots of horses and good things. And I'm going, father, and I hope you'll forgive me, for Archie's a fine boy and I know you'd like him.

"'Your own daughter,

"'JENNY.'

"I'm about through talking, Mr. Hinsdale. Let me rest a wee bit, that's all. It's pretty hard on me to go all over it, and I'm not as young as I once was, and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Alice I'd have gone home long before this and been with both of the Jennys up there. Sometimes I dream I'm with them and speaking to them, but every time something comes between us or the road to the gates suddenly seems to grow longer, and then I wake up. But it was my own daughter that hurt Mrs. Alice so much, Mr. Hinsdale, and Mr. Archie did marry Jenny, so it was all right, and so I've tried to do all I could for his widow, and I thought I'd better tell ye all about it, for if she—if she died, I wouldn't have to wait longer."

John Heath was leaning against the trunk of a gigantic old oak. I had taken off my coat and, though he had objected as strongly as his failing strength would allow him, I had wrapped it around him. At the beginning of our walk he had seemed quite strong. Now he appeared completely exhausted. I stood anxiously watching him, when suddenly he said:

"Who's that coming between the trees?"

I turned. It was Rose, the servant, approaching as fast as she could, and apparently all out of breath. Something about her appearance scared me. She seemed to be afraid to say something.

John Heath had risen. Some unseen power had given him the necessary strength. His eyes had a strange look in them. I tried to help him but he refused my aid.

"I don't need it, Mr. Hinsdale," he said. Then he called out to Rose:

"What's wrong? Is Mrs. Alice worse?"

"She's — she's," between her sobs the girl could hardly get out the words—"she's dead."

John Heath fell to the ground. For ten minutes he did not stir, and I was afraid he was dead, when his lips began to move. I leaned over to catch the words. They came slowly, with now and then a long pause.

"The gates are open, Mr. Hinsdale. I've reached them at last, though it's taken many a long year. And they're waiting for me; the three I buried by the old home and the others that the good God's taken since. And there's my own Jenny! She knows I'm coming—coming—good-bye, Mr. Hinsdale,"—I put my ear close to the dying man's mouth to catch the last word. At last it came—"home."

A ray of the setting sun played over the old man's face, but John Heath had reached home.

George H. Forsyth.

THE DEATH OF THE DREAMER.

I.

HERE in the meadow I lie—here by this murmurless stream;
Light clouds lie calmed in the sky, white in the sun's golden gleam;
Silence, the dreamer, is nigh, lost in a wonderful dream.

II.

Never a sound greets the ear—never a breeze passes by;
Never a robin I hear—never a bee buzzes nigh;
Silence, the dreamer, lies near, smiling her love to the sky.

III.

Never the leaves sway apart, breathing a melody clear;
Never the tall grasses start, stirred by the air they hold dear;
Silence, the dreamer, her heart gladsome, is revelling here.

IV.

Ah! there's a cloud in the west, wind-wafted over the sky;
Ah! there's a murmur confessed, soft, as the stream hurries by;
Silence, the dreamer, her rest broken, is languishing nigh.

V.

Listen! the leaves overhead whisper, and rustle apart;
Listen! yon bird's bosom red, swells with the madness of art;
Silence, the dreamer, lies dead—dead of a broken heart!

Frank C. McDonald.

UNDER PROTECTION OF THE LAW.

FOR many years it had been with the small village of Tawcuck Point Centre, as it is in heaven—there was no marriage or giving in marriage.

Poor Hank Silvy's matrimonial prospects were certainly shattered. For four long years he had manfully courted Lucina Jenkins, and for four long years the widow Jenkins had steadfastly refused him her daughter's hand. Twice they had tried to elope, and now for the third time their plot had failed.

As the plans had been laid, they had somehow been detected by the vigilant eyes of the widow. Uncle Jenkins, who stood nearly six feet, when stretched out at full length of his lanky frame, had been hastily summoned. A council of war was held, with the result that Lucina had been locked in her room, and that poor Hank was slowly trudging homeward, with a badly broken arm, and a still worse broken heart.

The widow was indeed giving herself airs, and since she had built "that yaller Colonial boardin' house," with its seventy-six windows on the south side and running water in all the rooms, she had become exceedingly uppish toward the rest of the Tawcuck neighborhood.

"The very idee," exclaimed Hank, in his rage, "of Mary Jenkins a' sayin' that she could not lower her family, by allowin' her daughter to connect in wedlock with a man on such a social scale as me! Just as if, 'cause she's rich, she's any better 'an the rest of us. And how did her old man make his money, any how? I guess driving bootcher carts 'way from Riverhead ain't any such high-toned business."

In his hurry and in the dark he took no heed of the rough way. Suddenly his foot struck against a root of one of those stunted oaks which grow close to the sandy road. He stumbled forward, and a sharp pain shot through his shoulder. "Oh, I'll get even with old John Jenkins!" he cried. "I'll teach him to lick people smaller than himself! I'll go to the 'Squire's this very evenin' and have the law on him—even if I never set eyes on Lucina again, I'll—no I won't—" The thought of Lucina suddenly checked Hank's anger. Visions of her rose before him, with her big, brown eyes and her soft, golden hair, always falling over her face, from under the broad brim of her sunbonnet. Hank almost shuddered at what he had said. Clinching his teeth, he hastened on his path.

It was an evening in early autumn. For the past week it had been raining off and on. The sky which had been overcast all day had become very dark and threatening, and before long Hank felt a few drops of warm rain. About half a mile below Tawcuck the road leaves the woods and, for some distance, runs along by the bay shore, then, as it approaches the village, it turns abruptly up a steep, gravelly hill, on the top of which Tawcuck's church and three stores stand overlooking the water. A little to the left is the 'Squire's, the most pretentious house in the village.

The recent rains had washed the hill almost bare of sand, leaving only the hard, round, yellowish-white pebbles. Hank Silvy, carefully hugging his arm, had nearly reached the top, when, slipping on some loosened stone, he fell heavily on his side in the rocky road.

Groaning, he had gotten to his feet, his face livid with rage. He was close by the 'Squire's gate, and the comfortable lights shone out in the darkness. Hank hesitated a moment, and then, with a curse, flung the gate open and rushed in.

It was nearly an hour before he re-appeared. He had had his arm bound up, and a goodly dose of the 'Squire's best applejack. With the absence of pain, back came the visions of Lucina. Hank, for the first time, fully realized what he had done. No, he could not part with her, he must revoke his charge, and that before it was too late.

Just as he again reached the gate, he stopped. Suddenly he burst into a long, loud laugh. "I'll let the charge go, after all," he chuckled, and turning on his heel, again trudged on in the darkness.

Imagine the excitement of Tawcuck when it was noised abroad that John and Mary Jenkins were to be charged before the Squire for assault and battery. Tawcuck had had two famous cases in the last ten years; one when Peter Brown sued for divorce, and the other when Jake Smith shot old Deacon Whitney's cows for eating his corn. But a case of 'sault and battery! Why, if the Jenkins were indicted they would be taken to the jail at Riverhead. And all Tawcuck, in its excitement, shivered.

The hearing was not to take place until three, but as early as one o'clock the Squire's little office over the grocery store was crowded to its utmost. Everybody was there, except the three principals of the case and the parson, he being absent, as Will Parkins slowly conjectured, "Likely as not, 'cause he's a man of God." At a quarter to three the two defendants arrived with pompous bustle, followed by a paid lawyer from Riverhead. The sight of this great and important person caused the buzz of the office to turn fairly into a roar, and each inhabitant exchanged an ominous glance and nod with his neighbor. The brass clock on top of the tall and dusty old-fashioned book-case slowly struck three, but as yet there had been no signs of Hank Silvey. Quarter, half past, quarter of four passed by; every minute was gradually stretching itself out longer and longer. At last, there was a sound of wagon-wheels on the road outside. A sudden commotion arose in the office, starting from those favoured individuals who had found seats upon the front window-sills, and spreading rapidly throughout the room—even the stately dignity of the Squire was fast disappearing.

It took little time for the whole assemblage to learn what had happened. The plaintiff had indeed arrived, and with him, in the parson's best wagon, the parson himself, and Lucina Jenkins. When the new arrivals were seated, and the room had again sufficiently subsided, the 'Squire arose and, taking off his glasses, announced in long, sonorous tones, that "the hearin' would begin."

Hank Silvy then stood up, with compressed lips, pale with excitement. "I don't know exactly how I ought to start off," he began. "I hate almightily to contradict the powerful august words of the law—but," he went on, "this 'ere hearin', contrary to what the 'Squire has just stated, won't begin, for I myself withdraw the charge against them Jenkinses, 'cause"—he hesitated, "'cause"—then quickly grasping the arm of Lucina and drawing her towards him, "'cause—jest let me introduce ye to Mrs. Silvy."

While Tawcuck was in the midst of the excitement over its third law case, while the Widow Jenkins was consulting her hired Riverhead lawyer, the door of Lucina's room had been stealthily unlocked; the elopement, under protection of the law, had at last succeeded, and Tawcuck Point Centre was like unto heaven no longer.

Theodore F. Humphrey.

VESPERS.

THROUGH chapel windows stream the rich stained rays,
The Sabbath sunlight gently fades away,
The gilded organ-pipes speak notes of praise;
We're gathered here at eventide to pray.

There may be far more joyous hours we'll know,
But few more calm or soothing shall we spend;
Far sadder hours may touch our lives with woe,
Yet sweetly sad this hour at Sabbath end.

The shadows deepen, window rays grow dim,
The chancel lights burn brighter through the shade;
Then loud and deep resounds the closing hymn,
The service over and our prayer is made.

Edward J. Patterson.

THE SACRED SKULL OF THE MINNITAREES; AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL FRAGMENT.

THROUGH the kindness of Lieut. Palmer, of the Tenth Cavalry, there has recently come into the writer's possession one of the most valuable relics of a tribe of Indians which, though now reduced to pitiful numbers, has been said to be superior in personal appearance and intelligence "to any other red men north of New Mexico."* These are the Minnitaree or Hidatsa Indians, and their history, though of no great political importance, is of profound interest to the student of ethnography. In a very curious old book,† published over fifty years ago, their number is estimated at twenty-five hundred, but a correct census at the present time would hardly reveal so many. These Indians, still clustered about their ancient seats, are now found in three small villages on the Knife river, a tributary of the upper Missouri. Their great ethnological importance has made them the subject of special investigation by the government.‡

The relic in question is a buffalo skull, a perfect specimen and exceedingly well preserved. There are but seven teeth missing, and the horns are perfect almost to the tip. This skull is of interest not as a zoölogical specimen, buffalo skulls not being particularly rare, but because it throws light on the archæology of North America, and represents, in tangible form,

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*"*Discovery of America,*" vol. 1, p. 40, John Fiske. An excellent account of these Indians may be found in the seventh London edition of Catlin's *North American Indians*, vol. 1, pp. 66, *et seq.*

† *Biography and History of the Indians of North America, from its First Discovery to the Present Time;* comprising Details in the Lives of all the most distinguished Chiefs and Counsellors, Exploits of Warriors and the celebrated Speeches of their Orators; also a History of their Wars, Massacrees and Depredations, as well as the Wrongs and Sufferings which the Europeans and their Descendants have done them; with an Account of their Antiquities, Manners and Customs, Religion and Laws; likewise exhibiting an Analysis of the most distinguished as well as absurd Authors who have written upon the great Question of the First Peopling of America. By Samuel G. Drake. Fifth Edition, with large Additions and Corrections and numerous Engravings. Boston: Antiquarian Institute, 56 Cornhill, 1837.

‡ United States Geological and Geographical Survey. Miscellaneous Publications, No. 7: Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians. By Washington Matthews. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1877.

one of the oldest traditions to be found among the American Indians; furthermore, it has itself been regarded for many years as an object of the deepest veneration.

About a year ago, some of the Minnitaree Indians having annoyed the whites, a slight detachment of cavalry was sent to overawe them. Some of the Indians, more impulsive than wise, attacked the troops, on which a slight skirmish ensued, in which four Indians were killed and a foray made. The government troops, having now accomplished their purpose, returned to Fort Russell. Upon examining the captures, Lieut. Palmer, who had been in command of the expedition, found among the articles taken a fine buffalo skull, and thinking that this might be a rarity in the East, presented it to the writer. It transpired subsequently that this skull was the reputed skull of Apahi Kedapi, the sacred buffalo of the Minnitarees. Fortunately for Lieut. Palmer, the medicine man in whose possession the skull had been found, is unwilling to risk his reputation by letting it be known that the sacred bones were taken from him by the troops, and now tells the Indians that the skull has gone to join the soul of Apahi Kedapi, and will not return for a thousand years.

The myth or tradition of the prophet Itamapísa has evidently been preserved in substantially the same form for at least two centuries, for it is mentioned by Alphonso di Garciali, a Florentine who explored the Missouri in 1688, and who published an account of his voyages. He speaks of the tradition as one of the most ancient of the tribe.* There is a reference in the memoirs of Chevalier La Salle to a tradition strikingly similar,† and we find the whole story repeated as authentic by Malcolm Hungerford in his *Historical Sketch of the North American Indians.* This skull, therefore, is believed by the Indians to be the identical skull of a sacred buffalo whose death occurred, according to the tradition, over a hundred years before the discovery of the Missouri by the Europeans. Truly this is a well-preserved specimen, but for my own part I find it easier to believe that the tradition is at fault than to suppose that this skull has been preserved for any such length of time.

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* *A True and Authentic Historie of the Notable Voyage in America of Alphonso di Garciali.* Translated into the Vulgar Tongue, with a Map of the Colonie of Virginia. London Historical Society, 1749.

† *Memoires du Chevalier La Salle,* par Emile Ribot. Paris, 1738.

The prophet Itamapísa, so the tradition runs, was the *grandchild* of the Great Spirit, hence the name. During the wanderings of the tribe the spirit of the sun (himself the child of the Great Spirit) took a woman of the tribe up into the sky. "In the course of time she had a son, who descended to the earth, and under the name of Itamapísa, or *grandchild*, became the great prophet of his mother's people." *

Now Itamapísa had a buffalo, strong and great and chief among buffaloes. He had been brought forth by the West Wind, and his father was the Sun; stars were his eyes, and when he was angered mighty tempests raged on the earth. He was more ancient than any of the tribe, and when the people had risen from beneath the surface of the lake Apahi Kedapi had borne them on his back. †

The prophet Itamapísa lived a thousand years and then became the brightest star in heaven. His three sons each lived a thousand years and took their places in the sky near their father; so that to this day the Hidatsas think that in Sirius they behold the prophet Itamapísa, and his three sons shine in Orion's belt. But Apahi Kedapi lived, but from him were no other buffaloes. He was led in all sacrifices, and if he were angered no war was undertaken until he was appeased.

About a hundred years before the coming of the whites the sacred buffalo was kept by one Snow-on-the-Mountain, a wise man and exceeding old and a lineal descendant of Itamapísa. He lived in the original village of Hidatsa, and was a man great and powerful in his nation. Now, in the neighboring village of Amahami, dwelt a chief, Twenty Canoes, who had become jealous of the great fame of Snow-on-the-Mountain. So he came by night with twelve warriors and by enchantment stole away the sacred buffalo and led him to a lonely part of the mountain. But Apahi Kedapi appeared unto Snow-on-the-

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* *Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians*, cited above, p. 37.

† The Hidatsa Indians believe themselves to have originally dwelt beneath the surface of a great body of water. Some have conjectured that the Minnewakan or Devil's Lake, in North Dakota, is the natal lake of the tribe. See pp. 36–37 of Matthew's work, cited above.

Mountain in a dream, and told him who had taken him away. So Snow-on-the-Mountain went to the village of Amahami, where dwelt Twenty Canoes. Now the squaw of Twenty Canoes was known as Falling Mist, and she was the most beautiful girl in the tribe. Snow-on-the-Mountain overcame Twenty Canoes and drove him away, and carried off Falling Mist to be his prize. Then resulted a cruel war between the two villages, and according to the tradition, so fierce was the war that from mighty tribes they became little bands, and what they then lost they have never since regained. But the people of Amahami brought back Apahi Kedapi from the mountain, and while he was among them they were defeated and pursued. A young brave in the pursuing party, Flying River, shot an arrow at Twenty Canoes; the arrow overshot the mark, and Apahi Kedapi's sacred character did not save him, for he stood in the path of the destroying arrow. In an instant Flying River realized his awful deed. He was soon avenged, for Twenty Canoes fell by his hand; but he was himself among the first slain. The Hidatsas, maddened at the death of their sacred buffalo, fell upon the Amahamis, who were now unable to resist. The dying buffalo was rescued by his tribe, in the agonies of death, and his body was secured. The body and bones were burnt, but Snow-on-the-Mountain ordered the head to be preserved, and the skull has been carefully guarded in the tribe ever since.

But as for Flying River, who had killed the sacred animal, the penalty of the Great Spirit was yet to endure. He had paid for his unwitting deed with his life, but his soul sped quickly to the abode of Mahopa, the Great Spirit. By him he was placed in the heavens and sentenced to stand for eternity in the act of drawing a bow, whose arrow never leaves the string. So our constellation of the Archer, one of the finest in the heavens, is known to this day among the Hidatsa Indians as Flying River.*

This skull, therefore, which for two hundred and fifty years has been almost a fetich in one of the most intelligent of the Indian tribes, has by the fortune of war found its way East.

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* Report of the Northwestern Treaty Commissioners, p. 84.

Lieut. Palmer having, in the course of an official report, communicated the facts to the authorities at Washington, I have been requested to allow the skull to be placed in the National Museum. A cabinet is accordingly being prepared for it in the Archæological Department, and this interesting relic will soon have a location more in keeping with its value than over a fireplace in Witherspoon.

Considerable discussion has arisen among archæologists as to the possible identity of this skull with the "Great White Bone" of the Dakota Indians. Prof. Von Lehrmann, of Göttingen, examines this question in some detail in the *Archæological Review* for July, 1893; Prof. Schleiermacher, of Leipsic, has written an elaborate reply, which appears in the August number of the *Archæological Review.* Prof. Schleiermacher's article contains a minute description of the skull, with several excellent photographs.

M'Cready Sykes.

A CLOISTER LEGEND.

BEFORE greed, luxury and lust had crept
Into the church and made friar, bishop, priest
Ambassadors of Satan's Court, time was
When England's monks were men of God. To all
In need they freely gave themselves and all
Their substance. Patiently they prayed and toiled
To lead all men into that peaceful land,
Where love is king.

In those old days there stood
Hard by a highway, on a forest's edge,
A cloister duskily grey with age. Its walls
And corridors were dark, cold were its cells,
But in that cloister dim shone joy's white light,
Intense and radiant, rising in the hearts
And beaming from the faces of the monks,
Who dwelt therein.

But one thing marred their peace.
The thought of this came like a gloomy cloud
To chase away the sunlight from their face.
For while the rosy light of dewy dawn
Was widening into day, or when the stars
Began to mingle their faint gleaming with
The softened light of even, it was then
The good monk's pious wont, with thankful hearts
In unison, to chant their prayer and praise.
Now, as it happened, none of them had learned
With practised voice, and graceful mien and skill,
Such as musicians teach, to sing their hymns
In measured strains of harmony. And so
While all the world about them seemed to ring
With melodies innumerable, of bird,
Of bee, of brooks and breezes—Nature's voice
Of joy, her hymn of praise, and all in tune,
Nowhere discordant—harsh and out of tune
Seemed their own praise to all the monks; quite wrong
It seemed that they should spoil that harmony
So pure, so grand. Continually they wished,
Unceasingly they prayed, that one should come
Amongst them having power to voice their praise
Aright: perchance to teach them fittingly
To sing in tuneful strains their heart's deep joy.

Long time they prayed. In hope they waited long.
The glad Spring ripened into Summer; then
The Summer dying left its legacy
Of riches to the Autumn, beautiful
In sombre dress of brown and gold, and still
The monks prayed, waiting patiently and still
With thankful hearts, but voices out of tune,
And all reluctant sang their hymns until
One morning, when the leaves were merrily
Whirling about, and all the air was sweet
With Autumn spices, to the cloister came
A stranger young and fair. In traveler's garb
Arrayed, he stood amongst the holy men,
An almost perfect form of youthful grace.
For antique sculptor ne'er had chiseled out
Of the white stone a countenance that bore
Such ideal symmetry, nor that revealed
The subtler beauty that the monks beheld
In that young stranger's face. Eyes seemed to look
Contemptuously on all this world's

Alluring charms, could not but gaze and gaze
Again, and when the young man spoke and asked
If he might dwell with them until his strength,
Exhausted by long journeying, should be
Renewed, their hearts were glad. For sweet beyond
Compare with aught they e'er had heard, his voice
Was melody itself.

Day after day,
Morning and eve, he sang for them their hymns,
And all within the cloister held their peace,
Spell-bound in wonder. Clear as trumpet's note,
Triumphant as a cry of " Victory " upraised
By conquering hosts, his voice rang out, at morn,
Chanting their jubilant psalms of praise. And in
The quiet vesper hour their rhythmic hymns,
Which martyr-saints had writ, he sang quite low
In minor key.

The monks forgot their needs,
Forgot their gratitude, forgot their old desire
To sing harmoniously their prayer and praise.
Their prayers they ceased. " For how," said they, "should prayers
Like ours, so harsh, unpleasing, rudely-voiced,
Prevail with God? Why, all the world seems glad
When the young stranger sings. Sunlight and air,
The fragrance of the fields just mown, the songs
Of soaring larks, the perfume of the flowers
Surpass in living sweetness, not a whit,
The wondrously sweet music of his voice.
Him God must hear."

And yet the stranger's life
Belied his songs. In scornful selfishness,
And selfish ease, he passed his life, and seemed
To spread contagion in the life of those
About him. Plainly he displayed contempt
For all that ministered not to pleasure. All
The reverent bowing of their heads when that
Dear name was spoken which they loved, their deeds
Of charity, their vigils with the sick, their words
Of holy cheer unto the dying, these
He looked upon as mummery of fools—
As doings fit for old wives, not for men.
In kindly words of brotherly reproof

They plead with him. But all in vain. They sought
To give him something of that treasure which
They, having sold their all, had purchased. But
Returning scorn for sympathy, he turned
A deaf ear unto all their gentle words.
Those monks esteemed themselves ambassadors
And messengers of God, sent unto all
The people of the land, and through the realm
Their fame had gone as men who knew no fear
Of man and man's devices. Full many a time
A pale-faced monk alone had stood before
The throne, whereon sat he who ruled the land,
And bade the monarch lead a purer life,
Or calling down God's wrath on wickedness
That flourished in the royal court, had winged
His words like fiery arrows straight into
The listeners' hearts, and none had dared reply.
But now all shrank from any show of wrath
Against the stranger's wickedness. "For if
Perchance," they said, "he leave us, and within
These walls his sweet voice sound no more."

In deep
Perplexity were all, both old and young.
Some few remembered that the Book of Truth
Has taught that when the Prince of Darkness fails
In his own form to shake with hellish doubts
The hearts of men, he steals the guise of some
Bright angel when he comes to fight their faith.
But most of them believing that their prayers
Were answered when the stranger came and sang
For them, and yet perplexed that God should choose
To send among them one who marred the peace
And simple faith that, like the light and warmth
Of a bright summer afternoon, made glad
Their cloister, mused in doubt, each waiting till
Some bolder or some wiser one should speak.
And time but made their trouble worse. No signs
The stranger showed of hastening on his way.
From day to day his songs became more sweet;
More selfish grew his life, his words more foul.

At last, all in despair, and no one sure
That he alone was able to decide
The rightful course, they met together in
A common council. Some were confident

That if he were God's answer to their prayer
He should remain, and voice their praise, until
Perchance his heart should change, and then in all
The land what monastery would be found
So full of joy ? Some of the older men
Declared such course uncertain, dangerous.
"One poisonous spring," they said, "would soon pollute
A mighty river." Never yet had angry words
Sown strife amongst those men who once had pledged
Themselves to loving brotherhood for time
Eternal. But their thoughts began to take
A hard, unyielding cast, when each one found
Another thinking as he did, and then
Some other contradicting him. And so
Were formed two parties; one resolved to send
Away the youth before another sun
Should rise; the other quite as strenuous
In its resolve that he should stay with them.

Impatient grew their words, and in their eyes
Began to gleam an angry light, for soon
All saw that each side would stand firm, nor yield
At all unto the other. Louder grew
Their voices, angrier their looks. It seemed
Their peaceful life of loving brotherhood
Was soon to fall in ruin before a storm
Of dark-browed wrath and self-willed petulance.
When, for an instant, silence reigned, but that
Dread silence which forebodes the lightning's flash
And crashing thunder, the oldest monk of all
The company arose, and stretching out
His arms, as though imploring peace, he said:
"My brothers, yesternight a vision came
To me, bringing much joy unto my soul;
Had ye, my brothers, dreamt that dream, no wrath
Would now be in your heart, but a deep peace.
This was the vision—whether God-sent or
Like other dreams, 'tis yours to judge: I seemed
To hear the stranger singing; all the birds
That nest within the ivy growing on
The cloister walls and in the trees of groves
Near by sang with him; every living thing
Was glad and Nature smiled. But, lo! The heavens
Seemed now to open. Looking up, I saw
Great hosts of shining angels and I heard
The heavenly music. But the stranger's songs

Were all discordant with that harmony;
His heart, my brothers, kept not time unto
The angels' hymns, for love to God and man
Rang through their every strain. And then I saw
The youth no more; but all of you, it seemed,
Stood singing quite reluctantly, for all
The birds had flown away, and harsh
And sorely out of tune with Nature's songs
Your praise was hardly praise. But, looking up
Again, I saw the angels sweetly smile—
Well pleased at songs so rude. And then I knew,
Beyond a doubt, that hearts of men, when pure
And full of love, make melody to God,
Which He would rather hear than all the songs
Of voices most melodious, as men
Judge melody. Your hearts had caught the tune
Of the sweet hymns that angels sing to God,
Whose chief delight is love from grateful hearts.
So come, my brothers, let us sing again
Our greatful praise, harsh though our voices be,
And He, to whom we sing, will surely hear,
Well pleased. If sweet our voices be to Him,
Then all of us must pour out songs of joy
As long as He shall give us life and breath."

A deep hush fell upon that band of monks.
They bowed their heads, and all declared that God
Had sent the dream that they might know His will.

They sent the stranger on his way, and when
The morrow's sun arose, with joyous light
It shone upon the faces of the monks
As they were singing, not reluctantly,
But as their hearts were prompting them, they sang.

Edward J. Russell.

TENNYSON, AN EARNEST OF THE FUTURE.

BIDDLE PRIZE ESSAY.

"The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere. * * * Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge. It is as immortal as the heart of man. * * * If the time should ever come when what is now called science, familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid in the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the house of man."

—*Wordsworth.*

IN HIS remarkable essay on Milton, Lord Macaulay, with almost the autocracy of a Dr. Johnson, lays down the dictum that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines." This opinion, it would seem, has found favour in the eyes of this eminently practical, civilized age. Not only have the *dilettanti* shaken their lugubrious heads and tried to solace themselves with "short sketches" and realistic prose as probably more in accord with the taste of the time, but to many sensible critics even has this dictum seemed to be fast becoming more than an hypothesis, to be surely and steadily asserting itself as a law of human progress.

The critical "genius" of Macaulay, found wanting in other respects, may well be questioned here. The deductions of the most careful critic are not infrequently found to have something of the character of a sketch drawn by a child who has not yet learned the law of perspective, who cannot understand why two parallel lines do not picture a railroad. Yet it is this one power of mental perspective, this sense of proportion, which "genius" must possess. Macaulay's "genius" surely must have nodded when this dictum escaped his lips; at least his eye for perspective was blinded, dazzled perhaps, by the glare of this glittering age.

Now, the experiences of the past, the history of verse does not warrant any such conclusion. Poetry has, again and again, been subject to long periods of decline, which seemed to prophesy a speedy death, but renaissance has invariably followed. From its decaying seeds has sprung the glory of a veritable resurrection. A notable example of this oft-recurring phenomenon is the Alexandrian age of Greek letters, a period strikingly like the present, yet lacking still more the poetic spirit. Poetry was no more, but in its stead the

> "Cog-wheel click of verses vain,"

verses vain as any of Pope's, or of the great army of poetasters that followed at his heels. Yet, at the very height of this poetic decay, Theocritus appeared. With idyls fresh from the Sicilian groves he saluted the new morn, scarcely less rapturously than did the Orphic lyre of old, or than does the blithe skylark when he

> "Pours forth his full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Poetry lived despite civilization, and civilization did not decline because of the new birth of poetry.

But a still deeper reason for dissent from this dictum lies in the nature of poetry itself. Happily has Emerson described the poet as "land-lord, air-lord, sea-lord." Broad the characterization is, but not complete. This is but part of his boundless domain, but the outer court of the temple. His fairest garden is the human soul, and there his choicest flowers are culled. Into this "holy of holies," into the "abysmal deeps of personality," the poet rarely enters, but when, like some martyr to oriental despotism, unpoetic surroundings drive him hither, then from the very penetralia of his nature there flows forth floods of subjective poetry. Because scientific iconoclasm has no gods to offer in place of the dear idols of the past, because of the novelty and harsh, unpoetic tones of the new gospel, the muse, abandoning the old broken images, turns to those realities of the human soul which are none the less real because subjective. This exile from the objective world is but temporary. Soon these new truths, from the very novelty of which the poet shrank, become vital breath, and thus the breath of poetry, and refreshed by meat which the world knows not of, the bard returns to idealize for his fellows those objects which the senses have revealed and science has discovered. Think not that when she has deserted for a season altars and temples of wood and stone that the muse has vanished forever.

Thus is partly explained the remarkable conclusion to which Lord Macaulay came. With true critical insight he perceived the fearful encroachments that science, or, as he expressed it, civilization, was making and would make upon poetry; how the noble heritage of poetic ideas left us by the ancients was wasting away like a sensitive plant before the unfriendly breath of science. Led by a classical education to give undue homage to ancient models, particularly to such as are objective, in forming this conclusion he must have almost ignored the peculiarly introspective poetry which has characterized the nineteenth century. He saw that science was robbing poetry of much that had been the flesh and blood of verse. He knew that the poetry that sings of exploded ideas must die. His conclusion was, consequently, that poetry is not perennial, but merely the accessory of one stage of human development.

But in the latter part of the present century, in answer to the call of a mighty need, there has appeared a poet, come to breathe with us our scientific atmosphere, one of the muse's own, sent to chide our unbelief. With much of the subjective element of his predecessor, proving him a product of the natural laws of growth, he yet grasps with no feeble hands great scientific truths of the day and makes them poetic. Tennyson thus becomes a pledge of the future, an earnest of the good things that belong to the future, the "first fruits" of that promised land which Matthew Arnold felt sure we were about to enter.

Passage after passage might be quoted from the pages of the Victorian Laureate in which he touches the many scientific and social questions of the day in beautiful figure or simple didacticism, remarkable for scientific spirit and careful accuracy. There are, however, two great modern scientific conceptions embodied in his verse which are so absolutely antagonistic to archaic notions that they form striking examples. These are the modern system of astronomy and the doctrine of evolution.

Some one has said, "Poetry loves the stars." While this was doubtless spoken with an unearthly "other-wordly" signification, it is yet true that some of the most poetic conceptions have gathered about the heavenly bodies. The Homeric and the Dantean epics embody the Ptolmaic astronomy, a false system, yet just as truly the intellectual atmosphere of their times as was the mythology of the Greek and the theology of Italian. They reflected their times and thus fulfilled their purpose. But the Ptolmaic system fell before Copernicus, and now true poetry must embody the science of the people. But such a revolution in the popular idea of the heavens could be only gradual, and the stages of transition are interesting. The extremely clever way in which Milton introduced the new system into his epic is worthy of his skill. The old, traditional thought with which he colours "Paradise Lost," requires that the conception of the universe that is bound up in it be preserved. But he ingeniously evades the difficulty by basing his actual universe on the old theories, but introducing the new theory into the conversation between Raphael and Adam as a suggestion of angelic wisdom, as a possible solution of Adam's perplexity in regard to the heavenly bodies.

Few poets before Tennyson were free from traces of this attractive but unscientific theory. They disliked to give it up. The "classical impulse," which is so important an element in poetic art, is prone to be ultra-conservative. Careful observation, however, will fail to reveal the least vestige of false astronomy in Tennyson, although his artistic sense must at times have sorely tempted him to listen to the voices of the past. This break with tradition is in itself sufficient to mark him a new spirit among the poets, but his virtue is more than negative. There are passages in which he clearly embodies the modern astronomy. In the "Princess," Lady Psyche thus "harangues" her scholars:

> "This world was once a fluid haze of light,
> Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
> And eddied into suns that wheeling cast
> The planets."

Again, in the same poem occurs the following, which is there, however, at the risk of making an otherwise poetic passage prosaic:

"There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound."

There is another scientific idea, which seems to have appealed still more strongly to the poet's imagination, an idea belonging peculiarly to the time of Tennyson, an hypothesis as beautifully suggestive to poetry as it is valuable to science and philosophy—the doctrine of evolution. The principle is embodied in the following stanza from "The Palace of Art":

"All nature widens upward evermore.
  The simpler essence lower lies—
More complex is more perfect, owning more
  Discourse, more widely wise."

Again, in "The Two Voices":

"........ When first the world began,
Young Nature through five circles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man."

The doctrine thus distinctly stated, is beautifully idealized in the closing lines of "In Memoriam." The poet carries the law into realms beyond the physical world. There comes a time after which man's development is merely physical and the soul goes on from "glory to glory":

"On that bridal night * * *
  A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike its being into bounds,

And moved through life of lower place,
  Result in man, be born and think
  And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the coming race.
* * * * * * *
No longer half akin to Brute,
  For all we thought and loved and did,
  And thought and suffered is but seed
Of what in them is flowers and fruit."

In religious and social problems, none the less does Tennyson strive to keep in living touch with his time. With fatalistic views of life, so common in this age, he had no sympathy. He constantly refutes the idea that "blind law" governs the universe, and nowhere more forcefully than in the "Two Voices," where he uses the doctrine of evolution as an argument against fatalism. In the third part of "In Memoriam," "Cruel sorrow, priestess of the vaults of death," bids him despair:

"'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run,
A web is woven across the sky,
From out waste places comes a cry
And murmurs from the dying sun.'"

In answer, he indignantly cries:

"And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good,
Or crush her like a voice of blood
Upon the threshold of the mind?"

Thus has Tennyson made his poetry the vital breath of his fellow-men. To accomplish the difficult task of embodying in verse new facts and arguments seemingly unpoetic, he has often sacrificed his beloved art, of which he was so great a master. Yet this but proves that his inspiration was not

"Such as lurks
In some wild poet when he works
Without a conscience or an aim."

With the longing of the poet and the prophetic vision of the bard he saw the time, as he himself has written:

"Truth embodied as a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

Poetry is essential to the very life of the soul. So profoundly did Matthew Arnold realize this that he was ready to substitute it for revealed religion—to magnify it with almost religious adoration. To the soul, unblinded by shadows, set free by eternal truth, the immortality of poetry should be as assured as the immortality of the soul itself. Every rapture that is inspired by noble song bids us, as unmistakably as did the voice of Jehovah to the Israelites of old, not to bow the knee to Baal Were a practical and luxurious manner of life to force upon us for years a death of the poetic spirit, history and the heart's own witness should forbid despair. Much less, then, should we go mourning when at the very height of a practical, materialistic, civilized age, there appears a sweet singer with all the vigour of the youth of verse—in very truth a pledge of the future of poetry.

Wilbur M. Urban.

SUNRISE IN OCTOBER.

THE dainty dew, the teardrops of the stars,
  Lies in a sparkling lacework on the grass ;
The stream is spread with swaying silver bars,
  Thro' whose clear spaces brilliant fishes pass.
A throng of birds, blue as the peaceful sky,
  Sing joyous melodies, the night's away,
For ruby morning holds his sceptre nigh,
  And with a smile awakes the golden day.

David Potter.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

CATULLUS LXX.

Not Father Jove himself, my fair one tells,
She'd love with greater love than me;
She says—for eager lovers words of belles
Go write on wind or hurried sea.

IN A MINOR CHORD.

For perhaps the thousandth time Miss Amelia Endicott sat down at the organ of the little church at Hopewell, inserted the key in the lock and swung back the cover. She had gone through the identical operation twice every Sunday for ten years, not to count the times during the first year when she had gone there to practice the nine hymns and three voluntaries which now, through long usage, had become so familiar to her that, as she remarked to her summer boarders, "she had such a quick ear for music that after playing a thing over a few times she no longer needed her notes." As few of her boarders came back again to find that her ear was still tuned to the nine hymns and three voluntaries, this explanation probably satisfied them as well as it appeared to satisfy Miss Amelia. I am obliged to confess that Miss Amelia had none of the characteristics of an ideal heroine, and yet she was concerned in a little adventure which had such an effect upon her character that she felt moved to learn a new voluntary, at great trouble to herself as well as to the *deus ex machina*, in the shape of Jim, the organ boy, aged sixty, whose term of office was coincident with that of Miss Amelia's, and who regarded with grave disapproval any additions to her "repertory" involving such added labour to himself.

So, I say, as Miss Amelia sat down at the organ this June Sunday, and having tapped for Jim (although she knew from long habit that Jim had marked the last six strokes of the bell by six long pumps at the organ) she did not feel as if she were doing out of the ordinary run of life. She placed her finger on G, and the organ quavered out the opening notes of Voluntary No. 3, which always opened the morning service of the third Sunday of the month. The time had just arrived when the trumpet should be heard, and as she reached along the row of stops her hand suddenly touched a little piece of paper placed directly under it, evidently by some one who understood the peculiarities of No. 3. She was so startled that she actually forgot the swell which should have heralded the arrival of the trumpet, and held the next note so long that the congregation actually began to whisper about it. However, by a great effort of will, Miss Amelia managed to bring the voluntary to a close with no greater omission than that of forgetting to soften down for the Amen, and as the congregation bowed their heads for the opening prayer she eagerly snatched up the paper and unfolded it. Her heart almost stopped beating for an instant as she read the uneven and hastily-written words, for there, right under the "Dear Miss Amelia," she read in black and white, "I love you."

How she ever got through the service she never knew. She only remembered that Hymn No. 6 became so confused with No. 4 that she had to stop and commence over again, a thing which the people attributed to sickness, and in consequence crowded about her at the close of the service to offer sympathy and aid. But Miss Amelia only brushed them aside, and went out so quickly that some were so unkind as to say that it was not a case of sickness, but merely that Miss Amelia's trusty ear had at last failed her. She did not seem to care for this disgraceful charge, although she must have heard it, but went swiftly out with her hand tightly clenching the paper in her pocket. And all the time she was thinking only of those three words, which seemed to burn themselves into her heart. Who could have written them? Not Joe Green, surely. He always brought the milk in the mornings, and once in a while would stop to talk for a moment to her as she leaned over the gate with the pitcher for the milk in her hand. She tried to recall some of these conversations and see whether he had ever said anything which would indicate a tendency to love-making. But she was finally obliged to confess that, to the best of her recollection, his conversation had been largely confined to remarks upon the weather and inquiries after her live stock. This, by the way, consisted of half a dozen chickens, two cats, a dog and two pigs, and Miss Amelia had made them such pets that the chances were very small of their dying by any other death than over-eating. "To be sure, though," thought she, "he did speak powerful sweetly about Billy when he was here last (Billy was the elder and more aristocratic of the two pigs), but," she continued more thoughtfully, "I don't just think he could have meant anything by it, because after he had gone a few steps he turned back again to say as how he had heard tell that pork was fetching high prices just now and Billy was almost fat enough to"—no, she hoped decidedly, for Billy's sake, that it wasn't Joe. And then Miss Amelia's thoughts went back to the time when Ephriam Willock used to go home with her from singing school and—well, he too, had said that he loved her, and she remembered just how he had looked and acted when he said "good-bye" to her fifteen years ago come next Easter and started off for Boston, with a promise to come back when he had made his fortune. Since that time she had never seen him and had only heard that he had married there and become rich. Poor Miss Amelia never thought of blaming him for leaving her. At first, she had been so sure of his being faithful, and as time went on and she still kept the flowers which he had given her, and the little cup he had brought her from the village store with "From a Friend" painted in large letters in a wreath on one side, she only thought that some time he would come back to her. It was only when news of his marriage came that she quietly put away the cup and flowers and went about her life alone. At the thought of his marriage Miss Amelia started and grew pale. "Hadn't she heard them saying that his wife was dead, and might it not be his writing which she had found in the organ that morning? Perhaps he had come back to find her again, and Miss Amelia's heart fluttered at the thought—in renewed hope of what ten years before she had put aside forever. She hurried to the house, upstairs and into her own little room on the top floor, opened the bottom drawer and from the very back drew out a little box which she opened, disclosing the cup, a faded flower and the card which had come with it. Cautiously she took her hand from her pocket, where she had kept it hidden since she had left the church, and carefully unfolding the small scrap of paper, compared the writing. "It ain't exactly alike," said she softly to herself, "but, then, his writing might have changed some in ten years, and the 'Amelias' do look almost the same." She thoughtfully closed up the box and put it away again, although not so securely as before, for, as she thought to herself, "If Ef should come back, I'd like to have him see it, and so I won't put it away quite so carefully." And then she sat down to think it all over, now, by some occult process of her own mind, fully persuaded that it could be Ef and no other. "And such a thoughtful way of warning me, too," thought she happily. "But, then, Ef always did have a gentle way about him." And gradually from Miss Amelia's mind faded the thought of the long years which had passed. She forgot that he had been unfaithful to her and had married, and she thought only that when Ef came back everything must be ready for him. So, with this thought in mind, notwithstanding that it was Sunday, she commenced to put the house a little more to rights (if that were possible), "For," said she in explanation, "Ef's here now, and he might come to-day, and I'd want to have everything ready for him." After working for some time, and having removed every speck of dust and placed an old rocking-chair with faded blue cushions near the window where the cool summer breeze could blow in, "For Ef always sort of liked that chair," as she said to herself half apologetically, she found absolutely nothing else to do, so she picked up an old book of voluntaries which lay upon the top of the melodeon, more for ornament than use it must be admitted, and absently turned the leaves. And then came the thought that if Ef were coming home, she must have a new voluntary, so that he should not think that she had been idle while he had been gone. She looked down at the book in her lap, and then started guiltily, for it lay open to the "Wedding March." "Why not?" said she softly to herself after a moment's pause. "Perhaps he might like to know that I was thinking of him like that while he was gone, and I'd have plenty of time to learn it this afternoon if I tried hard, and he never would come until night anyway. I guess that I could find Jim, and I'll leave a note on the door that might be for anybody, but when he comes he'll know that I meant it for him." And sitting down, she wrote on a little slip of paper—"Miss Amelia Endicott has gone down to the church. If any one wants to see her will he please come there and she will be very glad to see them." She read it over without noticing anything wrong with the wording or spelling, pinned it to the front door, and taking the book of voluntaries under her arm went towards the little house where Jim lived. Jim strenuously objected to being routed out this fine afternoon, when he had just settled himself for a quiet nap, but his respect for Miss Amelia, acquired through long years of pumping, prevented him from more than a feeble protest—that is, audibly. What went on in Jim's mind none but he ever knew. She reached the church and sat down to her task. She had been playing for perhaps half an hour, and had managed to struggle through the "Wedding March" once, when the door opened slowly and a soft step, as of some one on tip-toe, sounded in the back of the church. Miss Amelia's hands grew cold and the colour left her face. She made a false note, stumbled on for a little, and then, stopping altogether, sat and waited. The steps could only just be heard now, as they came up the heavy-carpeted aisle. "It don't sound just like his step," she said, "but perhaps it's a message from him." Just then a curly head came around the corner of the choir-loft, followed by the owner, a little, blue-eyed, eight year old boy, who stopped for a moment at seeing who was there. Then he came shyly forward, holding out a piece of paper of the same size and colour as the piece of the morning. Miss Amelia eagerly seized the paper and opened it with trembling fingers. Within was a little round circle, and underneath was written, in the same handwriting, "For Miss Amelia. A kiss." She looked down at him for a moment. "Jack," said she, quietly, "did you slip a little piece of paper like this in here this morning?" Jack nodded, in a half shamefaced sort of way, and then, without looking up, he whispered: "You ain't mad cause I did it, are you?" "No!" she said, with a queer little choke in her voice, "No! I wasn't mad, Jack." And then she drew him to her and kissed him. Then her head sank into her hands, and after watching her for a moment, Jack slipped quietly away. * * When Miss Amelia raised her head a passing gust had turned the pages of the book, and it now stood open to the "Miserere Chorus;" and Jim has wondered to this day why Miss Amelia only half learned two pieces that afternoon, and why, when she came out, her usually immaculate handkerchief was rumpled more than he ever remembered to have seen it before.

J. D. L.

THE BELL-BUOY.

The bell-buoy tossed as the waves rolled past,
Now fast, now slow, unsteady it swung;
"A score of wrecks on these rocks are cast,
Beware the reefs!" it mournfully sung.
A sound of warning, a sound to dread,
A knell it seemed in its direful clang,
"Three hundred men 'mid these reefs lie dead;"
Now loud, now soft, uncertain it rang.

The ice and sleet of a winter's blast
Stopped and muffled its noisy tongue,
And one more ship on the reef was cast,
While from the rock the buoy was wrung.
And now the mariners ofttimes fear,
And great their terror and awe to tell
How far at sea in the night they hear
The toll and clang of a floating bell.

Edward J. Patterson.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

The open letter lay on the desk before him. His attention was not, however, riveted upon the poor, barely legible characters of the brief epistle. His mind was far away, in a sea of reminiscence. Confused incidents of the long dead past presented themselves before him and filled him with a yearning desire to once more renew the scenes of his youth.

Paul Weaver was a cold, passionless, reticent man, wrapped up in his business, caring little or nothing for the daily life of those around him. Phlegmatic, brusque and epigrammatic to a degree, he had devoted fifteen years to one hard, continuous struggle in pursuit of wealth. He had come to this little Southern manufacturing town, no one knew whence. With astute business ability and keen penetration, he had invested as a half partner in a then embryonic manufacturing enterprise, destined in after years to assume enormous proportions, as one of the most substantial corporations of the state. Living alone in somewhat modest lodgings, he had devoted himself assiduously to work. Business, business—that was his constant thought. And it was this constant application and honest devotion to his interests that had made the enterprise a grand success, and had also made him the richest man in Oleander, the magnate of the town.

Drive to the outskirts of Oleander, ascend the steep hill known as "Owl's Head," and view for yourself "The Hermitage." This handsome residence, with its tasty driveway and beautiful surroundings, is the home of Mr. Paul Weaver. The house stands back on a broad lawn, dotted here and there with ornate summer houses. A broad asphalt walk leads around the entire mansion, and a Grecian drinking fountain faces the avenue. So much for the exterior. The interior of "The Hermitage" is of equal beauty. The spacious parlours furnished in black walnut, the walls covered with a profusion of choice paintings, the furniture of an elegant but modest type, all give evidence of refinement and luxury.

As Mr. Weaver sat at his desk his thoughts went back through the vista of the years apace to a little, unostentatious New England cottage. He saw in memory the sad, care-worn face of his mother as she stood at the cottage door to bid him Godspeed on his departure. How well the scene came back to him now. Young, healthy and ambitious, he had long nursed the secret desire of rising above the commonplace surroundings of his boyhood's home. Thanks to his mother's self-sacrifice, he had received a good, substantial education, and now, at twenty years of age, an offer of a clerkship in a far-distant city had opened the way to a start in life. And then came the parting. His mother had stood the ordeal bravely. How well he remembered the last look at that familiar figure as she stood waving him a parting farewell at the door of the little cottage! And his last words had been:

"Mother, wait a few years until I make a little money, and you shall come and live with me in the city."

How had he kept his word? Gradually rising higher and higher in the social scale, he had utterly neglected the poor woman. No, a man never forgets his best friend, that loving, sympathetic spirit which ofttimes shapes his early steps. While, it is true, he had regularly sent her remittances and knew that she was living in comfort, yet a certain feeling of shame had made Paul Weaver close his heart to the yearning of once again seeing the plain, simple, uneducated countrywoman, to whom, notwithstanding, he owed his all. She, poor soul, knowing what a "great gentleman" her son had become, had never ventured to intrude upon his luxury, and had preserved the distance between them.

As Paul Weaver rested his aching head upon his hands, his eyes involuntarily filled with tears. The cold, practical man of business gave way to the son. In all natures there is somewhere stored away a softening chord which Time's magic wand needs only touch to produce a new element—remorse. For the hundredth time, Paul Weaver glanced at the wretched scrawl upon the desk. It ran as follows:

DEAR SON PAUL:

I am very, very ill. The doctor says it is consumption and that I cannot live more than a few months. My dear boy, for fifteen years I have not seen you and I so long once more to look upon your face before I die. Since you became a great gentleman I have never felt like thrusting myself upon you and causing you to feel ashamed of your country mother. But I feel that I must see you once more and so beg of you to come here at once. You need not let your friends know about it, if you are ashamed, but oh, my dear boy, do come.

Ever lovingly,
MOTHER.

Paul Weaver struggled with his better nature all night in vain. A new light had suddenly dawned upon his intensely practical soul. In a flash he realized the utter selfishness and worthlessness of his life. He conceived a sudden contempt for all the luxury and wealth for which he had so long toiled and struggled. He felt unspeakable remorse for his treatment of her whose last days he could have lightened and made so pleasant. But there was still time to offer reparation for the past. He decided to go for his mother and bring her to Oleander, there to install her as mistress of the beautiful home which had hitherto seemed to him a vast solitude. As he developed his plan Mr. Weaver felt strangely satisfied with himself. He began to feel as if what he was about to do was a great sacrifice.

Mr. Walter Besant gives the following prescription to those wishing to assume an "attitude of uncompromising virtue":

"You get that by throwing your head back, placing one hand on the arm of your chair and the other straight before you, flat on the table."

This is precisely what Mr. Weaver did, although we cannot vouch for the fact of his being a pupil of the great novelist. Upon due consideration Mr. Weaver decided to postpone his proposed visit for a week. A strike was in progress at the works, and Mr. Weaver's interest was centered in fighting his employees on a strictly economic basis. As he pursued with unflagging energy a determined opposition to the just demands of his protesting employees, as he saw the suffering caused by the diminishing funds of the Unionists, he never for a moment thought of compromise. Immersed in the cares of the present struggle and wrapped up in the enforcement of his "no compromise" idea, Mr. Weaver was all unmindful of the poor suffering woman in the far North. The letter lay neglected in a pigeon-hole of his desk. The appeal which might have touched the hardest heart was as yet unanswered.

At last the great strike was ended. As usual Capital had carried off the laurels of victory. In this instance Mr. Weaver represented Capital. Once more the great works renewed operations, the hundreds of employees resumed their duties, the superintendents and clerks worked diligently as of old, all for the further enriching of Mr. Paul Weaver. That worthy gentleman having asserted his principles, and seeing his affairs once more on a solid, stable basis, prepared to carry out his original design. He would go north quietly and surprise his dear old mother.

Two days later he was in his native village, a typical agricultural town of New England, a perfect type of "way down East." As he stood on the wooden platform of the station he gazed around the old familiar surroundings like one in a dream. Yes, it was the same little town where had been spent the happiest days of his life. Across the way was the small grocery store as of yore, with its painted sign, "Josh Harlow," and the old trough in front for the accommodation of incoming farmers. Near it was the little white Presbyterian Church, with the unpretentious parsonage adjoining. As Mr. Weaver looked he was once more a boy in imagination. Everything remained unchanged by time. There was still about these rural surroundings the same pastoral charm, the same sense of repose, which had formerly been one of its greatest attractions for him.

Mr. Weaver began slowly to follow the little foot-path that led from the station to the heart of the village. As he turned a corner he saw for the first time in many years the home of his boyhood. There stood the little white cottage with its thatched roof and green shutters. As he turned the latch of the little gate he pictured to himself the joy so soon to fill the heart of his mother, when she should learn his plans for the future. He approached the door and knocked. No answer. He tried to turn the knob and enter. The door was locked. Filled with misgiving, Mr. Weaver retraced his steps and turned down the little footpath towards the parsonage.

The village minister, a typical New England clergyman, was somewhat surprised upon seeing this tall, dignified, city gentleman approach the parsonage. In as few words as possible, Mr. Weaver stated his business, and as the clergyman listened his face assumed an expression of gravity, in which was a certain trace of pity.

"Mr. Weaver," said the clergyman, "your mother died suddenly four weeks ago. I was present to the last, and I regret to say that she refused to allow us to communicate with you. Her end was a strangely peaceful, quiet one; almost painless. She left a sealed letter for you in case you should ever return to the village. She is buried in the old cemetery, by her husband."

Mr. Weaver felt a sudden sinking at the heart—a pang of remorse and grief. In a silence, which the good minister respected, he read the message from the dead—a simple, pathetic outpouring, such as only a mother can give. Taking his hat, he walked sadly toward the cemetery, forgetting, in his grief, to bid the good minister adieu.

What were the thoughts of the man, as he stood by the grave of his mother, no one will ever know. They must have wrought a powerful change in his nature. A strange home-coming was Mr. Weaver's return to his native village, after an absence of fifteen years.

To-day, Mr. Weaver's name is on everyone's lips. A philanthropist, a universal benefactor, a doer of good works. His factories are the most successful in the country. He has taken all his employees into partnership, as it were, and the humblest laborer at the works receives a portion of the profits of the great corporation.

At the Hermitage, the philanthropist lives in greater solitude than ever. Is it business? Indeed, no; his interest in that pursuit has long since died. He lives in the past, and it is his great passion to picture for himself what he might have been and what he might have done. The people of Oleander know not to what cause to attribute the change in Mr. Weaver. They realize, however, that the brusque man of business has, after fifteen years, given place to the generous-hearted philanthropist of the present.

And so we see that often circumstances play a great part in the shaping of a man's character, and that in the case of Mr. Paul Weaver, the influence of a mother asserted itself supreme after long years.

John Lewin McLeish.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the November LIT. are due November 1st.

THE LIT. offers a prize of ten dollars, open to the whole College except members of the board, for the best essay. Contributions for this prize should be so marked, and must be handed in on or before November 1st.

They should be signed with a *nom de plume*, and accompanied by an envelope containing both the *nom de plume* and the writer's real name.

SHALL THE THANKSGIVING GAME BE ABOLISHED?

IN AN editorial in the LIT. for last April the first note of warning was given the student body of the remarkable and astounding intention, on the part of some of the trustees, to abolish the Thanksgiving game with Yale. The editorial caused considerable lifting of the eyebrows, but as other things filled the vanishing days of spring the matter was forgotten. Few of the students realized at commencement time the serious condition of affairs, and few of them realize it now.

As was announced last year, the trustees are led to this course of action because of the disgraceful scenes in New York on the evening of each Thanksgiving day, the evil having, as the trustees believe, increased year by year, and being chiefly attributed by them to the students. Let us look at the situation fairly and squarely.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day New York becomes the scene of much boisterous and noisy revelry. A great deal of drinking goes on, and at many of the theatres there is so much noise and shouting in the audience that the players cannot be heard. The concert halls witness the same thing on a larger scale. There is a vast amount of drinking in public places, and much noise and shouting on the streets; there is a great deal that is worse than this, but it is happenings of this sort that to the New Yorker are the distinguishing marks of Thanksgiving night. The next morning the papers are filled with glaring and lurid accounts of the "carnival" of the night before, in which accounts a modicum of truth is mingled with a vast amount of padding, the work of clever space reporters, and which, if anyone will take the trouble to compare with each other, will be seen, in most matters of detail, to differ hopelessly among themselves. Much of the disturbance of the night is, as every student knows, the work of outsiders, or, in college parlance, "muckers," masquerading under college colours.

We have tried to give a fair statement of the facts, and while they are not so bad as they are often believed to be, we confess they are bad enough. While there may be nothing so very harmful in a dozen foolish students parading Broadway, yet if they are likely to attract fifty or more reckless townsmen and cause a statement to be published abroad the next day that an immense throng of students, mostly under the influence of liquor, blocked Broadway and held pandemonium all night, if such results, we say, are likely to follow, why then it is much better for the dozen students to look at the matter philosophically, and if they have to work off their youthful spirit, to do it somewhere else. While they may, with perfect impunity, eat meat offered to idols, yet if they thereby cause their brother, the young schoolboy, or the space reporter to offend, they had best eat no meat while the world standeth. We do not think that the case is as bad as the Trustees believe, but is it not true that such a celebration as has been customary is, to say the least, a very childish exhibition, and one which is apt to do the college infinite harm?

Now, let this movement for its abolition come from the student-body, as the examination rule came last year. This sort of thing is really hurting the College, and can we not for a few hours put our precious "personal liberty" in our pocket? Let us have a mass-meeting of the College, and let everyone come. It will be much more dignified for us to go to the Trustees than for them to come to us. When we have shown them that we mean this wild and reckless celebration to stop, once and forever, and when we show them next Thanksgiving that we are as united as we were last February, then we will have heard the last of abolishing the foot-ball game. If this is not done, this year's game will, in all human probability, be the last we shall see, and we will have the comforting reflection in years to come that we had no one but ourselves to blame.

THE ART OF FICTION.

AN EDITOR'S life is not a happy one, and his work is judged by a public that is merciless as it is critical. Its standard is the ideal; it is satisfied with nothing less, and has no scruples about saying so. The editor's lot is different; he must judge his contributions by the same ideal, but he cannot be merciless. He cannot even afford to be funny outside of the sanctum, for any contributor may be THE COMING NOVELIST, and the editor cannot afford to let him go. When, therefore, we receive such a couplet as

> "Oh, see the sunbeams fall aslant
> On E. D. Morgan's Vig*lant*,"

we must not fume or be discouraged, but, rather, wait upon the author, speak gently with him and suggest certain general lines of improvement. From the very small amount of good poetry handed in we fear that the atmosphere of Princeton is becoming prosaic.

More striking, however, is an apparent decadence in the art of story writing. Of couse, it is not easy to write a short story, but it seems strange that with so many men the literary output should be so small. We have a drawerful of unavailable MSS., some of which show considerable literary ability, although in other cases we are forced to believe that the writers are not destined to shine in the trade of authorship.

In the first place there seems to be in the narratives before us an epidemic of sudden deaths. It appears to be as difficult for the writer to conduct his characters safe and sound to the end of the story as it is for the pilgrims to cross the bridge of Mirza. They usually die of a broken heart; sometimes the heavy villain enters the home, but the machinery of misplaced affection is very popular. Death is usually sudden, and, what is very remarkable, *the victim invariably falls with a dull thud, and the friend exclaims, "My God! he [or she, as the case may be,] is dead."* They never die of any other complaint or in any other way; the MSS. reveal no case of death from spinal meningitis, appendicitis or pulmonary consumption.

As may be supposed, most of the stories submitted abound in pathos, and the course of true love never becomes even approximately smooth. Homely pathos, tears, murder and sudden death are the burden of a refrain repeated again and again, until we long for a good old-fashioned story coming straight from the heart, a story of real men and women, even if it have no more plot than that short sentence which is said to epitomize all the novels the world has seen or ever will see: *She was beautiful and he fell in love.*

The field of the novelist is in the spiritual things of life—the spiritual things in the widest sense of the term—the forces that are not material forces, but come forth from the mind and soul of man—love and beauty and the forces that we neither see nor hear. So the novelist must be, first of all, a poet, and he must see the world as a spiritual world, just as the painter sees a spiritual landscape or cloud. Turner paints the slave-ship, and the world calls him a genius; but he has created nothing, he has merely put before us in bodily form what a million other men have felt, but which no one had been able to express. The expression of this is the only justification of the novelist's work. Paint the details of life as cleverly as you will; write so touchingly that our eyes are wet as we read the page, but do not call this Art. Zeuxis painted grapes so naturally that the birds came and pecked at them, and in our own day a clever writer almost makes us believe that we are listening to an actual after-dinner conversation; but Murillo casts around a painting the light that never was on sea or land, and Shakespeare brings Portia and Rosalind before us, and this incarnation of a poet's dream is more real and more enduring than the world we see and touch. For Art is the expression of the spiritual things of life; better to seek her, even though she be afar off, than to rest content with mere delineation; that is as far as the merely clever writer ever attains, but a more enduring work is his whose gaze is ever fixed upon the lofty ideal of Art, albeit that ideal be one which he shall never fully attain.

A PLAIN TALK ON COLLEGE AFFAIRS.

WHEN College opened this fall it was under the most favourable circumstances, and everything pointed to a successful year. No regret was felt at the reduced number of the freshman class; this reduction was largely a matter of our own choice, and we shall always prefer a rigourous system of entrance examinations to a policy that seeks great numbers for mere number's sake. While we had lost some of our best material in the field of track athletics, the outlook here was by no means gloomy, and in all departments of athletics we believed that whatever the fortune of war might be, Princeton would acquit herself honourably. So, too, in the work of the Halls. Hall interest had undergone a wonderful revival during the past year, and with the completion of the buildings we looked forward to a revival of the time when the Halls were truly the pride of the college, and when Hall honours were sought as one of the chief objects of a man's endeavour. In the regular work of the College the feeling was no less marked. In the acquisition of such men as Professor Baldwin and Professor Perry, we felt that the college was firmly advancing to a distinctly higher and broader ground.

The fact that President Patton was restored to health and able to resume his place among us was itself an inspiration. The air was full of promise, and as we listened to the President's stirring address, on the first Wednesday afternoon, we felt that this College with which our hopes and fears and aspirations have been so long bound up, was fairly started on an era of progress upward that should make a Princeton diploma mean something more than it had ever meant before.

But it very soon became painfully apparent that the university spirit was in hardly more than a nascent state. With pain and humiliation we saw, night after night, upper-classmen actually trying to induce freshmen and sophomores to rush, and doing this in the face of a deliberate and voluntary resolution of the students to abolish the rush. Fortunately, the better sense of the College prevailed and we were spared the threatened humiliation.

But, if we believed for a while that the future was clear, we were sadly mistaken. Within less than two weeks after the opening of College, men were reading all over the United States a chapter of incidents that in twenty-four hours worked more harm to Princeton College than half a dozen successive defeats would have done. Garbled, false and absurd as these reports were, they had a foundation of truth. Let us mince no words in this matter; it is a time for plain speaking. We would not go out of our way to condemn a single student, but in estimating the harm that has been done the College we cannot separate the evil due to false reports and the evil due to facts. We wish that no pretext had been given even for a lying report.

And now in regard to the position of the Faculty; we say at the outset that we have no sympathy with brutal hazing, and in attempting to repress it the Faculty will always have the moral support of the student body. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that this moral support of the undergraduates is not a thing to be despised. For a law is vital so far as it reflects the organic life of the community; it is but the crystallization of the habits and thought of society. In so far as it is anything more than this it is simply the rule of force, moral or physical; it is an evil, a necessary evil it may be, but an evil none the less. We think it unfortunate that the Faculty should make such sweeping regulations in regard to hazing as to render the moral coöperation of the students impossible; that is to say, for we do not wish to be misunderstood, we think it unfortunate that the Faculty will not recognize the upper-classmen and the power which, in coöperation with the Faculty, they might exercise. With the utmost respect for all the constituted college authorities, we do nevertheless firmly believe that no one can so well or so quickly put an end to brutal hazing as the upper-classmen. They stopped cheating in examinations, and they stopped the rush, although this last died hard. They can stop brutal hazing, and we hope that in future years when some antiquarian unearths a musty volume of the LIT. he will behold in these words a prophecy.

But mild hazing, in the form of raillery and things of that sort, whose wholesome effects are felt in the general atmosphere of subordination that hangs about the Freshman class, is a very different thing. It existed long before the oldest Princeton resident was born, and was in full force while George III was collecting stamp duties and shipping tea to Boston harbour. It has its origin in the profoundest traditions of student life. The principle that underlies it is a salutary principle, and has had its share in shaping the characters of such fine and manly Englishmen as Thackeray and Dr. Arnold, and the others in that long roll of grand, old-fashioned English manhood.

The young student may think that he is unkindly treated and that those about him are hard and unfeeling, but he will afterwards come to realize that in that custom, harsh and unfair as it seems to him now, he is saved bitter, bitter humiliation in after years, for every man who has been through it knows in his heart that it teaches a lesson that nothing else can teach half so well. With such a foundation, with such an origin and with such a history it is not likely to die, and no one would be willing to see it die except perhaps a few students among the ultra-good, who wear their virtue on their sleeve, for daws to peck at, and whose influence is of course very small.

GOSSIP.

And to see old Snakie Ames
  Asquirming through the line
Like a snake among the rushes,
  Oh, I tell you it was fine!
With his hand, with his dukes, &c.,—
  We'll rally 'round our flag, boys,
We'll rally once again!

THE train turns and twists over the trestle, puffs up the hill, and you are in Princeton once more, making your way through Hungry Golden and mountains of trunks, up the steps and on to the campus. The campus has awakened from its summer doze and boxes and furniture are piled everywhere, awaiting to be moved. Then, in front of your entry, is your room-mate in his shirt sleeves, busily superintending the carrying of his trunk. Baggage is soon forgotten. The next moment the air is full of questions of the Fair, the mountains and sea and all the other delights that summer vacation is heir to. Before you go to your room you must run over to West, to cry up and see whether Jones is back. Jones is not, but Smith and Brown are. Again and again the catechism is gone through, and it's a good hour before you come back to your entry once more. Of course, how small and queer your room looks. Who ever found it different? The ceiling is low and the windows have grown uncommonly short. Somehow, it does not seem as if it belonged to you at all. The sea, with all its storms and tossings, cannot change, and yet a quiet old room, after three short months, will become quite changed and look down at you like a faithless old friend. You immediately strive to get settled, but to discover just how and where to begin is a terrible task. You inspect the janitor about divers blankets and quilts, take down and dust a few pictures, eye curiously an old letter which the postman dropped through the door the very day you left, and finally end by dropping into your easy-chair to think—the hollow bounce of a foot-fall is heard outside—college has, indeed, commenced.

Once the Gossip was walking over the old stage road, which runs near the banks of the Hudson, from New York to Albany. Just as the road winds up a hill, a broad, ill-paved street branches off at right angles and leads to an athletic field, the name of which will never be forgotten in Princeton. It was the dusk of the evening and the Berkeley Oval was deserted. There had been some inter-scholastic games in the afternoon, and over-turned jumping posts, broken hammer-handles and torn and crumpled programmes were lying about in confusion, but on the smooth, green turf the faded white bands of that famous gridiron were still visible, and at either end of the field the large, white goal-posts stood out like grim old ghosts of the past.

Though the darkness was fast coming on, two dim lines of bulky forms could be made out tugging and pushing in the gloom. For a moment there was a pause, then clear out around the left end there sped a tall slender figure. The Gossip caught his breath, but on the wasp-like arms were the broad bands of the old Jersey (for in those days we were not ashamed of our Orange). In and out of the dusky forms the figure squirmed and ran, and finally, when in a huge mountain mass, they all came down, one of the white goal-posts was overshadowing the struggling shapes—somehow the Gossip's ears became deafened with a roar of voices—Snake Ames had gained his thirty yards, and hats and canes went up in the excitement.

At last it grew quite dark; some of the figures had entirely faded from the sight. The Gossip picked his way down hill, through the loose sand and débris and heaps of Belgian block of the new avenue. How like to the approach of another famous field of another great city it looked, and a far different score and a far different picture arose before his mind. He saw the hanging heads of a broken-hearted team as they slowly made their way through the surging crowd, and—

But have you been to the 'Varsity Grounds? Have you seen the two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder from the West, or Jenkins, of Squidunck, in North Dakota? Why, they're as big as House Janeway, and twice as strong! These are the same old familiar sounds which greet our ears year after year; and straightway, in our excitement, we hasten to the field and view, with eyes of astonishment, the huge frames and bulging muscles of the fat beeves who are being taught the rudiments, and who roll around on the ball in the grass, alas! so clumsily.

Come; all the old alumni declare we are losing the old-time spirit. In fact, it's getting quite discouraging for them to come down time after time and see Princeton get beaten. Remembering better years, it's dispiriting to a degree. But do they ever wonder what it must be to the members of the teams and the poor undergraduates who have never known or have never had the encouragement of better years and victories?

Time and time again we come back after defeat, trying to forget the past, and only looking toward the future, determined that we will win at last, and so confident of it, indeed, that we even imagine that poor fat Jenkins, or what not, of Squidunck, is a star player, and that football comes through intuition. In fact, it sometimes seems that if we were a little spiritless, a little more skeptical in our confidence, we might do better, but, then, when one sees the practice, and out there on the end the determined face and set look of a certain dear old canine of ours and back of the line the figure of our curly-headed King (king of all athletes that he is), and, again, when we bunch together for a good old three-times-three, who will not agree that this, at least, is no year for any skepticism?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."
—*Longfellow.*

THE thought expressed in the "Psalm of Life," or, as its author has so beautifully called it, "What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist," must have appealed very strongly, at one time or another, to every thinking man or woman. What a pity it is that people do not remain always true to their best thoughts!

The Table has only a little to say this month, but wishes to put that little in the form of a plea for something whose importance is not recognized by the literature of our day as it should be, namely, looking at Life as a serious matter.

Do not misunderstand the Table as looking at Life through blue spectacles, or as insisting that the social code of the Puritan Fathers should be resumed, for the Table is really a firm believer in the doctrine that our little planet is quite the best possible world, and although he is of the opinion that his stern-visaged ancestors were very near the truth in many of their ways of thinking, he still believes that they have had their day.

It is certainly to be deplored that the Realistic movement that is obtaining so generally in the fiction of the day and which is capable of becoming so great a stride in the right direction, has evolved such authors and such works as Hobart Taylor and his "Edge Tools," and Julien Gordon and her "Diplomat's Diary." These books are merely instances of a large class of society novels, a class that is distinctly harmful because it teaches no morality, inculcates no principles of the importance of Life, but treats it as a mere gilded opportunity, *ou l'on s' amuse,* as the French say.

The authors whom the Table has instanced as representatives of this class are novelists of no mean skill in the picturing of strong personalities and of decided power in the depicting of intensely dramatic situations, but it is to be deeply regretted that their talent should not have been better employed than it has been in the production of the works mentioned. It certainly is true that in these books the villains' plots are balked and that the passion-swayed heroine stops just before the brink is reached; but there the story stops also, with never a glance at the moral side of the wrong that has been so nearly done, with never a glimpse of the real blackness of the sin that has been so brightly painted. Men and women "of the world" are shown us, and the excitement of their lives vividly illustrated, as *Nathalie*, the dashing *première danseuse*, and *Mrs. Acton* in "A Diplomat's Diary," and the daring married woman and her masculine tempter in "Edge Tools," and the reader having made their acquaintance and having been shown no moral to be drawn from their lives, cannot but watch for such characters in real life and that with a decided attraction toward them. It is of such novels as these that Sidney Lanier, who was in the first rank of literary critics of the present day, wrote: "The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose. The requirement has been from time immemorial that wherever there is a contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail, all is lost."

One of these faults, that of extreme lightness, has been allowed to creep into college fiction of the day too greatly, and the LIT. has been no exception to the rule. As our Profefsor of the Stuart Chair would say, "this movement was undoubtedly expressive of a reaction," against the heavy and dry articles of years before. Any one who has looked into the past history of the LIT. knows this. But now the reaction has gone too far, and we have a large collection of very pretty, nicely done stories of mere summer flirtations and the like, in none of which do we get a hint that life is anything but a field for the enjoyment of a decidedly *dilettante* career, and this most certainly is not the view of it that a University student should have.

Among other delightful books that have lately appeared is a volume by Rudyard Kipling, called "Many Inventions." It is a collection of short stories written in Mr. Kipling's choicest vein, some humourous, some pathetic, and all are very true to life. They are laid among Indian scenes, and their characters are almost invariably some of the Irish soldiers we are so glad to have met. One of them, "My Lord the Elephant," is especially funny, and several are quite tragic. It must be confessed that the story entitled "Love-o'-Women" is quite inexcusable, its strength not atoning for its coarseness. Speaking of humour—the Table has just read Mr. Barrie's "A Tillyloss Scandal," and can recommend it as a sure cure for the blues. It is a Scotch dialect story, telling in a dryly witty way of "the evolution of a humourist," Tammas Haggart, to whom the readers of the "Little Minister" have already been introduced.

MAGAZINES.

In the October *Century* there is an interesting study in social science in the well illustrated article, "Life Among German Tramps," by Josiah Flynt. Thomas Janvier's "The Cats of Henriette Romer" is decidedly attractive to the art-lover, and Mrs. Schuyler von Renssalaer gives us an excellent sketch of Frederick Law Olmsted.

The *Art Magazine* for this month gives us Millais' "Blind Girl" as its frontispiece, and contains an elaborately illustrated article on Jules Chéret, the French poster-artist. It also offers a good study of "Decorative Sculpture at Chicago," with photogravure illustrations.

All lovers of the chase will read Joel Chandles Harris' "Mystery of The Red Fox" in the October *Scribner's* very eagerly. It is illustrated by A. B. Frost, an American artist, whose hunting pictures tell that he "has been there" himself. Frederic Remington and others illustrate J. G. A. Creighton's careful article on "The Northwest Mounted Police of Canada," and F. N. Doubleday writes on "Glimpses of The French Illustrators," dainty reproductions of the works he describes.

The LIT. is unable to notice any of the college publications this month, because of going to press before its exchanges have arrived.

BOOK TALK.

The well-filled shelves the room surround,—
The musty tome, the newly-bound,
The loves and wars of olden times,
Bibles, cook-books, novels, rhymes.
—*Anon.*

The shelves were indeed well filled when the critic returned, and filled with a truly miscellaneous collection. But after it was duly impressed upon him that his department for the coming year was to be so improved that it would be read by one man from every class, he cast aside the *ennui* of a long vacation and boldly plunged into what he thought the weightiest of the summer's literature—the essays. First, there was a volume entitled "Essays in London and Elsewhere."* In the literary criticism of such a book, what more can be said than that the author is Henry James, and also that it is Henry James at his best. Most of the essays and papers were published from time to time in the *Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*, and then were gathered together in this artistically-bound volume of Harper & Brothers.

The essays, as the title states, are of London and "elsewhere," the elsewhere being with such men and women as Lowell, Flaubert, Pierre Loti, Ibsen, with Frances Kemble and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and, whether you are in London or the elsewhere, the charming and sympathetic style of the author fully convinces you that you really are there, and that you are also—at least Mr. James so persuades you—with the most delightful of company, such company as it behooves any man to spend a good, comfortable evening with. And the wonderful part of such an evening is that in so short a time you can form so thorough and appreciative an acquaintance.

Quite a different volume was the next which the critic took from the shelf. The book may not be the perfection of style, but "Essays in Idleness"† is certainly a most happy title—happy as regards the reader—for it is so easily read that it is exactly the companion for an idle hour, on some hot day in summer perhaps, when our Emerson gives us a headache, or on a winter's evening, when Herbert Spencer would make us snore. But while it belongs to that truly modern class of writings which we call the light essay, we must not think that it is lacking in thought or in seriousness. The "Idleness" of the writer in its composition must have been of the type which De Querin calls "Idleness full of thought and alive to every impression."

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*"Essays in London and Elsewhere." By Henry James. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

†"Essays in Idleness." By Agnes Repplier. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The writer begins with the essay on Agrippina, who is no other than her pet cat, and it is astonishing how much she tells us in her rambling, half-playful way of cat nature as she herself sees it. And in this and in other parts of the book we see the author's keen understanding and the fond love of dumb animals, very much the same as Sidney Lanier points out in George Eliot.

It is easy to see who is the writer's favourite author and poet. I believe there is but one essay among the eight in the little volume which does not make considerably more than a passing allusion to Sir Walter Scott. And the essay on "The Praises of War," might more truthfully be called "The Praises of Sir Walter Scott, Poet Martial." Scott doubtless deserves all of the writer's praise but some of the comparisons—for example with Macaulay—may appeal to some of us a little differently.

The one thing above all others which makes these essays so delightful is that the writer has taken subjects for which she is thoroughly suited and in which she is completely at home. This can hardly be said of Miss Helen Gardner, who has just gathered together a number of essays under the title "Facts and Fictions of Life,"* for she deals with subjects which might be better left to men and to men of a strong scientific turn. Not that we speak with any disrespect of women in the new positions they now assume—for women like Frances Willard, Amelia B. Edwards, Susan B. Anthony and many another have demonstrated that women can think and think well, and also let the "Lords of Creation" know that they are thinking. But Miss Gardner, it seems, might better write upon some other topics. It is one thing to point out evils and abuses and rail against them, and quite another to suggest a practical remedy.

* * * * *

Perhaps the reader, like the critic himself, is a little tired of so much prose and so many essays. Let us then for a moment sit down "In the Shade of Ygdrasil;"†

"I know of an ash-tree
Named Ygdrasil
* * * * *
Standing ever green
At the holy fountain;
Thence come the Norns."

The first thing that impresses us as we read is the difference between verses, even very good verses, and poetry. The volume contains a great many verses, mostly in the form of short lyrics, which, we regret to say, are for the most part sadly lacking in true poetic inspiration. Many are constructed with an artificial ingenuity which endeavours to substitute sound and rhythm for imaginative thought and poetical feeling. Nor can we altogether admire this verbal dexterity when it gives us such a stanza as the following:

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*"Facts and Fictions of Life." By Helen H. Gardner. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

†"In the Shade of Ygdrasil." By Frederick Peterson, M.D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)

"Alas (how sad a word *alas* is!)
I would again I were that room in,
So dear because of one dear woman
Whom memory meets but never passes,
The chamber her great eyes illumine—
Alas! How sad a word *alas* is!"

And there is something ridiculous as well as artificial in this:

"How, having held her perfect face
Between my hands and kissed her mouth,
How could I love her into space,
Somewhere East, West, or North, or South?'

Yet, in the book there are a number of very pretty lines. The following is only an example:

"THE ROBBER.

"Quick! see the lawless brigand go
Around the hill and through the wold,
With pearls and diamonds all aglow,
And all agleam with stolen gold!

"Now, hidden in the secret woods,
He hath no longer need to fret,
But safely counts his precious goods—
The robber is the rivulet."

* * * * *

Taking up "Princeton Sketches,"* the critic wishes for once that he were not a critic, but that he could propose a triple cheer for Mr. Wallace and his work. Princeton has long needed a book which should tell, in an interesting way, something of her long and glorious past and give an adequate picture of her present. In the first of the sketches, which are in more of a narrative style, the writer gives us some of the facts and traditions of the quaint old college of colony times. Then, with many an anecdote and story, he brings his record down through the reign of Dr. McCosh. The last two sketches appeared some time ago in the pages of this magazine, of which the writer was once a managing editor, and these deal with the Princeton of to-day. Mr. Wallace writes as only a Princeton man could on such a subject, for no outsider could have so thoroughly imbibed the Princeton spirit or have so truly expressed the Princeton idea. The work is one which will be prized by every lover of Old Nassau. But the critic is himself again, and no longer the Princeton enthusiast as he picks up his pen to speak of the style in which the book is written. But his criticism is favourable, for the charming style of the introduction by Professor West is only the prelude to the beautiful and easy style of the writer himself. The book contains many beautiful illustrations, principally photogravures of buildings and campus, but also *fac similes* of old documents and numerous portraits.

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*"Princeton Sketches." By George R. Wallace, with introduction by Andrew F. West. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

* * * * *

Among the fiction published recently is the story of "Two College Girls,"* which now appears in its thirteenth edition. So true to life, however, is this charming tale that fiction hardly seems to be the word. The interest of the story does not lie in its plot, which is simple and rather apparent, but in the clever and striking depiction of character. The *dramatis personæ* of the book are exceedingly numerous; before we finish. our course at this unknown institution of learning we have met a considerable portion of the college and its faculty, but the authoress wastes no space, as she is often able to give us a thorough portrait by a few bold strokes. She seems to have fully grasped the power which contrast may be made to assume, for it is by the picturing of the very opposite shades of human nature that much of the portraying is accomplished. This we find in the two heroines themselves, who, as the story progresses, draw nearer and nearer in sympathies, and yet in all their characteristics remain forever and widely apart. It is refreshing to read a book which contains so much of the bright, happy side of life, and yet presents, in pleasing proportion, its deeper and more thoughtful phases.

A simple but interesting story is found this month in "Nance."† The scene is laid among the Kentucky hills, and for a bit of fiction is a faithful picture of the rough, but earnest lives of these hardy mountaineers. The bitter feud between the two families of Mordred and Ano gives a tragic tone to the story, somewhat relieved, however, by the noble character of the Rev. Mr. Anslowe and his wife, who act in the *rôle* of peacemakers. The book closes in the good, old-fashioned way with a picture of the domestic happiness of the hero and heroine. While of no especial literary merit, the story is fresh and pure in tone and, as such stories go, well worth their reading.

The "Ironmaster"‡ belongs to a class of fiction rarely discovered in French literature for it possesses neither the sensual realism of Zola nor the strained sentimentality of Balzac. Someone has said, "Modern French fiction is either sensual or dull." We find neither of these characteristics in the "Ironmaster." Its plot, though not strikingly original, is well brought out and the characters are developed in a masterly style. The main criticism of the story is that although some of its components are charming in fiction, they seldom happen in real life. For example the *mariage de convênance* under such peculiar circumstances could hardly have turned out so happily.

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*"Two College Girls." By Helen Dawes Brown. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

†"Nance, a Story of Kentucky Feuds." By Nauci Lewis Greene. (Chicago: F. T. Neely.)

‡"The Ironmaster; or, Love and Pride." By George Ohnet. (New York: Worthington & Co.)

We have one more novel and it is nearly as flimsy in its plot as in its paper binding. The probable outcome of "A Southern Heritage"* is from the start too apparent and the characters, while well drawn, show no great ingenuity or originality. By far the best depicted is that of Mr. Kirkwood, who, like many a man of our acquaintance riding down on the elevated every day, is shrewd and unscrupulous in his business and at the same time fills a respectable niche in society.

Howard Estill, the hero, is thus described by an admiring friend, "He's got a reputation—made it with his brains—got lots of 'em, of the order of geniuses—elegant fellow too; a devilish nice fellow with plenty of style. He ought to have ten thousand a year." So far, so good, but we will go a little further and say that, though somewhat skeptical in his makeup and a little of a cynic, he is pictured as a man of high morals and upright character. The heroine is a little over-romantic and her conversations with the hero are somewhat too fanciful.

* * * * *

We have another volume of fiction, "Harvard Stories,"† which cannot fail to be of great interest to every college man. In his preface Mr. Post declares that his stories are "founded on actual occurrences" of college life. We can readily believe this, for after all the college life in the great American universities is very similar, and thus in our own college life the incidents and individuals of Mr. Post's book find many representatives.

But even though the incidents are real, yet we cannot but admire the facile and interesting manner in which they are told or the depth of realism displayed in the portrayal of the characters. Some of the sketches are amusing, others pathetic, all are interesting. "The Waking Nightmare of Hollis Holworthy" develops an amusing situation where that "shiftless beggar," Jack Rattleton, gets the laugh on the punctilious society man, Holworthy. We cannot but stop here and admire the writer's portrayal of Rattleton in this story. It is so representative of a character we all know. "Riley," says he to his cab-driver, "get me to 142 Marconwealth street before Mr. Holworthy, and I'll *try and pay what I owe you* this week." Who but the impecunious collegian would ever think of giving a promise which might be construed in so vague a manner, which might mean to the trusting Riley affluence in a day, or poverty for a month! But Riley didn't stop to analyze, but lays his whip upon the attenuated steed and reaches the place ahead of time. Among the rest of the sketches, the best are "Plot Against Bullam," "Serious Situation in Burleigh's Room," and "How Rivers' Luck Changed."

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*"A Southern Heritage." By William Horace Brown. (New York: Worthington & Co.)

†"Harvard Stories: 'Sketch of the Undergraduate.'" By Waldron Kintzing Post. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)

* * * * *

Motley's "Peter the Great"* is the latest addition to Maynard's classic series. It seems rather absurd to comment upon an essay which it is well known to have been the first stone in the foundation of the great historian's fame, but we may at least call attention to its qualities as a brilliant example of modern historical writing. It first appeared in the *North American Review* as the maiden effort of the afterwards famous author of the "Dutch Republic." At the very beginning of his career he has chosen a great subject and treated it in a masterly fashion. While the essay is a narrative rather than a criticism, almost dramatic in movement, it is yet scholarly and sympathetic. We can imagine no finer text-book for the student of clear and forcible historic prose.

* * * * *

"Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation"† is the title of a forcible and suggestive volume by Josephine S. Lowell. At the present time, when social questions are occupying so much of the public attention, this work is sure to obtain a speedy recognition, especially as it treats of the history of arbitration applied to social questions. Anything which tends to relieve the minds of the people of the error that capital and labor are two hostile hosts, armed and ready for battle, has a grand mission. It is not agitation that we as a nation need, it is conciliation. We are attempting to mould a homogeneous whole from heterogeneous mass of contrary elements and until we give recognition to an universal edict of peace we shall never see the day when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The writer's idea in presenting this volume is to honour the men who have labored so valiantly to bring about a better state of affairs between the employer and the employed, also to show by citing particular cases just how much progress has been made in the last thirty years.

* * * * *

Joseph Henry Crooker, in his latest volume, "The New Bible and Its New Uses,"‡ gives another evidence of his advanced and liberal views. The following extract will briefly explain something of his attitude: "The new Bible is the old Bible allowed to tell its own story, to shine in its own light, to occupy its real place in the religious history of humanity. The new Bible is the old Bible viewed in the light of all recent discoveries; taken as a religious classic, rather than as a supernatural revelation; to be used, not as a rigid rule, but as a book of human experience to impart us hope and holiness."

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*"Peter the Great." By John Lothrop Motley. (New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.)

†"Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation." By Josephine Shaw Lowell. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

‡"The New Bible and Its New Uses." By Joseph Henry Crooker. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

We are not disposed to criticise the book from a religious standpoint, for whatever may be the editors' private beliefs or the principles of the great institution of which this magazine forms a part, we must take a neutral ground. Still, we will say that the book presents strong arguments on the side which it takes of this great discussion. But, while many of the premises which Mr. Crooker assumes are undeniable, others admit of considerable doubt; and again, while many of his conclusions are doubtless logical and true, others are but possible and not at all inevitable. There is nothing of the skeptic's sneer about the book—indeed, its tone is reverent throughout. The author writes in a clear, strong style, and seems like a man of broad learning and good common sense.

* * * * *

Here's a book on speaking. It calls itself "Practical Elocution," * but from its statement of purpose it would appear to be more philosophic than practical, it being "an attempt to harmonize the vocal elements of Dr. Rush's Philosophy with the triune theory of Delsarte." To affirm that man's "psychic unity" is accurately divisible into "a Vital, Mental and Emotive Nature," and then to attempt to apply these speculative divisions to every part of the human anatomy with the accuracy of an exact science, is a task the wisdom of which may be doubted. Granting the value of its thesis, however, the work has been systematically carried out. The illustrations are carefully chosen and the style is literary.

Almost every school-boy from time immemorial has looked with aversion toward writing a composition. In fact, compositions are generally the bugbears of school-boy existence. Mr. Newcomer has realized this fact at the beginning of his work on English Composition, † and sets about in a very commendable manner to help obviate the difficulties in the way of themes, subject-matter, and treatment. There is little use in making mountains from mole-hills, in filling a lad's head full of abstract rules for guidance and then setting him adrift with little or no practice in their application. Give the beginner subjects that appeal to him personally, for which his own experience gives him material, and the rules of grammatical construction will naturally and easily follow. Mr. Newcomer himself gives many themes, and treats these themes in a very simple yet interesting manner. He shows by example just what is expected of the student and by doing so gives him data sufficient to construct his own composition in a style rarely achieved by the ordinary school-boy.

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* "Practical Elocution." By Fulton & Trueblood. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

* "A Practical Course in English Composition." By Alphonso G. Newcomer (Boston: Ginn & Company.)

In the "Step Ladder"* we find a reading book supplementary to the book, and following the system of Charles W. Emerson. One merit of the work is in the selections from standard authors, but the special point in its favour is that which gives it its title—the progressive nature of its exercises.

The critic has nearly had his say. Only a book of facts and figures remain; very dry, doubtless, to the ordinary reader, but of remarkable interest to men intending further study after leaving college, for "Graduate Courses"† is the title of a pamphlet giving very complete information of the graduate courses to be had at any of the colleges and universities of the land. Some books still remain upon the shelf, but time and space fail us for these until our next number and until November the critic bids his weary readers adieu.

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*"The Step Ladder." By Margaret A. Klein. (New York: A. S. Barnes.)

†"Graduate Course." (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

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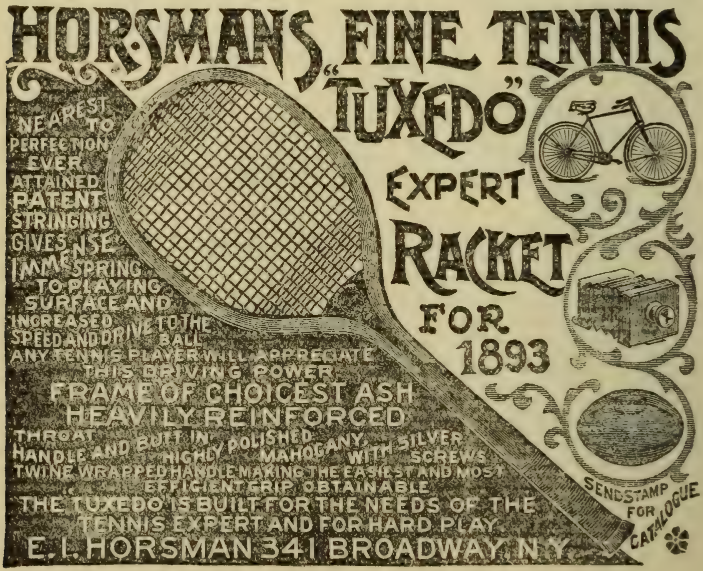

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1893

NEAREST TO PERFECTION EVER ATTAINED
PATENT STRINGING GIVES IMMENSE SPRING TO PLAYING SURFACE AND INCREASED SPEED AND DRIVE TO THE BALL
ANY TENNIS PLAYER WILL APPRECIATE THIS DRIVING POWER
FRAME OF CHOICEST ASH HEAVILY REINFORCED
THROAT AND BUILT IN HANDLE HIGHLY POLISHED MAHOGANY WITH SILVER SCREWS
TWINE WRAPPED HANDLE MAKING THE EASIEST AND MOST EFFICIENT GRIP OBTAINABLE
THE TUXEDO IS BUILT FOR THE NEEDS OF THE TENNIS EXPERT AND FOR HARD PLAY
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THE

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THE PECULIAR GENIUS OF THOMAS HARDY.

LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.

POSSIBLY because the readers of the most perfect fiction themselves belong to the "higher strata" of society, it was long since decreed that the novel-writer who would outlast his generation must take for his theme the story of humbler lives. There is little that is enlightening, nothing that is permanently interesting, in the second-hand description of a set of surroundings which one has learned to criticise himself with results much more satisfactory. Still more probable is it that there is a grain of golden truth in Sidney Lanier's theory of the genesis of the English novel, and that the same historic change which demanded from literature a recognition of the individual worth and personal significance of every son of the soil still exercises inexorable censorship over the works brought forth in response. Certain it is that successful fiction still represents not what kings and senates and courts and queens are doing and thinking, but what the "plain people" are doing and thinking; and almost unconsciously ninety-nine critics out of a hundred select as the best novelist that one whose genius is most in sympathy with the great throbbing outer-life, and, as the best fiction of Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne or George Eliot, that book which reveals an accurate pen-picture of what life looks like to someone otherwise unapproachable and unknowable.

Judging by such standards the most representative work of Thomas Hardy with that of his contemporary fellow-countrymen—Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Meredith—we can at the outset predict the longer life to the man who created Mayor Henchard, Christian and Granfer Cantle, together with all the simple galaxy that swarmed around the unfortunate Yeobrights, and last—but by no means least—Tess.

A photograph of the man who has just evoked this prophecy reveals an unusual combination of characteristics. The keen, deep eye, together with the forehead which shadows it, is almost Italian; the middle part of the face is strongly English; the lower part is decidedly French. We would not expect such outward forms to be the expression of a typical Englishman, with the standard English way of looking at or putting things. While there would, indeed, be the depth and earnestness of the Anglo-Saxon, one would anticipate in combination with these sterling qualities the quickness and intensity of the French, as well as the weird imagination and perhaps morbid passion of the Italian. It would cause us surprise if, on taking up his works, we were to find him slavishly following the precedents of the late English school of fiction.

There is no need of any such apprehension. Mr. Hardy writes of a realm which he makes all his own, and he handles his chosen rural phases of life with an originality that is charming. In this, without, however, becoming coarse or losing in interest, he remains true to the spirit of modern realism. For a realistic novel cannot be dramatic without drawing its subjects from the lower walks of life. Those who uphold the dignity of the upper ten are under obligations to conventionalize themselves. Unusual variation in individuality is nothing short of a crime against social custom. He who is unfortunately burdened with natural passions or original ideal enthusiasms must be careful not to externalize them, at the risk of ostracism. "Sharp corners must be rubbed off," even though the resultant loss by the process of attrition be a heap of true diamond dust.

Democracy, on the other hand, while by itself at least, seldom feels bound to conform its expression to any set formula. Only the highest type of genius, whose practice is fully equal with society's theory, or the lowest type of innocence, whose practice is utterly ignorant of society's theory, dares to preserve childlike simplicity and openness. Hence it is in the backwoods or heath alone that the realist can consistently plant the individual who runs all to one characteristic. If Dickens had put his rare anthropological specimens on a lower social shelf, or rather on the floor which is clear outside of the social shelving, it would never have occurred, as it now does to the most casual critic, to accuse him of exaggeration. Thackeray and Eliot escape this charge by sketching only climacteric points in life, where the individuality rises above the sameness of conventionality; where the pent-up emotions break forth in a natural eruption. Thomas Hardy, in his highest form, does better yet; he takes his characters from the "highways and hedges," where every motion has the grace and charm of naturalness; where repose itself is interesting.

Here, then, is to be noticed the first peculiarity about Mr. Hardy's fiction—its striking outdoor setting. Wessex and Dorcestershire, rural sights and sounds, the mysteries of heath and solitude, nature's sympathetic heart, make up the background for that view of life which is his truest vein. When he tries higher society, he is no better than the many third-rate writers. The farther he gets away from city drawing-rooms and office-desks the more free and responsive is his genius.

So that we can begin our estimate of his work by eliminating such stories as "Two on a Tower," "A Laodicean" and "The Hand of Ethelberta," stories well handled, but not so characteristic nor so strong as those which picture to us the life of primeval nature, secluded from modern rattle and rush, in the old-fashioned villages and farms and heaths of old England.

The reader who wishes to obtain an appreciative idea of these characteristics should read "The Return of the Native." The same pastoral and bucolic air pervades this as is breathed in "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Woodlanders," with the added incentive to interest of an intensely dramatic plot.

The somewhat more sophisticated leading characters of this book, the Yeobrights, Wildeve and Eustacia, move along in the midst of the most poetic setting which any recent English author has conceived. The somber hue of the central tragic movement is relieved and beautified by the subordinate natural scenery and the sympathetic backwoods life. The only approaches to this felicity of combination and contrast in fiction have been the works of American novelists—Fennimore Cooper and Washington Irving.

The book opens with a description of primordial Egdon Heath undergoing its "nightly roll into darkness" in a sublime, unearthly November mood. This rises to the height of poetry in the vividness of its representation of nature, its constructive imagery, its weirdness of suggestion. And when the children of the Heath emerge mysteriously upon the top of Blackbarrow, it is as if cosmic and human nature were but one and the same in spirit as well as substance. The bonfire's flickering light reveals to us a company of faces which will be familiar enough before the story is over: free, simple, unrestrained folk, with their strange dialectic admixture of Elizabethan idioms and modern slang. Characterization of these, by throwing all the force of their personality into one channel, we have seen cannot be exaggeration; so that there is a consistent place for this humorous element, which relieves the heavier movement of the central plot. There is nothing more ridiculous than observing another do or say something characteristic of him, and of him alone. "Every Man in his own Humour," says Ben Jonson, is a fit title for a comedy. It is only among such humble country people, however, that such individuality is possible without immediate characterization by the public as a "freak" who ought to be suppressed.

Granfer Cantle, spry at eighty, and as proud of his levity as others are certain that it is unbecoming; Fairway, with the same dignity whether bossing the making of bonfires or cutting the community's hair every Sunday morning before church, as a labour of love and simply in the interests of public decency; Christian Cantle, like the fool in the play who is forever obtruding himself upon the scenes and doing something characteristically irrelevant, a coward at every pretext, yet no more ashamed of making his weakness known than others would be of boasting about their heroism; Susan Nunsuch, the firm believer in witchcraft; Charley, the stable-boy, with his unreasoning attachment, and Venn the reddleman—all, even their views of life, are but a consonant part of their surroundings.

With the latter, the author is in even closer sympathy. Take such an everyday occurrence as the expedition into the woods, for the purpose of getting holly with which to decorate in honour of the return of the Native. How could it be possible, by mere style of description and narration, to clothe such a simple holly-gathering by two women with such a charm of interest? Yet the reader is made to feel the cool, fresh December air breathe under the clear sky against his face, and hears the crackling of the twigs and dead leaves beneath the feet.

A second peculiar quality of strength which we notice is Imagination. This is evidenced not alone by powerful dramatic complication and situation, but also by unexpected, often by grotesque comparisons and suggestions. Nobody without a tremendous imagination could conceive of such an improbability as Alec D'Urberville's suddenly begun and ended itinerant career, or such a scene as Venn and Wildeve gambling at dead of night in the thick of the solitary heath by the fitful light of thirteen glow-worms; of the "sinister wink, like a toad," which each of the diamonds on Tess' bosom seemed to give as she was about to relate her secret to Angel Clare, or their midnight walk as he bore her over the bridge-rail in his sleep; of her arrest at dawn under the booming columns of Stonehenge, or the never-to-be-forgotten scene with which his masterpiece closes, as Clare and his sister-in-law lie on the hillside grass, overlooking beautiful Westoncester and its gloomy prison-tower, watching in silence for the black flag to announce that "Time had had his joke out with poor Tess at last."

It is such horrible situations which have won for him the accusation by some of being a sensationalist. Nobody objects to an author sustaining interest in his story by every art known to him; but it is a question whether grotesque, horrible conceptions are not repugnant instead of attractive to the average reader. We wish excitement, perhaps; but we do not wish, after having been sent to bed at three o'clock in the morning by the sudden termination of events in which we had become engrossed, to find that we have been keyed up to a strain which causes the pictures to fall from the walls by means of the uncanny, weird, even awful suggestions which present-day authors seem to regard as part of the *sine qua non* of novel-writing. It is bad enough for the modern novel to feed young as well as old upon all the unnatural and unhealthy realism they can find, while remaining silent as to the vast healthy and normal activities of society, without contemporary fiction threatening future generations with a multipled race of maniacs simply for the sake of pandering to a fad which it awoke itself.

But we are digressing from Thomas Hardy; who, whatever we may think of his pessimistic philosophy, is not to be blamed so hastily for representing objects and ideas and the facts of human life in the same light in which they appear to him. Grotesque, striking comparisons are only instinctive to such a mind. Instance his many such ridiculous figures of speech as this: "He appeared on the dark ridge of heathland like a fly on a negro"! His imagination transforms and re-relates things, ideas, even words, rapidly. He undoubtedly has all "the fearfulness of an active imagination." Exaggeration of this is an artistic fault, but in his case no honest critic can accuse him of intentional sensationalism regardless of results. An estimate of his work must, however, take this element into account.

He sees, like Shelley, the life, the spirit in everything that grows. Unlike that joyous singer, however, the spirits with which he peoples inanimate objects are all malevolent. Fetichism, witchcraft, are his natural creed. Rocks, solitary dwellings, trees with Dantesque shapes, heath, waters, take on the somber, unnatural, foreboding aspect of a cloudy midnight. When in these imaginative moods, Nature ever justifies a nameless "looking forward to of judgment"—but never points to a resurrection. She never smiles, even in the sunshine. It is not for his poetic subduing of Nature that we would condemn him, so much as for allowing his imagination to misrepresent her by morbid blindness to the "gayer hours" which man, and bird, and beast, and flower, yes, all nature, must have. The poet may see but one side, one phase of truth—the novelist must see all. The penalty which George Eliot has to pay for her pessimism in a narrowing reading-public, will attach itself to Thomas Hardy. For now that his imagination has betrayed him as a pessimist in his views of natural life, we will not expect him to be otherwise in his views of human life. And we shall find that we were not mistaken.

The first and most evident corroboration of this presupposition lies in his partiality for tragedy. His strongest works, his deepest works, are all destructive in their conclusion. His masterpieces—"The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Return of the Native," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—are all on the theme that is older than Æschylus, as old as this labouring globe itself—the awful struggle between a natural, unsophisticated passion on the one side, and the finer impulses of duty backed by social conventions on the other; the terrible suffering which temptations unresisted or misunderstandings unexplained always wreak upon the unfortunate victims of the Fates.

The beings of his own creation—as much like the actual as he can represent them—either drive themselves madly up and down the world, the helpless victims of insatiate desires, or, like crippled butterflies before the blast, are whirled hither and thither by the winds of circumstances. Even those whose "aim has always been good," like Tess, or who, with Clym Yeobright, have been "ready to be the first unit sacrificed" for the ennoblement of their kind, must through long years of struggling and suffering "get used to the horror of existence."

One lays aside the sad story with a great disappointment. Yet it is not disappointment at the author, but at the heartfelt, agonizingly intelligible certainty that human fate does contain just such careers for some. There is a tragic side, and Hardy is only true to reality in bringing it out, though we do feel as if he might now and then light up for our edification a life whose lines have been "cast in pleasant places."

But Hardy will not invoke the *deus ex machina,* that long-suffering yet still ready friend of the novelist, perplexed by his refractory problem. The entanglements of actual life do not often unwind themselves as if by magic. In the world with which we are familiar, it requires a long discipline of patience and endurance before the confusion of ever-thickening circumstances can be straightened out. The dark chaos of environment and perceptions and motives and actions will not always clear away before a less masterly hand than Death. It is easy to fling epithets like "gloomy," "morbid," at promiscuous writers; but the observer who would be honest and just to all sides of life must confess that the inexorable laws of Nature do not seem to stay their ruthless operations even when the "survival of the fittest" has brought the organism up to the high stage of self-conscious personality.

Behind Mr. Hardy's predilection to tragic representation of the world in his works lies a personal tragic interpretation of the facts themselves. The novelist whose works live is the deepest thinker. Artistic fiction, like everything else, is founded on philosophy. If one may judge from hints scattered throughout his writings, Mr. Hardy's philosophy of life reflects the negative tendency of the age which has produced a Schopenhauer to avow that the Universe is blind, and which has declared through Herbert Spencer that the "play of environment upon the individual" is the cause of all human history. Take such a casual sidelight as the following, flashed from the description of Eustacia, queen of the "Return of the Native:"

"She had the passions and instincts which make a faultless goddess, that is, those which make not quite a faultless woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favours here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious interchange of caresses and blows, as those we now endure."

Surely here Mr. Matthew Arnold could have found a man who went to Greece for his religion!

Or take Abraham Durbeyfield's quavering question after a family misfortune:

"'Tis because we be on a blighted star, and not on a sound one, isn't it, Tess?"

His bitter conclusion seems to become more ingrained as he goes on:

"Some people would like to know whence the poet whose philosophy is in these days deemed as profound and trustworthy as his verse is tonic and breezy, gets his authority for speaking of 'Nature's holy plan.'"

Whether a novelist's philosophy influences the thought of his times to any great extent or not, is a question difficult of decision. It is unfortunate, perhaps, to be possessed of sensitive ideals and a keen perception of what is happening to one's fellows, yet to be without the scientist's insight into the necessities of physical causation and sequence. One who cannot look quietly upon the cruel workings of natural law among men's spiritual motives, and with the business-like appreciation of a Mr. Huxley (*vide* North American Review, November, 1893), had better be careful how he touches upon the faith of his hearers. It is strange that Mr. Hardy adheres so strictly to his avowed purpose to avoid any ethical teachings, and is moved therefrom by no pretence, until tempted to by some opportunity to express a pessimistic conclusion. The man who is most considerate of others will be also considerate of that belief which sheds apparent light into their abode, even though he regards the phenomenon as an illusion, and though their dwelling place seems as joyless as a tomb to his supposedly clearer insight. We may agree with Mr. Hardy and even a higher authority, that the rain does fall alike upon the just and the unjust; but can see no necessity for the conclusion he draws as to the future and the ultimate from this undisputed fact.

No criticism of Mr. Hardy's work as a novelist is complete without acknowledgement of the particular and specific strength of his latest work, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." If the "Return of the Native" is his representative work for rural colouring and poetic background, so "Tess" is his masterpiece along another bent of his genius—the drawing of a personality, strong, yet powerless against either the heritage of passions bequeathed by ancestry or the circumstances of an unfortunate environment—as well, also, because he here throws an intense dramatic light upon those factors which are destined to become the great centre of sociological study and endeavour in the next century: that is, the conventions of an artificial society, personal ambition, and family pride, allowing, even forcing, half of its members to mate with the other half in reckless contempt for that natural intuition which would select natures adapted for each other, perhaps as unerringly as the high cultivation of the most ideal scientific weighing of conditions and racial results.

"We may wonder," he says, "whether at the acme and summit of the human progress these anachronisms will become corrected by a finer intuition, a closer interaction of the social machinery than that which now jolts us around and along. * * * Enough that in the present case, as in millions, the two halves of an approximately perfect whole did not confront each other at the perfect moment; part and counterpart wandered independently about the earth in the stupidest manner for awhile, till the late time came."

Yet despite the skeptical tone in regard to life in general and the orthodox church in particular, no man can arise from reading "Tess" without feeling his heart throb in new sympathy for the sufferings, temptations, falls and final fate of the poor unfortunates about him—the wretches whom, perhaps, society at that very moment is kicking out its back doors and shoving down into its cellar. There seems to be something in novel-writing which encourages sympathy with human nature—and Hardy's sympathy proves no exception. He knows and feels for and loves human nature in all its varied phases; he recognizes "nothing that is human as alien to his own interests." His men and women work and sin, and suffer and reform and die, as in a panorama drawn in the artist's heart-blood from actual life, and not in ink by the midnight oil.

It is this truthfulness to humanity that has drawn upon him the charge of offence against good taste. It is because he is a true artist, a dramatist photographing his characters not from a fine-spun image in his inner consciousness but from the real stage of every-day life that his men and women slip and stumble so often over the rocky path which the Ideal has set it as their task to climb. He "ruined his best work"—the latest—simply because he could not unmake the fact that our courageous, hopeful race is yet but sinful, weak and erring—only human, at best; held down to the earth by weights which drag the wings in the mire, when they would expand and rise and be free. "Tess" is the triumph of the only legitimate modern realism.

So the permanent quality of Hardy's work may be summed up in one word—Naturalness. It is in the accuracy of his representation of a people and life just as human as we, in his insistence between the lines that every other man that breathes has burdens and aspirations and ideals and beliefs just as valuable as those in high life, that he surpasses his contemporaries. He is to Egdon Heath what Walter Scott is to the Highlands. He is to the fallen what Dickens is to the poor. He enters into the spirit that moves nature, and discovers its sympathy with the humble children that grow up under her tutelage. Man is nature, as well as spirit—he is real, as well as ideal. Those who oppose *Jendenz-Roman*, and who grant art a place in every ideal except the ethical ideal, have demanded realism in fiction; they have been answered by Thomas Hardy.

George Stewart McCague.

THE MARQUIS D'HARVILLE.

ON THE fifteenth of June, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, "Le Petit Journal," of Paris, made a grave though pardonable mistake. Among the items of interest in its columns one might have read the following: "This morning at an early hour a duel was fought in an obscure spot in the Bois du Boulogne. One of the principals was fatally wounded, and lay on the grass face downwards. A passerby who hurriedly made this discovery ran for assistance. On returning with the police the body was nowhere to be seen."

One year prior to this mysterious event a fashionably dresssd young man might have been seen to pause before a very handsome house in the Rue Kleber. A long and well fitting coat, a high silk hat brushed with exquisite care, spotlessly clean gloves and light gaiters, showed quite conclusively that he was accustomed to be lavish upon his personal appearance. One would have concluded his age to have been between twenty-five and thirty. It was quite easy to do this, as the young man's face was one of those open countenances so quickly read. At this moment, at any rate, it expressed nothing but joy.

The house was a high, four-story mansion of white stone. Four fluted columns guarded the front entrance, which was splendidly carved and decorated. The windows on either side, especially those of the parlours, were narrow and lofty, and over each might have been remarked exquisite carving similar in design to that over the entrance. The young man did not appear to make these observations. Perhaps they were already familiar to him. In answer to his ring a footman appeared.

"Is Mademoiselle Clemence at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she alone?"

"No, sir; Mademoiselle has a caller, the Marquis d'Harville."

"Ah!"

A frown passed over the young man's face.

"Here, Joseph, is something for you. I shall not disturb Mademoiselle. If she asks who rang, merely say it was a stranger. Do not mention my name. You understand?"

"Yes, sir; Monsieur shall be obeyed."

"It is well."

While this dialogue was taking place another was going on a few feet away.

"Ah, Marquis, I am sure I am not deceived! Someone rang, and the voice sounded like that of M. Severne."

"But I did not hear anything. At most it was only some stranger. I know M. Severne's voice too well not to recognize it. But see, here comes Joseph; you will ask him."

"Who rang, Joseph?"

"Only a stranger, Mademoiselle."

"You see I am a prophet, or at least a mind reader. You hear a stranger's voice and at once think it is M. Severne's. Ha, ha, ha!" and the Marquis laughs in a way which seems to have a deeper meaning than that of mere amusement.

"But I see I must tear myself away. M. Saccarde already awaits me an hour ago at the club. *Bon jour*, Mademoiselle. *Au revoir.*"

"Joseph!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Come in here. Who rang when the Marquis was here?"

"A stranger, as I have already informed Mademoiselle."

"Take care, Joseph! Did M. Severne tell you to give this message?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Very well. That is all. You may go. But stay! Did M. Severne ask if any one was in the parlour?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And—"

"I said Mademoiselle had a caller, the Marquis d'Harville, and Monsieur said he would not wait."

"And then he left?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Now you may go."

"So you would not come in, Rudolph, when you knew the Marquis was here? Oh, you are right! He is detestable, but *maman* wishes me to see him and to—it is too horrible, she can not mean it. I marry the Marquis! Never! Clemence never loved any one before she saw Rudolph. But tish! I must not speak so loud. It's a wonder he does not get indignant at the way he is treated here, and he would, as he has told me, if it were not that Clemence tries to be as pleasant as the others are rude. How different he is from the Marquis, and how mad and jealous Monseigneur was when I told him who rang. And he thought he could fool me. Ha, ha, ha! It's my turn to laugh, my dear Marquis. Clemence sees more than you think. You imagine her already yours. Bah, she will only fool you. You laugh at Rudolph. Well, he will laugh at you. But here comes *chère maman*, who always says what a fine man the Marquis d'Harville is. Oh, yes, he is far too adorable for her little daughter, yes, yes, yes!" and Mlle. Clemence shows what a charming little voice she has, and begins to sing a snatch from the last opera.

A number of months have elapsed since we left Mademoiselle singing in the Rue Kleber. Now we find ourselves enraptured by the scene around us. It is the great ball of the season. Madame Beauville's mansion never looked so entrancing before. Everything is perfect. The dance is at its height. All the windows are thrown open to admit the cool night air, which is most grateful as it sways gently back and forth the masses of ferns and palms which fill every corner. The rooms are a blaze of light. A steady hum of conversation fills the air. It begins as soon as the music ceases, and only stops when M. Pillerault commands silence with his baton and announces the next dance. In a moment the floor is a mass of whirling figures. Madame Hurriet, though her hair is suspiciously gray, refuses to believe herself too old to dance, and makes the poor Maréchal De Champ's life a burden. The beautiful Duchess of Bertier is partner of the young Comte de Melville, and the honour is enough to make that young gentleman's countenance crimson. And there is Mlle. Moser, wishing the galop were only at an end that she might get rid of General Coussin, who insists upon treading on her dress and toes on every possible occasion.

In a further corner stands a little group with whom we are already partially acquainted, the Marquis d'Harville, M. and Mme. Rochefort and Mlle. Clemence. The Marquis appears very happy, and Madame Rochefort smiles complacently every time he addresses a remark to her daughter, who herself seems but half pleased.

"But, Mademoiselle, this is my dance, too!"

"You mistake, Marquis. I have already promised it to Monsieur Severne."

"But he has not appeared, therefore he has forfeited it."

"Yes, Clemence, the Marquis is right; do not wait," and Madame Rochefort looks around to see if M. Severne dare approach, but that young gentleman does, and says:

"My dance, Mademoisille, I believe?"

"Yes, M. Severne. I have been waiting."

"I was unable to come sooner."

"I thought so. Adieu, *Maman!*"

The Marquis bites his moustache in vexation. Mme. Rochefort waves her fan in a way which seriously threatens its destruction, and her husband frowns unpleasantly at some indiscreet people who are smiling near by.

"Clemence has offended me, Marquis."

"Me also, Madame."

"But you will forgive her; she is young."

"I shall try, Madame."

"Monsieur Rochefort, tell the Marquis you do not approve of your daughter's conduct."

"Bah!" and M. Rochefort walks off to refresh himself with some *absinthe*.

By three o'clock in the morning Mme. Beauville's ball was still a brilliant affair, but M. and Mme. Rochefort and their daughter had left long ago.

Shortly after this hour two gentlemen left the glare and rattle of the dance-room and walked down the Rue Haussmann.

When they had proceeded far enough not to fear of being overheard they stopped.

"We shall not be interrupted here, M. Severne, and what we have to do will not take long."

"I think not."

"Then we need waste no words to start a quarrel?"

"Evidently there is no need."

"You are most affable, M. Severne."

"And you, Marquis, fall entirely in with my wishes."

"And when shall we have the pleasure of meeting again, you and I?"

"What, alone, with no seconds! What will be said?"

"Nothing, unless one of us forgets to keep his tongue sealed in his head. But so much the better. We shall not be disturbed."

"Ah, very well!"

"What say you to the Bois? I know a charming little spot there, M. Severne, which I have visited before. Ha, ha, ha! This is, indeed, a very pleasant way to become acquainted with one's dear friends, is it not?"

"Quite."

"And you will grant me this favour at five o'clock? It is now sounding two."

"I shall be there at a quarter of."

"And you know the spot?"

"Very well."

"Ah! And we shall play with the sword?"

"Yes."

"Adieu! M. Severne. You are so charming it is really a pity we are not friends and interested in the same person."

"A great pity; only then we should not have the pleasure of this visit."

"Very true. You are a philosopher."

"Adieu, Marquis! You flatter me."

Few spots could have been better chosen than the one hinted at. It is only by chance that one ever penetrates through the closely-planted trees and reaches the clearing, which is almost circular in form and some twenty paces in diameter. The nearest approach is by the Rue d'Ecole. From here, turn to the right. A hundred yards ahead is a curiously gnarled and twisted oak. So far, the trees admit a carefully-driven carriage to approach. Turning again to the right, one is struck by the sudden density and circular appearance of the foliage. Passing through this barrier, one enters the enclosure.

At a quarter to five on the morning of Mme. Beauville's ball, a young man picked his way among the trees, until he reached the edge of the clearing. Evidently he was relieved to find himself in this obscure spot, at least so we should judge from his turned-down slouch hat, which contrasted strangely with the *costume de bal* beneath, and his furtive glance, which seemed desirous of avoiding curious eyes. In his hand he carried a rapier, and his face was pale; but one has not the same control over one's blood as over one's muscles.

"It is just a quarter to five, but perhaps he will be late. But it's all the same. It will be lighter when he arrives. And dear little Clemence! How frightened she would be if she knew of all this. She is, no doubt, asleep and dreaming—dreaming of, perhaps it is Rudolph and our last dance, and—but what is that, a carriage? A carriage means a coachman, and I came unattended—not to be disturbed. But come, Rudolph, a little more courage and *sang froid.* At any rate the man is devilish slow. If he came directly from where the carriage stands he should be here by this time. Now Clemence, wish me good luck in your dreams, and I will come out all—oh, it stings and burns! And the Marquis didn't want pistols or anybody; ha, ha, ha! *Au revoir* Clemence, dream happily on, Rudolph loves—oh, oh, oh!"

It was at this moment that the passerby we have referred to made his hasty discovery. Had he been in less haste he must have seen between the trees a carriage; an unusual sight for such an hour in the morning; or at least, have heard a man's voice.

"Ah, so you insisted on a quarter to five. Indeed you are, or to speak more strictly, were, a most obliging young gentleman. Admit by your silence that I, on my part, spared you as much pain as possible, and that the Marquis is not such a bad shot after all. And now you understand why I feared being disturbed; ha, ha, ha! Though this is not as honourable perhaps, as the other way, it is much safer. But come, I am afraid we may be disturbed," and the Marquis ceased his soliloquizing to give an order to his coachman, who was too far distant to have heard anything.

"He, Charles! Tie the horses and come here at once. I have found something most distressing, that is," and the Marquis dropped his voice, "to some, but to myself a most fortunate accident."

"There, Charles, see what some rascal has done. *Nom de Dieu*, this is no duel, but a murder! See, the fellow did not even draw his sword. *Ma fois*, who is it? M. Severne! Take hold of his shoulders. There, easy now. How sadly my morning walk has been interrupted. But I shall let the police know. Drive carefully, Charles. To the hospital. If I want anything, I shall ring." And the Marquis leaned back in his seat.

"But, really, I don't believe you will want anything but a little earth, *mon cher* Rudolph. But I must think of something for the police. Oh, my imagination, where art thou? What a chance for a romantic mind," and the Marquis begins to whistle quite softly a light operatic air.

Nearly four months after this strange sight of a smiling Marquis, and an apparently dead man, driving at an early hour in the Bois du Boulogne, two interesting and closely connected events occurred within a day of each other—one was the departure of a partially cured man from the gates of the hospital of Paris, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning; the other was a duel. The connection was, the fact was, the man was one of the principals therein. Strange that a half-recovered man should fight a duel. Stranger yet that a duel should take the place of a wedding.

It was on the same day that "Le Petit Journal" made its second, though pardonable, mistake. It said: "This afternoon at the hour of five, Mlle. Clemence, daughter of M. and Mme.

Rochefort, of the Rue Kleber, will be married to the Marquis d'Harville, at the cathedral of Notre Dame. The Marquis, it will be remembered, is the kind Samartian who rescued the body of a certain M. Severne in the Bois du Boulogne and gave the police all possible aid towards the discovery of the assassins."

On leaving the hospital the young man read this announcement with a start and a further paling of his already bloodless face.

"So Clemence has forgotten me? No, it is not of her own free will. She has been forced to marry the Marquis, who has, no doubt, informed them of my death. Well, we must try and delay this happy union for a while, perhaps forever, who knows? It is well the nurse deceived him, at my entreaty. Ha, ha, ha! (And the young man laughed in an hysterical way, which must have frightened his nurse had she been near.) But wait a little; I must have something to regain my nerves and get these rascally legs steady."

Half an hour later a door-bell rang in the Rue Kleber. A footman answered.

"Shish, Joseph, not a word!"

"But Monsieur surprised me so."

"Is Mademoiselle at home?"

"Yes, sir; but the Marquis d'Harville is in the parlour waiting for Mademoiselle to descend."

"Ah, very well! Then I shall be spared an extra call. But see, Joseph, do not say a word to Mademoiselle. Let her come down when she will. Now let me go to the parlour alone."

The Marquis was standing before a picture in the further corner of the room, with his back towards the door. A voice, in which was ill-concealed the roughness of a man's, called from the doorway: "Marquis!"

"Ah, is that you, Clemence?"

"Yes."

"Then come here and see how innocent these two lovers are. It is eleven now. In six hours, if the *curé* is not too lazy, you will be mine, and you will get to love me, never fear. Come, Clemence! Give me a kiss, and"—the Marquis had turned around—"*Mon Dieu!* Who are you? They told me at the hospital that—"

"That I had only a short time to live. How strange, but you see it was a mistake. But, my dear Marquis, you are unwell. I shall ring for help. He, Joseph! The Marquis is fainting! He, footman, I say, Monseigneur is sick!"

"Hish!"

The Marquis d'Harville had fallen back into a chair. His hands trembled violently, and his face had suddenly grown as white as chalk. It was all he could say, and he hissed the words between his teeth.

"So you do not wish any assistance? Very well, then. But I forget. You are to be married at five o'clock. How delightful, and how beautiful Notre Dame will be! The masses of flowers, the intoxicating odours, the zealous faces, the excitement! Ah, I see it all, and the bride so sweet and pure, and the grand march from the organ. Ah, fortunate man! In six hours. But, my dear Marquis, a good many things may happen in six hours. M. le Curé may be late; you are right, they are a lazy set of rascals; or the bride may fall sick. But stay, what if the groom should be later than M. le Curé? Do not start. You will derange your costume or ruin the whole effect. Ah, Monseigneur, you should have been an actor. Such feeling, such passion! It is grand, sublime! But my enthusiasm leads me astray. My friends will call upon yours at once. Two o'clock. Bah, that is too soon after luncheon! But three? Yes, that is better. They shall arange our meeting for three. And we shall play with rapiers in the same spot, if you wish, only this time we shall be attended, but shall not be interrupted, do not fear. But you may be late for the wedding. What if you should not reach Notre Dame at all. But I must go. I hear some one coming, perhaps it is Clemence, ha! ha! ha!"

"Dog!"

"I do not like the name, Monseigneur."

"There, coward, take that before she sees you struck."

A shriek filled the room. The visitor turned. The doorway was no longer empty. In the middle stood Madame as if petrified. M. Rochefort had just caught his daughter in his arms.

As the bell of Notre Dame tolled the hour of three two carriages picked their way out between the trees in the Bois du Boulogne until it became impossible to go further except on foot. After which three men descended out of each and proceeded towards the same spot, but in such directions as would keep them apart as long as possible, until they had reached their common destination. Each party seemed quite oblivious of the presence of the other. The sun was shining brightly; the air was fresh and filled with the song of birds, and grass and wild flowers glistened in the sunlight.

At last the parties stood facing each other. A slight inclination of heads showed they had finally become aware of each other's presence. From the few words said an outsider might have imagined himself at a funeral. Finally a man from either group stepped forward. Both were in shirt sleeves, those of the right arms were rolled up beyond the elbow, leaving the forearms bare, and both carried thin rapiers, which glistened in the sunlight. At a few feet from each other they stopped. Some one close by counted, "One, two — !" The voice was lost in the sound of ringing steel.

"Ah!"

Two men stepped forward and knocked the rapiers aside. The noise ceased. All was quiet again; but one of the sleeves was no longer white, but red.

"Is Monsieur hurt?"

"No; it is only a scratch."

"Are you quite sure, M. Severne?"

"There is no doubt, Marquis."

"Shall we continue, then?"

"By all means."

Again the song of the birds is interrupted. Suddenly one of the rapiers begins to move slowly, and one of the principals has grown as pale as the unspotted portions of his shirt.

"Come, M. Severne, let us stop. You will faint!"

"Silence, coward!"

"Dog!"

At the same instant two flashes of light cross each other in the air and stopped. One lay quivering on the ground; the other had grown red. A muttered curse; a dull thud of a body striking the ground, and nothing could be heard but the joyous songs of the birds overhead.

A month has passed. It is the fall of the year, and the boulevards of Paris are once more crowded with people. The day is still bright and sunny, though the hour of five is sounding from the dome of Notre Dame. A dozen *gens d'armes* have great difficulty in keeping the crowd back from the entrance. One of them forgets himself for a momennt and a little gamin slips by and into the church. In an instant he has concealed himself behind one of the large pillars, but from here he sees everything. His heart beats quickly as he looks around, and he can hardly keep from clapping his hands. At times he does laugh and talk to himself half aloud.

"Stupid *gen d'arme*. Ha, ha, ha!"

"But who are the parties?" he says with an air of importance.

"I must find out, for it is important I should know."

He takes a paper out of his pocket. It is torn and soiled, and it is some time before the dirty little finger rests on the right place. At last it stops.

"Here it is," he says: "To-morrow afternoon, at the hour of five, Mademoiselle Clemence, of the Rue Kleber, will be married to M. Severne in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. M. Severne, it will be remembered, is the young man who killed the Marquis d'Harville in a duel in the Bois du Boulogne a short time since, and thus rid Paris of one who deceived the public for many years."

The little gamin folded up the paper and put it back into his pocket.

"Ah, what it is to be able to afford a paper! Only a real gentleman need be posted on what is going on. Here they come! See, see!" and the little fellow began to clap his hands. But the joyous clapping and laughing could not be heard. The grand march of the organ began to peal forth, filling all the arches and galleries of Notre Dame.

George H. Forsyth.

A LATTER-DAY TYPE OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"AMERICANS," says Mr. Bryce, "are a humourous people, as conspicuously the purveyors of humour to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth." The world at large, we believe, would acquiesce in his opinion. The genial humour of Irving, the powerful satire of Lowell, the epigrammatical wit and pleasantry of Holmes, the irresistible, rollicking fun of Artemus Ward, and the waggish narration of Mark Twain present a formidable array in justification of such an estimate of Americans and American letters. With us to make jokes and to laugh at them are favourite pursuits. We drop whatever book we happen to be reading to pick up the latest copy of *Life.* Unlike our English cousins, who must have a bit of pleasantry hammered out so flat that the point entirely disappears, Americans possess an inbred capacity for seeing the point of a joke; they have a lively sense of the ludicrous; their intellects present a synthesis of the keen wit of the French and the good-natured humour which plays through a Celtic mind.

If our Puritan ancestors were too sober and severe, it may with propriety be asked whether their descendants have not swung to the other extremity of the arc, and reached a stage where anything not humourous becomes intolerable. Whatever the reply to such a query, it was, without doubt, the intense activity of primitive America which led to the development of our native humour. Literature and life are nowhere more closely related than in the realm of humour. The name of our representative humourous paper, *Life,* is significant. A people immersed in the intense activities of typical American life must find some means of relaxation, and in a people of any considerable mental calibre this relaxation will be especially manifested in literature, in the increase in short stories and the lighter types of fiction, and in the cultivation of the humourous element. American letters revolted from the extreme earnestness of Puritan New England by a logical necessity.

And no atmosphere could be more conducive to continued strength and vigour of this element in our literature than that which pervades modern American life. The hurry and worry visible on every hand emphasize our need of this "balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure." Laughter is as essential to complete mental vigour, indeed, even to complete sanity, as muscular exercise is to bodily health. We may have gone to an extreme, as already intimated. There is, perhaps, a tendency among us to spare nothing for humour's sake; all things, however venerable or sacred, lie exposed to the flippant wit or coarse mirth of some newspaper penny-a-liner. But for humour in its legitimate place and exercising its legitimate function, our literature has every reason to be thankful.

The most prominent feature of American humour of the older school is, perhaps, exaggeration. Much of Mark Twain's humour is exaggeration pure and simple. This degenerates, at times, almost into a species of caricature; he emphasizes traits of human nature until they assume gigantic proportions. The stupidity and greed of foreign guides, the conveniences or inconveniences of foreign hotels, and kindred subjects, he harps upon until the reader becomes impatient. Just as in Dickens' account of Peggoty's buttons, which invariably burst off whenever that estimable young woman laughed, the humour is overdrawn. Another, though less obvious, form of Twain's exaggeration is the undue length to which he stretches out his books. As we read page after page of "Innocents Abroad" we are highly amused, but become weary before the end of the book.

The same thing is true, though in a lesser degree, of Artemus Ward. The natural effect of his droll wit is heightened by a very peculiar system of spelling. The humour of his remarks on women's rights, on office-seekers, on the Mormons, and on politics in general, consists largely in a distortion of the main features of the subject discussed. Artemus' proposal to the British guardian to hire the British lion for exhibition in his "show," is an example *par excellence* of the American tendency, formerly so prevalent, toward national boastfulness and *braggadocio*, especially in the presence of John Bull. Holmes' "One

Hoss Shay," and his description of the island of Java, a satire on newspaper correspondents, might be further instanced as notable examples of humourous exaggeration.

It is to be observed as another characteristic that this older type of American humour consisted not so much in the subject matter as in the form of its expression. Three-fourths of it lay in the personality and peculiar style of the writer. Much of Ward's humour "is simply flat without Artemus," a statement which is not at all surprising when we remember that his fame was that of a lecturer rather than a writer. In order to appreciate his fame we must picture to ourselves the serious, careful, almost timid way in which he stood before his audience and advanced the most ludicrous propositions. There is nothing essentially humourous in such a subject as the Mormons, or female suffrage, except as this element is bodily projected into it by the writer. Such humour comes out in verbal quibbles, in unexpected turns of expression, in electric flashes of wit which surprise and shock. The pages of Holmes, and, it might be added, of Irving, are so tinctured with their author's personality that we feel drawn toward the writer not simply as readers, but friends, and when we laugh, it is almost as much in sympathy with them as in appreciation of what they say.

In recent years there has arisen in American letters a form of humour which in our opinion differs in the two distinctive features just mentioned from the older type. It deals little in exaggeration. It consists in the subject matter, not the mode of its expression. The personality of the author, by a logical consequence, is much less prominent, and the humour thus becomes more universal in character.

To exemplify this latter-day type of humour we have selected two writers, Richard Harding Davis and Frank R. Stockton. The humour of the former appeals to us as the most natural and life-like we have yet seen produced in American letters. We get from him not Richard Harding Davis' humourous views on the subjects which he treats, but the intrinsic humour which is so closely bound up with life. Stockton's peculiar humour almost defies analysis, but may be safely classed under this type.

The writings of both Stockton and Davis are almost entirely in the form of short sketches. The bewildering profusion of our magazine literature and its rapid increase are evidences of the modern tendency toward short productions in every branch of literary work. Ours is an age of short books, short stories, and short essays. However we may regard this tendency with reference to the best interests of literature in general, in the department of humour we believe it to be exercising an important and legitimate function. The highest form of humour cannot hold the reader's attention and interest at the requisite tension beyond a limited time. Mr. Lowell bids those who ask for a definition of humour to "read Don Quixote." Cervantes was undoubtedly one of the world's great masters of the humourous style, but the question may be pertinently asked, "How many to-day read Don Quixote *through?*" True humour is like salad, to be taken in small quantities, and Davis and Stockton show their appreciation of this fact in confining themselves mainly to short stories and sketches.

Richard Harding Davis, in common with Stockton, began his literary career as a journalist in one of our largest cities. With metropolitan life, in all its phases, he is thoroughly conversant, from the fashionable society of Fifth Avenue to the somewhat less fashionable society of the Bowery. It is his thorough knowledge of men, and of the world, which enables him to give us a most life-like form of humour. We have all seen such characters as he describes; they are true to nature, not merely the products of his imagination. The naturalness of his humour is attested to by the fact that it is almost invariably accompanied by pathos, the "obverse" of true humour. So eminent a critic as Whipple remarks, "Wherever you find Humour you find Pathos close by its side."

One of his sketches is entitled "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan." The hero, "Rags" Raegan, who is sought by the police on a charge of murder, hides in a deserted tenement, where he finds a helpless, neglected baby. The child is sadly in need of food, but Raegan fears to venture forth, for fear of detection. The tender, almost womanly attentions he bestows upon the poor little one; his struggle between anxiety for the child's life and fears for his own safety if he should leave the house; the manner in which his love for the child finally overcomes all his fears and drives him out to seek the food it so much needs, are depicted with such powerful strokes as to bring out most vividly the latent goodness hiding in every human heart, even the most depraved.

For a masterpiece of humourous character-drawing, few things can excel Davis' description of Hefty Burke, the "Leander of the East River." We cannot help feeling, as we read, that we have here a photograph, true to the life in every line and feature. We are intensely amused at Hefty's adventures with the police and his position of priority among the denizens of the lower districts of the metropolis. Yet there is a certain pathos in his little ambitions—in his eager desire not to come into contact with the civic authorities, lest he may fail in winning Miss Casey, to whose hand he boldly aspires; his desperate state of mind on being consigned at length, for some trivial offense, to the Island; his intrepidity and daring in escaping from his keepers and swimming the East River, at the peril of his life, in order to keep his engagement to escort Miss Casey to a ball. Truly, of such stuff are heroes made.

In his vivid pen portraits of these representatives of the lower strata of society, with all their petty ambitions, baffled hopes and disappointments, Davis produces upon our minds an effect of infinite pathos as we see the extremes of neglect and unjust treatment to which some men, our brothers, however low they may be in the social scale, are subjected.

There is something pathetic, too, as well as much that is ludicrous, in the character of Van Bibber as we read of his modest attempts to make others happy and the quiet satisfaction his benevolence affords him. While Van Bibber is no social reformer, he has a warm heart, and we find him continually doing little acts of kindness. Now he is treating some little girls from the East-side to a ride on the lake in Central Park, and being caught in their company, much to his confusion, by one of his friends; now he is defending a young woman from the approaches of an insolent stranger, or, again, rescuing a little child from a life of temptation and possible degradation upon the stage.

Withal there is nothing Quixotic about Van Bibber. He is a typical young man of society, with nothing to do but sit at his club window and read the daily papers. We must acknowledge that by the majority of mankind he would be called, in the irreverent parlance of the street urchin, a "dude." Yet Richard Harding Davis gives him more brains, more muscle and more general solidity than are usually ascribed to that species of human being. To be sure, fashionable society, and Van Bibber as its representative, are the objects of some exquisite bits of satire. "Young Van Bibber broke one of the rules of his life one day and came down-town. It was five years since Van Bibber had been south of the north side of Washington Square." While Van Bibber is represented as the owner of a fairly active brain, the writer concedes a little to the vast majority of mankind who hold that typical society men are lacking in that essential organ. In an amusing account of Van Bibber's attempts to economize, after losing heavily at the races, he says: "By some rare intuition he guessed that there were places up-town where things were cheaper than at his usual haunt (Delmonico's), only he did not know where they were." Travers, one of Van Bibber's friends, "did remember, as he was dressing for dinner, that he had an appointment somewhere, and took some consolation out of this fact, for he considered it a decided step in advance when he could remember that he had an engagement, even if he could not recall what it was. The stern mental discipline necessary to do this latter would, he hoped, come in time."

In the humour of Richard Harding Davis nothing is overdrawn, nothing introduced for the sake of effect. We are presented with a series of pictures perfectly true to life, containing humour which is lifelike and, consequently, of a very high order. The writer has evidently taken, in the course of his reportorial career, a great many mental snap-shots, which his pencil has developed for us with all the fidelity and accuracy of a photograph.

While Frank R. Stockton's humour does not possess to so marked a degree that vivid lifelikeness we have noted in Davis' humour, it possesses in common with it the distinctive feature of consisting in the essence of the subject matter, not in peculiarity of narration. That Stockton possesses genius of a very peculiar kind cannot be doubted. He shuffles his characters around with the most delightful freedom; presents at every turn of the plot the most unexpected developments, and at the close marries off the *dramatis personœ* and winds the story up generally to the utter surprise and consternation of the reader. His characters seem to be almost entirely independent of their author. Stockton begins a story apparently as ignorant of its possible developments and *dénouement* as the most unsophisticated reader, as we all remember in "The Lady or the Tiger."

This little sketch, it might be noted, seems to have added more to Stockton's fame than any of his other works, with the possible exception of "Rudder Grange." Like Gray, Stockton might go down to posterity "with a very small book under his arm." "The Lady or the Tiger" certainly deserves to be ranked among the classics of humourous literature.

Stockton's stories are for the most part wildly improbable, yet he cleverly hides from our view the precise point where improbability or impossibility parts company with the credible. In this he differs from Mark Twain in much the same way that the wonderful narrations of Jules Verne differ from the equally wonderful tales of Rider Haggard. Mark Twain, like Haggard, tells stories with a Munchausen-like simplicity of exaggeration which does not deceive the reader for one moment. Stockton possesses, in common with the French novelist, the rare art of concealing the line of demarcation between truth and fiction.

Stockton might be styled an "Impressionist," in the line of humour. We must read to the end and take a comprehensive glance at the whole in order to appreciate it thoroughly. It consists often in unexpected turns in the plot—the characters act in the most unaccountable way and from the most extraordinary motives. Sometimes surprise is the dominant element, as in the famous sketch already alluded to, "The Lady or the Tiger," where the humour is introduced by a single stroke at the end. More often, perhaps, the element of incongruity is prominent, as in "Rudder Grange," where a newly-married couple go to housekeeping in a decidedly romantic but rather inconvenient domicile—a stranded canal-boat; or as seen in the "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." The remarkable conduct of those estimable Yankee women while paddling along on the surface of the Pacific, propelled by an oar and supported by a life-preserver, reminds us of Mr. Whipple's statement: "A Yankee," he says, "is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara." Equally prominent do we find this element of incongruity in one of his short stories, called "Derelict." In this story the hero, left alone on an abandoned vessel, drifting about at the mercy of wind and wave, comes within hailing distance of another vessel, similarly disabled, and apparently deserted. As the ship comes nearer he descries upon it two young women, one of them a sweetheart of former days, with whom he is still desperately in love and to whom he immediately proposes through a speaking trumpet!

It may be charged with some truth that Stockton is lacking in pathos; yet his humour is of such a peculiar type that the absence of pathos is scarcely observable. He deals mainly with actions and externals; in the delineation of his characters he does not penetrate far below the surface. With these limitations his character-drawing is excellent. The character of Pomona, in "Rudder Grange," is one that deserves to rank with Sairey Gamp. In the treatment of negro life Stockton is especially good, a noteworthy example being his description of Aunt Patsy, an aged negress, in the "Late Mrs. Null." And we do find a pathetic touch here and there, as in Pomona's devotion to her mistress; the theft of the little baby shoes by Aunt Patsy and their subsequent return to the mother of the dead child who had worn them. But pathos is not Stockton's *forte*.

The reason why this lack of pathos does not mar Stockton's humour in any considerable degree is found in the nature of his writings. They are, as one of his critics phrases it, "so delightfully immoral." His works are utterly devoid of any serious purpose. They aim at nothing but the amusement of the reader. And that is, perhaps, one of the reasons why we find them so fresh and entertaining. The tendency to moralize, to write nothing without a serious purpose, is so prevalent in all branches of literature; the intellectual activity of the age is so intense that such works as Stockton's are as welcome and refreshing as a cool spring by the side of a dusty road. In furnishing a means of relaxation to the over-taxed brains of the present generation, Stockton, with other writers of a similar stamp, is accomplishing an important mission.

There are, doubtless, other modern American writers besides the two we have mentioned whose humour could properly be classed under this latter-day type. We have arbitrarily chosen Stockton and Davis to exemplify the principal features of this school. In so far as their humour has eliminated the bold features of caricature and exaggeration; in so far as it is structural rather than dependent upon expression; in so far as it is independent of the writer's personal peculiarities, to that extent it has approached an ideal, universal type of humour, and has strengthened its claims to appreciation by an intellectual people. It is humour of a truer, more lifelike kind than has previously appeared in American letters.

Albert T. Davis.

"THE REFORMERS."

FOREVER gone are those immortal dead,
  Who seem almost forgotten in this age
  Of hurrying life, but in the past, each page
Informs us how they suffered, ay, and bled.

No thought of self kept them from doing right,
  They strove for conscience, for in that they saw
  The finger of their God, whose word was law,
And in whose knowledge they had fullest light.

They gave their lives for truth, and in His name
They died, Who died for them. Thus made us heirs
To rights and honours which were never theirs,
And fearlessly we worship, without blame.

We cannot measure worth by our frail sight,
But let us try in our poor humble way,
To see their impress, on the glorious day
That dawns for us, from out their darkest night.

—*Samuel Dickey.*

THE EVOLUTION OF CALIFORNIA BLINKY.

BLINKY was a full-fledged tramp, he had served an apprenticeship of six long years as "Punk" Morgan's "kid," accompanying him in all his vagrant wanderings, sharing with him all the pleasures and privations of tramp-life. Together they had begged for breakfast among the farm-houses of New England, dined off provisions skillfully purloined and cooked over a camp fire in the forests of Pennsylvania, and shared in the feasting and abundance of a New Orleans *Mardi gras* But "Punk" Morgan had passed in his checks. Caught between the bumpers of the freight train upon which he took his last gratuitous ride, he died a few days afterwards. His last words, faintly murmured to Blinky leaning over him, were: "You must beat yer own way now, Blinky. Yer Uncle's got a pass on de road wot don't run no freights, an' wot only goes one way. I trained yer well, Blinky. Don't yer never go back on de perfesh, an' wot ever yer does, don't yer never work," with which parting injunction, "Punk" Morgan straightened his crushed and broken body on his straw pallet, and peacefully went to join the silent brotherhood.

There was little sentimental regret for his quondam companion and chief in Blinky's mind. He missed him, but it was in a practical way. His nature was a singularly dependent and retiring one. While "Punk" Morgan lived he had been content to look to him for commands and suggestions; and backed by him he was equal to all vicissitudes into which their vagrant life forced them. "Punk" Morgan was a model tramp. His record was clean. He had never done a stroke of work at any period of his long and honoured career. The members of the brotherhood regarded him with respect and veneration, and they looked to Blinky to follow closely in the footsteps of so illustrious an example. But Blinky, with much inward sorrow, had discovered himself lacking in the elements which go to make up a successful member of the profession. He could not regard work with the same abhorrence as his companions. Of course, when food and lodging were free for the asking, there was no need of it, but when hunger and fatigue pressed heavily upon him, why should the non-performance of a few chores stand between him and a warm supper and bed? In some subtle manner Blinky's failing and weakness became known to his companions, and they began to look upon him with distrust. To a party of *confrères* who, gathered around a roaring camp-fire, were busily engaged in picking the bones of the best chickens from the neighboring hen-roosts, "Bug" Maglone delivered his opinion of Blinky. "De trouble wid Blinky," declared "Bug," emphasizing his remarks with the drum-stick off which he had just been dining—"De trouble wid Blinky is, he ain't got no nerve. He won't never make no tramp. See *him* fakin' pies out'n de pantry winder, while de cook runs for de hot-water kettle? He'd rayther starve, by a durn sight! He couldn't bluff de ol' woman inter givin' 'im a feed 'cause de ol' gent ain't home; she'd grab de broom an' say 'git!' an' durn me ef he *wouldn't* git!"

It was thus that Blinky's unpopularity with the "perfesh" began, and it culminated a few weeks later when he was discovered chopping wood in an old lady's back-yard. Since then, in spite of all consciencious endeavour on his part to efface the memory of that one fell deed, Blinky's reputation was lost. He was scarcely recognized by the respectable members of the profession, much less admitted to their councils.

"We don't want no California fellers wid us," declared "Bug" Maglone, as Blinky once endeavored to join one of their expeditions. In California, it was said, tramps worked during the fruit season. For this California tramps were despised and shut out from the brotherhood. No greater insult could be leveled at a member of the "perfesh" than to call him "California." But even this last humiliation was not lacking to Blinky. Among his associates he became known as "California Blinky" henceforth.

That was one reason why Blinky determined to go West. "I aint goin' to get run out there 'cause I worked once't. These here fellers is too moral fer me" he thought bitterly. "I can't perambulate the same track with them."

A few days later, as a Western-bound 'reight train left the yards, in a ragged, dirty figure which swung aboard we may recognize our disreputable friend Blinky. Six more of the brotherhood joined him on the way, and ten days later found them encamped near the roadside on the outskirts of a Western mining town.

From this rendezvous detachments were sent out to forage the surrounding country. One night Blinky walked slowly back to camp, anything but laden with the spoils of successful conquest. A scrawny, bedraggled rooster, which he held head downward in one hand, at long intervals gave voice to a querulous squawk, as if complaining that reverence for age had not induced Blinky to let him end his last days in peace.

Familiar as he was by this time with the experiences and details of tramp life, Blinky was unprepared for the scene which met his eyes upon his entrance into camp. By the bright glow of the fire he discovered a senseless, prostrate figure surrounded by his companions, who were busily engaged in rifling the pockets of their victim. He had evidently been attacked as he passed them on the road, and they had brought him here to plunder him. A deep gash in his forehead showed that he had not surrendered till a gentle tap from a coupling-pin, which one of the tramps had appropriated from the freight train as a souvenir of his Western journey, had effectually silenced all remonstrances on his part.

Blinky's face paled, and his eyes flashed angrily as he viewed the scene.

It was then that he ventured to remonstrate for the first time since he had joined the gang.

"You fellers is gettin' mighty partic'lar," he cried. "Can't yer make an honest livin' 'thout gettin' the coppers onter us? Speakin' particular, I hain't got no fancy for gettin' hauled up myself." "Why, I calls this 'ere luck!" exclaimed one member of the gang, imbibing deeply from the prisoner's flask. "We aint goin' to let such chances slip," declared "English," so called on account of his birthplace. "A bird in the 'and is wuth two hostriches in a hoasis, an' don't you fergit hit." After relieving their prisoner of his valuables the next question was, what to do with him.

"If we lets 'im go now," declared "English," "de whole town 'll be onter us afore mornin'; an' as fer me, I hain't got no particular fancy fer seein' my remains hornamentin' a telegraph pole in the himmediate vicinity." "English" evidently had a reverent appreciation of the summary character of Western justice. The rest of the gang agreed with him thoroughly. They decided to bind the prisoner and leave him in the bushes while they shook the dust of the community from off their feet. But the gang had not counted on Blinky's defection. He remained gloomily silent during the conference, his mind full of horror at the deed of his companions. In a few hours after binding their victim securely and concealing him in the bushes the gang broke camp and commenced their flight. There was a resolve in Blinky's mind, as he plodded down the dark road in company with the rest. He was confident that the man left behind would die. No one would ever find him. He would go back and release him, even if he hung in consequence.

When the early morning sunlight touched the snowy mountain peaks, two men were slowly entering the town from the direction of the deserted camp; one, pale and faint, his head bandaged with a ragged handkerchief, leaned heavily against the other's stalwart form. As they reached the first cluster of houses they halted. There seemed to be an earnest discussion; the wounded man was trying to persuade the other to do something. At last he yielded. The wounded man took his companion's arm again, and they soon disappeared amid the crowds of workingmen hurrying to their tasks. Far to the east a ragged band of tramps were eating their scanty breakfast by the side of a mountain rill. Blinky was missing.

A few years later "Bug" Maglone happened to be pursuing his avocation in the streets of a large Western city. In the course of the day he approached a well-dressed young fellow and in his most pathetic tone begged a quarter "to get a square meal. I hain't et a bite fer three days," he pleaded, truthfulness in his eyes and honesty in his every feature.

"If you haven't your name 's not 'Bug' Maglone. He never went hungry three hours when I knew him," replied the stranger in a voice which gave Bug such a start that, as he afterward declared, "he pretty nigh went up the flume." "Here 's a dollar for you, Bug, in memory of old times," said the stranger, hurrying off. Bug stood looking after him. "Durn me if that wasn't California Blinky," he murmured, in a half-dazed way. "I said he wouldn't never make no tramp, and he didn't."

C. Waldo Cherry.

CALVINISM A POLITICAL FORCE.

JUNIOR FIRST PRIZE ORATION.

IT IS NOT our purpose to defend a theological tenet, nor do we aim at establishing a religious dogma. But in the history of the past three hundred years we think that we recognize a political force of no mean importance, and one that has had a marked influence upon the civilization of two continents. This factor is Calvinism, which, notwithstanding many a caricature, has painted upon the canvas of the centuries pictures of the most heroic sacrifice and unselfish daring. It has written its story in like characters with Patriotism, Friendship, Courage, and Love—characters of fire, unquenchable as the sun, indelible as the adamantine hills. The spirit that dominated the Calvinist was the spirit of civilization, and did not find its first expression at Geneva in the sixteenth century. At its dictate an ancient race of slaves revolted from the Pharaohs and pitched their tents in the Arabian desert. Under its command the Persian Puritans of the ancient world laid proud Babylon in the dust, and overthrew the palm groves on the sacred Nile. By this spirit's power the Persian princes bowed the knee to Grecian valour, and the Greeks, in turn, fall before the superior might of the City on Seven Hills. But, when Roman atheism ran rampant, and incarnate cruelty sat upon the throne of the Cæsars, at the bidding of this relentless master twelve Galilean fishermen went forth to win the world, with no shibboleth but "Faith," and no standard but a cross. The evolution continued, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century Roman Christianity had cast its spell over the world, and held under its superstitious sway both king and people. But a great awakening was near. Up in the North an obscure professor nailed some new propositions upon a church-door, and his hammer blows roused Germany; but the commotion which Luther raised was as an April shower compared with the terrific thunder-storm that swept up from the South. A more radical, democratic, popular measure was needed in that dark hour, and, behold, a greater than Luther was at hand. In that ancient city at the foot of the Alpine peaks, a little, keen-eyed Frenchman synthesized the wild forces of that rebellious century into a system strong as death, centralizing it around the idea that these forces were the expression of eternal and immutable laws, having their source in the absolute Being, and their vindication in the nature of man.

Calvinism was an emphatic protest against that vandalism which dared to tamper with the most sacred of human rights—that of individual judgment, which thrust its barbaric hand into the council chamber of the soul and violated the solemn covenant between man and his Maker. Lutheranism denied the divine right of priests, but transferred the power to temporal princes, and Henry VIII was its logical outcome. Calvinism denied the divine right of both priest and prince, and sent

Charles the First to the block for his tyranny. While Lutheranism was monarchical in its tendency and welcome in the palace of the prince, Calvinism was republican and had no abiding place but the hearts of the poor. Holding the individual in the grip of its iron hand, it reached out across the fixed gulf that separates the finite from the infinite, and seizing the records writ in the courts of Heaven, brought them face to face with that soul and bade him read there in the Book of Life his destiny—"Thou art thine own. Bow not to any man, for thou art little lower than the angels, and owest allegiance only to thy Maker. Thy mind is free, unfettered is thy conscience. Think thine own thoughts; speak thine own convictions, and fight even unto death for this right, for it is thine all, and eternity can give thee naught greater. Know thyself divine. Be persuaded that from before the world was, and while yet there was neither cardinal nor king, throne nor dominion, nor power, thou hast been decreed to a nobility nobler than that of earth, as heaven is higher than hell. Read here thy right to a kingdom without bounds, and shall have no end. This is thy title to a throne high and lifted up, and to a crown of wondrous worth that fadeth not away." *A priori* such a system was calculated to work revolutions in the world, and it did. Having set Geneva free, it laid hold upon France, and through the chivalry of Coligny and the white-plumed knight of Navarre, it fixed the principles of civil and religious liberty in the hearts of the Huguenots, and established an anti-monarchical party, which was quelled only by the temporary devastation of that country.

Further north Luther had taught the Netherlanders the lesson of religious freedom, but no determined resistance did they make till Calvinism hastened thither in the majesty of its strength and planted in their bosoms the conviction of their lawful right to civil liberty. Having clothed them with an armour of light impervious to the darkest devices of the cruel inquisition, and sustained them through eighty long years of warfare against the flower of European soldiery, it swept the accursed tyrant from their midst and freed this heroic people from the thraldom of the Spanish yoke. Then girding itself once more, it crossed the water to England. That great world rebellion called the Reformation was marshalling it forces on British soil, and Roman Christianity, backed by Stuart tyranny, was making a last determined stand. But a greater than the Roman or the Stuart was there, and forth from the people it came. The Puritan influence made its appearance in the reign of Elizabeth, and being held in check by her temporizing measures, at length burst its barriers with irresistible force. Like a mountain stream that trickles noiselessly from some riven rock, and, gathering strength from many a source, rushes on unbound; wild in the delight of its new found freedom, it leaps from crag to crag and from valley to valley, and, winding adown into the plain, hushes its clamour, and, winning power by every advance, sweeps on in quiet majesty to the sea. So it was with Puritanism. Having its source in the hearts of the people, recruiting its strength from France, Geneva, Switzerland and Holland, it burst forth with almost savage might, swept up around the English throne, surging higher and higher, till it hurled Charles I and James II from their seats of absolutism, and settled once for all the question of constitutional government. Having removed the two great obstacles that hindered the human mind in its triumphant march toward liberty—the tyranny of the church and the despotism of the king—it laid the foundations of those permanent institutions which have made England almost a republic, and then sank into a quiet stream in the reign of the princely Orange.

But another task awaited Calvinism, and gathering into its bosom all that was best in the civilization of England, Holland and France, in triune strength it crossed the western waters to seek a new home and found a great nation. In its utter loneliness in kingly Europe a democratic people looked far out across the sea and pronounced its benediction upon this land. "To thee, O land of the golden sunset, we lift our longing eye. Liberty, that sacred boon for which we have fought and died, we hand o'er to thee. By the pain of many a strife, by the anguish of many a death, by the memory of a noble past, by the hope of a dawning future, come weal or woe, guard thou this trust, we pray."

We need not here relate the genesis of this land. Let it suffice to recall the fact that Calvinism had a large share in the laying of its foundations, and the formation of its distinctive institutions. The march of civilization has been toward the setting sun, and Calvinism has been in the vanguard. Ever since our forefathers left the table-lands of Asia and entered continental Europe, the world has been one great caravan crying "Westward, ho!" That cry no more is heard, and at this very hour humanity is surging up against our western barriers and republican principles are being put to the test. In this tempest-swept and vacillating age, for the sake of a glorious past, and in the uncertainty of a perilous present, hold fast to the faith,—bound, as it were, by hooks of steel to the principles that have made us a nation! Calvinism stands at the bar of nineteenth century thought, and on its behalf we make no sectarian plea. But in view of its work as a formative principle in the making of three great nations, and of the incontestible evidence which history affords of its liberty-giving power and its mission as a harbinger of freedom, we say let the modern mind look well to its judgment. If Calvinism antagonize the spirit of this humanitarian age, then on to the issue! No quarter does it ask, and none will it give. It believes that it is established on immutable principles. It declares itself to be the expression of unchanging laws. It points with pride to its record in the past, and with unfaltering eye looks out upon the future.

If that modern spirit which opposes Calvinism be Truth, then the victory belongs to it. But if the spirit of Calvinism, which has made modern history a veritable epic, be Truth, then the triumph is its right—

> "And right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

Alexander McGaffin.

QUAND ON EST BIEN A VINGT ANS.

BALLADE.

WHEN you and I together strolled
  Across the field that summer day;
The random word—the tale half told—
  The jest that passed the hours away;
  The infinite world that round us lay
Made life one glorious poem then;
  I wonder now, should we feel that way,
If you and I were young again.

Dear Jack, when you and I are old,
  Should age the hearts of friends betray,
Or leave its traces manifold
  Of the isolation and decay
  That comes with advancing years, they say,
And the cynical distrust of men,—
  No such sad penalty we'd pay
If you and I were young again.

To-night the wind blows shrill and cold,
  And on the hearth, by the flickering ray
The cricket is chirping, as if to scold
  The fleeting hours, and bid them stay.
  The tolling clock, the firelight's play,
The ominous rattling of the pane—
  The howling wind—what harm were they,
If you and I were young again?

ENVOI.

Thy genial memory, Jack, doth lay,
  These phantoms of the heart. My pen
Would not in these rude verses stray
  If you and I were young again.

M'Cready Sykes.

THE GRADUATE'S STORY.

IT WAS a nasty night outside; the cold wind was stripping the branches of their few remaining leaves and dropping them noislessly on the soggy ground. The only sound was the patter of the rain as it beat down upon the crumbling brick sidewalks or now and then the toot of a fog-horn from some steamer creeping slowly along the distant canal.

But Beardly and Hegeman, instead of taking refuge in their rooms over on the campus, were tipping back in their chairs about a "Grill Room" table. The cosy place, with its warm tinted walls, was filled with the usual Saturday evening crowd and the air was blue with the smoke which always begins to get a little dense by ten o'clock.

"Hello!" said Beardly, after there had been a pause in their conversation concerning the Varsity's creditable score against some minor college, "See that black-mustached chap just coming in? That's Keltham, '88; he's the man I bought my room from."

The person referred to was standing alone in the doorway, and to a man who was at college way back in the eighties the scene was doubtless a novel one, for in those days there was no "Hotel Waldorf," and the cheerful room before him, with its tasty etchings and handsome furniture, was scarcely suggestive of a certain "College Dome" or other places of equal fame.

Any undergraduate would have at once taken him for an alumnus of several years' standing, for while there was about him decidedly the look of a college man, yet something, not exactly a seediness, suggested that he had been out in the world and that everything was not as easy as it had seemed back in those good old college days. Personally he was a tall man with rather a grave face, but his eyes lighted as he saw Beardly, and he said in a deep, hearty tone, "Glad to see you; how is everything?" And then, perhaps with a feeling of remorse as he thought of the four hundred dollars which Beardly had paid for that room in West, sold under the good "old rules," he added, "What will you have?"

"It seems good to see anyone I know," said Keltham, laying aside his dripping mackintosh and drawing up to the table, and he spoke a little sadly, for he was a man well known and popular in his class, so tradition had it. "The first year or two when I used to run down from the law school there were lots of our fellows around, taking P. G.'s, or holding fellowships, or over in the Sem., but this year I don't believe that there's a man." He was evidently in a loquacious mood, and the undergraduates, to whom an alumnus is always more or less of a curiosity, sat back in their chairs and lighted their pipes, waiting for him to continue.

"I am coming around to see the old room again, Beardly," he went on, setting down his glass. "I may be plagued sentimental, but I love that place. And I tell you that room has a history, too, if it could all be written, but it never will. You can write pretty nearly a chapter. I could write one—well, I might write part of another; that's all.

"I could write part of the very first chapter," he said as the others looked up inquiringly. "Is that old fireplace with the initials there still?"

"Yes; I wouldn't have that go." "Well, you've noticed on one side a column of initials, not burnt in with a poker, like most of 'em, but carved? I could tell you about those, but I am afraid it will take too long."

"No, no," said Hegeman and Beardly, and several others of their class drew up their chairs and urged him to continue.

"Well, said Keltham, lighting the cigarette which someone gave him, "it was my last day in college. Commencement afternoon, and my folks had all gone away, and all the under-classmen. Only we Seniors stayed for our class supper. Now, as I say, I always was sentimental about that room, and, somehow or other, I couldn't bear to begin to take things off the wall and start to pack up. So I fooled around for pretty near an hour, I guess, and I don't mind saying it, I was just about crying. So I stood there looking at one thing and another until at last I stood before that empty grate, and there I saw those initials all over the fireplace. Well, I got to wondering for I guess the thousandth time who they all were. I wondered, too, Beardly, what sort of a fellow you were going to be, and then I said half out loud, 'I wonder who the first man was who ever lived here.'

"But I hadn't more than spoken the words when there was a knock. Now, I hadn't heard anyone coming up the stairs, but I opened the door, and there stood an old man of seventy, I should think. But he didn't begin the old gag, 'It's the old room,' or do anything sensational. In fact, he didn't do anything; he just stood there, and I believe he'd been standing there sometime. He had his head down, and I didn't get a good look at him at first, but when he raised it I remembered I had seen him before. At Class Day he was way back in the crowd, and the day before, when we marched over to University to the alumni dinner, this old chap was watching us very intently from the crosswalk by the Dean's. And that morning at Commencement I saw him in the rear of the gallery by the band.

"And somehow or other I couldn't get rid of the notion that the old fellow was sort of sneaking around, and the hang-dog way he stood on my mat there made me believe it all the more. But he was a fine-looking old man, and this crouching way of his didn't seem exactly natural. He was a great big man, broad-shouldered, and a finer face and a finer head of silk white hair I never saw. The old man was well dressed, too; he had a silk hat and a gold-headed cane and good black clothes. But he looked troubled and as if he were somewhere he didn't belong; and, I suppose, being so fine looking and so well dressed, he only looked it the more. So he stood there a half a minute or more, and then I said, 'Won't you come in, sir?'

"He bowed but didn't say anything and then walked in to the middle of the room. He looked all around, slowly at first and then more eagerly, and, mind you, all the time he never spoke. He went to the bed-room door as if he wanted to find something on the panels, but they are pretty new, I guess.

Then he went to the window-sills and finally he got around to the mantlepiece.

"And when he saw that column of initials he sank down in my big leather chair, and sat looking at them with his face between his hands. I felt a little uncomfortable, as though I ought not to watch him; and I was pretty blue myself, so I slipped into the bed-room and let the old man have free swing in the other room. But after awhile I thought perhaps I ought to go in and talk to him, but, do you know, the old man was sitting there still, with the tears just running down his cheeks.

"I blubbered out something to him, but at the sound of my voice he controlled himself and said, 'I was the first man who ever roomed here.' Now, I wasn't in a mood to criticise any one for being sentimental, and if I did at first think the old man was childish, I did no longer when I heard the firm, quiet way with which he spoke. 'Every trace of me was gone, and I thought I had made a mistake until I saw those initials.'

"He turned and looked me fully in the face and then, glancing around the room, saw my diploma lying on the table. And if he was quiet a second before, he was only the more excited now, for he clutched it so violently that I thought it was a goner. 'You're a graduate, you're a graduate!' he exclaimed wildly.

"Then he unrolled the sheepskin and went over to the window and read it through. That was more than I had done, for it was in Latin. His hands shook and his face was very pale, but he was himself again as he returned it to the table and said, 'Mr. Keltham, I envy you, I never was.'

"He sat down in the chair again, and it was some time before either of us spoke. Then he said, 'You wonder at all this, and I will tell you all. As I said, I was the first man who ever roomed here, at least Job Peters and I roomed here together—poor Pete!' and we both looked at a 'J. P.' cut deeply in the wood.

"'But I won't tell you all about Pete, nor about the four years we spent in here. We loved the old college in those days—I do yet,' and his voice became unsteady. 'We both passed our last examinations and that night there were eight of us together in this room. And I remember we all carved our initials together,' and again we looked at the letters in the wood.

"'Well, young men always were young men. Things had been going on pretty badly back in those days, and when the faculty discovered anything they treated the guilty parties very severely. Why, our crowd almost burnt down Old North one time! But that night—I don't think any of us ever remembered quite what happened—I won't try to tell you—but we did such things, such things as the authorities never heard of; yes, here in this very room—in this very room!' The old man had been talking with deeper and deeper emotion, and for a time he actually couldn't go on.

"At last he said: 'Next morning we were called before the President. The others got off lightly. Tom and I—it was in our room—we were expelled.' Again there was a pause. 'That was forty years ago. Tom is dead, all of the rest are gone. I went West, and for years I never heard of Old Nassau. But I loved the old college, and many a time I wanted to come back, but I never did.'

"'A few days ago I saw that our Class, dear old '48, was to have its fortieth re-union. I thought perhaps it was all forgotten and I came two thousand miles just for this. But it was something awful!' and he rose and began to pace the floor. 'My classmates, God bless them, treated me as though it never happened—but they were only a few. No one else knew me, how could I tell anyone who I was? What am I? I have no class, I have no college! Oh, the old disgrace! I saw you young men beat Yale last Saturday; I could cheer, but *my* college didn't win. Class Day, that was all for you graduates. The alumni dinner, I couldn't go to that. And then this morning, Commencement—you all received your diplomas, I never had one!' and again he clutched mine fiercely in his hands.

"'And then I wanted to see the old room,' he said, almost choked with sobs, 'but this—this is worst of all—I cannot stay here—I shall go away and come back— never, never.'"

* * * * *

The pipes were all out and the glasses empty. For a few minutes no one spoke. Then Beardly asked, "And did you see him again?"

"Not then," said Kaltham lighting a cigar and talking between the puffs. "The old man took up his hat and cane—was out before I could stop him. Looked for him after a while—must have gone from town right away. Next June I was down to our first reunion, that was your Freshman year. I was waiting around the First Church on Wednesday for a fellow inside. He came out a little early and we sat down together on the steps.

"'Queer thing in there just now,' he said, 'an old chap who was fired way back in the forties was given his dip.' And he told me who it was, Senator ——

"And just then the doors opened and the crowd poured out. And there, no longer shrinking out of sight, nor acting as though he were ashamed, was the old man who was in my room the year before. And I saw what had made the difference,—in his hand he carried a diploma, he was a graduate at last."

Edward James Patterson.

CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB.

A PASSING SPIRIT.

One night my harp sang strangely, sadly sweet—
  In low, soft, mournful cadence thrilled and thrilled;
With all a heart's dull sorrowing replete
  It throbbed, and then its moaning song was stilled.

That night my dear love died—ah! who can say?
  Might she not come in ghostly wanderings?
Mayhap her grieving spirit passed that way,
  And breathed its loving sorrow o'er the strings.

Arthur W. Leonard.

IN HARD TIMES.

The long, regular rows of park benches in quaint old Stuyvesant Square were fast filling up with workmen who came there to enjoy their midday meal, in a place more inviting than the stuffy factories near by. Seated comfortably upon the benches in the shade of spreading elms, they were complacently smoking their pipes, lazily reading newspapers or quietly watching the children at play in the Square.

Apart from the rest in a far corner, a young man was sitting; he had the listless and dreary air of utter hopelessness about him. A labouring man like the others, he looked strong and able bodied—and yet evidently he was out of work. He had not come, as the rest, soon after the stroke of twelve, but for many a long hour he had been sitting there in that obscure corner. More than once he had found himself gazing intently, even wonderingly, at the old Quaker meeting-house on the corner. It looked so cool and comfortable, set back from the noisy street with its big shade trees and velvety plots of grass—so picturesque and yet so out of place amid the busy scenes of the great city.

Yes, he was out of work. Yet there was nothing strange in that. He knew that the relentless pressure of hard times had crushed many an honest labourer beside himself. He knew there was not the ghost of a chance of his finding another place. The experience of the last few weeks had taught him that. Oh the long, dreary hours he had spent tramping up and down those burning pavements in hopeless search for work!

And thus weary and discouraged he had entered the peaceful square, and the gentle repose and beauty of the old Quaker meeting-house across the way seemed to exert a soothing influence over him, and its graceful old elms to bend their heads in sympathy for his distress.

Suddenly the deep-voiced chimes high up in the old church belfry tolled out the single stroke of one. Then from all over the great city the babel of whistles and bells announced the close of the noon hour. The man in the park gave a start as he heard the bell strike, for it was not long ago that he too had returned to work at that time. Now there was no work for him to return to; and as he saw the groups of workmen leaving the square, a feeling of anger arose in his breast that he should be thus left behind.

A newsboy with a thin, wan face, in every line of which hunger's traces showed, passed through the square shouting his extra in a voice so harsh, so rasping as to have lost all semblance to the silvery tones of childhood. Fiercely he thrust his paper at the man on the bench, who bought it more out of compassion for the half-starved lad than that he cared to read. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, "at last," he exclaimed joyfully, gazing at the paper, "the factory starts to-morrow. I shall have work again!" and he started towards the entrance of the square, with a happier look and firmer step than he had possessed for many a day.

Suddenly he caught sight of the newsboy on his knees beside the little fountain in the square. He was devouring some bread crumbs which the sparrows had left, and was stuffing the few remaining morsels into his mouth in a sort of frenzy. He did not notice the man looking at him, until he touched him on the shoulder. "My boy, you are hungry! You are starving! Come with me; come, I tell you!" At first the boy looked up angrily, but as the man spoke, his face brightened and he arose to his feet with a bound. Out of the square they went together. Down a side street they hurried, the boy running to keep up with his companion. They entered at a baker's.

Laying the last of his frugal savings on the counter, he cried, "Give this boy bread, he is starving," and, as he watched the famished child greedily devouring the food before him, he murmured gratefully, "I might have been so. Yes, I was very near it, but now I have work." And as he went out the baker heard him murmur softly to himself, "Work, yes, work at last, at last."

Andrew C. Imbrie.

THE INFLUENCE OF HARCOURT.

The club were all agreed that something was the matter with Charlie De Lange. Harmon thought he must be down on his luck. He had met him coming from the races on Thursday, and his face wore an expression which the astute Harmon had interpreted as an effect of injudicious plunging on the "three-year-old." On the other hand Rivers wasn't so sure about its being racing. He had an idea it was indigestion. He had warned Charlie some time ago that an unlimited indulgence in midnight suppers, strange and divers mixed drinks would eventually play the deuce with him.

Harcourt, as usual, was very reserved, sitting with his armchair tilted back at a convenient angle for mental repose, with the blissful accompaniment of a Havana; he was meditatively wondering whether there were more freckles on the right or left side of Rivers' classic countenance. It was like Harcourt not to tell all he knew, and yet he always seemed to know a great deal, as, for instance, when little Gerald Van Crysler, whose desire for heralding the news amounted to a passion, rushed into the room one day and exclaimed excitedly, "Jack

Wrightington's gone and done it. Heard it direct. Friend of the family, you know. Who do you think he's engaged to?" Harcourt had looked up from his paper with a quiet smile, and replied, "I suppose you mean Miss Trent. They've been engaged a month or so; going to be married next winter." The discovery that Harcourt generally had information before him sometimes made little Gerald Van Crysler furious. "If he knew all about it before," he expostulated on one occasion, "why the deuce didn't he come out with it, and not take the words out of another fellow's mouth at the very last minute. It's a mean trick. What's the use of being such a confounded clam? I'm sure I don't act that way." "No, Gerald, my boy," Rivers responded gravely, "there's nothing clam-like about you. You were built more on the jelly-fish plan—five hundred mouths and every one a sucker." Gerald looked savagely at Rivers, but it was no use talking back to him; he was too obtuse to know when he was insulted, unless you punched his head, and somehow Gerald didn't care about trying that method.

But Harcourt certainly was a very reserved and secretive individual. He never said anything about himself or any one else. There was an old rumour current in society about his once being engaged to a beautiful girl, who eloped at the last moment with a rival. But as Harcourt had never either contradicted or denied the story it had gradually died out. If it was true, certainly, from that day forth he had never opened his heart to any one. Charlie De Lange was in love. If Gerald Van Crysler could have known that fact he would have solved the problem which had troubled the club for several days in about as many seconds. But Van Crysler did not know it. Nobody knew it but Charlie himself and Marian Lindsay, with whom it was an old story.

That day of the races, when he had seen Captain Stanton, of the —th cavalry, driving home with her, had been a bitter one for him. His face had turned very pale as she bowed to him from her high seat on the drag, beside the captain. De Lange lashed his own horses viciously, and the frightened animals broke away at imminent risk of colliding with the trap beside him. De Lange managed to evade it, and, as he whirled past, he saw Harcourt on the seat regarding him intently with his deep, expressive eyes.

At Mrs. Van Ingen's reception everyone was discussing the probability of the future engagement of Miss Lindsay and Captain Stanton. "I thought for a time it was Charlie De Lange," said Mrs. Van Ingen, "but it seems the proverbial charm of brass buttons and brave deeds holds good even in these latter days of the enlightened nineteenth century. Poor Charlie! I wonder if he is cut up about it," and the good-hearted matron sighed as she glanced across the room toward a certain tall, muscular figure. The blonde head was bent over a pretty *debutante.* He was listening with a polite air of weariness while she endeavoured to interest him in the glowing account of some terrible prank concocted and carried out under the classic roof of Madame d'Arvigny's finishing school.

"Captain Stanton, may I see you a few moments in the smoking-room?" Captain Stanton looked up, surprised, and discovered Harcourt standing before him. Laying down Miss Lindsay's fan, which he was carrying as a badge of honour, the captain followed Harcourt from the brilliant reception hall to the quiet seclusion of the smoking-room. "What can I do for you, Harcourt?" said the captain blithely, as he accepted the proffered cigar. "I am only anxious to refresh my memory a little, Stanton, and I think you can help me." The captain paused in the act of lighting his cigar and looked into the calm, inscrutable countenance of Harcourt. "About ten years ago," the latter continued, "in this city there were two rivals for the hand of a young girl. Of course, the favoured one incurred the enmity of the unfortunate rival. The latter, by systematic and cunning falsehood, undermined the girl's faith in her lover, asserting that he sought only her fortune, and would render her life miserable. For some strange reason she believed him, and transferred her affections to him. How basely he had deceived her and how meanly he repaid her love she soon discovered. They were married secretly and fled to the West, where he squandered her fortune and broke her heart. She came home to die, and the discarded lover stood by her death-bed a year from the time she had pledged her troth to him."

Harcourt paused in his recital.

The captain's ruddy face had grown pale. His whole figure was limp and nerveless.

"Captain Stanton," Harcourt continued, "you are well acquainted with that man. He is here to-day and suing for the hand of a young and innocent girl, who looks upon him as the embodiment of manly virtue. I wish you to tell him, from me, Captain Stanton, that unless he leaves town inside of a week his story shall be known throughout society, and at the end of that week he will have to fight me, or, as an alternative, have me horsewhip him out of the place." After which speech Harcourt rose and left the room.

The captain sat for a moment dazed and limp in his armchair. When he finally rose, it was not as the same person who had sat down there a half-hour ago. The jaunty, debonair captain was no more. In his place was a man with a face haggard and white, who crept like a whipped cur to the dressing-room, donned his hat and coat and was gone.

Charlie DeLange went to the club very seldom now. "He used to be a jolly good fellow," declared Gerald Van Crysler one day, "but he isn't up to anything now. When he does come down, he sits and smokes and drinks cocktails till it makes your head swim. Went up and slapped him on the back the other night and said, 'Cheer up, Billy, old boy, hopes ahead,' and he jumped up as fierce as a tiger, and looked at me as if he was going to knock my head off."

That night DeLange had a visitor. He was somewhat surprised when his man announced Harcourt. It was late, and Harcourt rarely went calling. Harcourt took a cigar and sat himself down in DeLange's easy chair, while the latter disposed his five feet eleven inches against the mantel-piece, and stood looking down at him.

There were dark rings under DeLange's eyes. His whole appearance showed the havoc of sleepless nights and dissipation.

Harcourt looked at him a moment and said gently, "You've been going it pretty hard lately, Charlie." "Perhaps I have," replied DeLange sullenly. "Great Scott! Harcourt, can't a fellow do as he pleases without everybody's noticing and commenting upon it? I can't go down to the club without that little snipe Van Crysler looking at me as if I was a striped hyena, and that billious cad Rivers shaking his head and muttering, 'Lobster salad.'"

Harcourt waited a moment for De Lange's excitement to subside, and then said quietly:

"De Lange, I want to tell you a story. There was once a young fellow who started out in life by falling dead in love with a girl. He was a man whom any girl might be proud to have for a lover. But this girl had an ideal. Her lover must be brave, noble, have distinguished himself in the service of his country. This young fellow had broken his collar-bone, in a great foot-ball game, but had kept on playing, and after making the only touch-down of the game, and winning it for his college, had fallen in a dead faint across the goal line. But the girl didn't think there was anything heroic about that. Foot-ball was a brutal game, and ought to be played only by prize-fighters. Gentlemen should keep out of it. So when an army captain came along, who had been in several Indian fights on the western border, and whom nobody knew anything about, she thought she had found her ideal, and the young fellow, who loved her better than anything else in the world, gave up the struggle, and shutting himself up from his friends, went to eating his heart out alone. But before long the girl discovered something about this brave captain which she ought to have known long before, and she began to see that true nobility is not always heralded by outward actions; and her heart once having a chance to assert itself, she found that she loved the man who had left her discouraged." Harcourt was silent. De Lange was leaning his elbow on the mantlepiece, his head was buried in his arm. In the silence the little French clock ticked loudly. "De Lange," said Harcourt, softly, after a moment's silence, "are you going to let her love in vain?" De Lange turned around suddenly. There was a moisture in his eyes which he did not strive to conceal, as he held out his hand. Harcourt grasped it, and for a moment the two stood silently looking into each others eyes. "God bless you, Harcourt!" said DeLange at last, as Harcourt went out.

Gerald Van Crysler's face was a study as he rushed into the club one day about a month later, where Brooks, Harcourt, Rivers and the rest were sitting, the picture of bachelor comfort. "Bring me a cocktail, quick, waiter," he exclaimed, as he sank exhausted into a chair. "'Pon honour, the most astounding news I ever heard," he declared after he had recovered himself. "Charlie De Lange engaged! Saw them out riding to-day, and to Miss Lindsay too, and every one thought it was the captain. "The captain's gone west to fight Indians again," added Harcourt quietly. Van Crysler looked at him disgustedly. "And I suppose you knew all about it a month ahead," he exclaimed, sarcastically. "Well, yes, replied Harcourt. You see, I'm going to be best man."

—*C. Waldo Cherry.*

MR. WILLOUGHBY.

Mr. Willoughby descended the stairs to his comfortable breakfast-room, picked up his morning newspaper and sat his comfortable personage down in his comfortably padded chair. "Foot-ball, foot-ball," he muttered; "it is nothing but foot-ball from one end of the sheet to the other!" And he laid aside the paper and took up the letters which the butler had just brought.

"What—what's this?" said the old gentleman, holding to the light a letter whose characters did not bear the impress of a very elderly hand—one of seventeen or eighteen perhaps. "What's this, what's this—Harry won't be home to our Thanksgiving dinner; foot-ball, foot-ball again. They didn't play foot-ball when I was a boy."

Now there were several things which Mr. Willoughby regarded as inviolable—one was his after-dinner nap, another was the sanctity of blood relationship, extending even to such characters as old Aunt Thankful and her husband Epinnetus. And thirdly and above all was the occasion peculiar to the genius of our American institutions when, on a day proclaimed by the chief executive, are collected into one concrete woodpile all the various branches of the family tree.

"See here, my dear; see this," he said, holding out the letter as his wife entered the room. "Harry writes that he is going right up from college on Thanksgiving morning to a foot-ball game and won't be with us until evening."

Now Mrs. Willoughby regarded the Thansgiving dinner in a somewhat different light from her husband. It was she who was required to superintend the preparation of the sacred feast, it was she on whom fell most heavily the task of keeping the different warring elements of the family from an open conflict and preserving at least an armed neutrality. But nevertheless, she said a little sadly, "You would think that Harry would be glad to get home again, you would think he would want to see us the first instant that he could leave his books."

"His books—much he cares about his books," muttered the irate parent; "not a word about his books—it's all about football, every word of it. What's this he says? 'Ten of us have hired a coach; look out for us on the avenue as we go up town.' The extravagance of the young man! I will write to him to cancel his arrangements at once."

"But Henry," remonstrated his wife, "just think, he has promised his other boys; you won't have him back out now. That wouldn't be fair towards the others."

"Fair towards the others, fiddlesticks! He can pay the bill then—or I will pay it, and he shall come home here to dinner at one o'clock, and he shan't bore us all about foot-ball either!" and the old gentleman drew up to the table and began to carve the steak.

Nothing was said for some moments. Then his wife took up the letter and read, "We are going to win surely this year, and

I *must* go and cheer on the boys." Now, Henry, perhaps it is his duty to go. And I don't blame him—our dinners *are* stupid for a young man like Harry. Now don't go telling him that he can't go, *will* you, dear?"

"Pshaw, pshaw," muttered her husband between mouthfuls of hot muffin.

"And you like sport yourself; you go to *base*-ball games and to yacht races and horse shows."

"But foot-ball, foot-ball, it's an awful game!"

"But Harry doesn't play, and do you know, everybody goes nowadays. Why, at Mrs. Irving's tea last night everyone was talking about this game next Thursday. Now dear, Harry must go."

"Not with my consent," said Mr. Willoughby, and he too had heard a great deal of the subject. Last evening at the club the game of whist had actually been broken up by a discussion of the merits of the two college teams.

Thanksgiving Day broke clear and crisp; exactly the day for the foot-ball enthusiast.

"Did you tell Harry he couldn't go?" asked Mrs. Willoughby a little nervously.

"No."

"I don't suppose we will see him before evening then?"

"No."

It was always the custom with Mr. Willoughby to attend church Thanksgiving morning. His feast of cranberry and turkey would have been truly unsanctified without this preparation. And moreover, his appetite was additionally whetted by his walk in the sharp November air. His wife always staid at home to receive the various relations, and Mr. Willoughby would return, prayer-book in hand, a little before dinner was announced. And so this morning, as in other years, he turned the corner of his own street and started down Fifth Avenue at a brisk pace, for the church which the Willoughbys had attended for years was far down in the neighborhood of Madison Square.

As the old gentlemen walked along, several times his eye was attracted by bows of ribbon in the windows of many of the brown-stone houses. Some were of a certain shade of dark blue, others were a combination of black and very promiscuous shades of orange. He paid no attention to the phenomenon at first, but presently he began to observe numerous passersby wearing similar colours; sometimes ribbon rosettes, more often bunches of violets or chrysanthemums. And as he neared the neighborhood of the great hotels, many were the well-dressed young men, enthusiastic and excited as they discussed the chances of the college whose colours they bore.

"Hello, Willoughby, hello!" said a voice, and a gentleman reined-in a span of horses, stopping his barouche close by Mr. Willoughby's side. It was Contrell Blatchford, and on the back seat, smoking their cigars, were two other gentlemen, both of whom, like Willoughby, had reached life's period of silver-grey. It was this quartette which had spent many a pleasant evening at whist. Hearty greetings were exchanged, and Blatchford called from the box—"See my new span of blacks? Come, take a spin with us!"

"I cannot do it," said Willoughby, solemnly.

"He's going down to pray for the continuation of his creature comforts," said old Goudle, whom, rumour had it, never went to church at all.

"To church—down to Dr. Mullet's? The rector has closed his church this Thanksgiving," said Blucher.

"Closed his church!" exclaimed Willoughby.

"Yes; put up his shutters. All his congregation go to the foot-ball game, and the dominie is going to join them up on Manhattan Field," said Goudle.

"Easy there, Goudle. Don't you tell him or he won't believe it," said Blatchford. "But it's a fact, Willoughby. Mullet got tired of preaching to empty pews, and will hold no service to-day." The look on Willoughby's face was indescribable.

"Come with us to the—"

"Come, take a ride with us," interrupted Blatchford, slyly tipping a wink to his companions. And from that time on nothing was said on the subject of foot-ball.

And when, after some further arguments and—must we say it—proofs, of Dr. Mullet's defection, Mr. Willoughby climbed to the vacant seat on the box, the wily Blatchford turned his horses in the opposite direction from Manhattan Field.

"What are you driving down town for?" said Willoughby, after he had stood the jolting over the rough pavements for about a block. "Why don't you go up to the Park, or out Riverside, or some place where the roads are smooth?"

"As you say, Willoughby," said Blatchford, with an inward chuckle. "We'll go up Madison to the Park, if that suits you better, and then you can see for yourself that Dr. Mullet's church is closed." And Blucher neatly covered this unguarded suggestion of foot-ball by the offer of another cigar.

With jokes and chaff, in which even old men indulge now and then on a holiday, the morning sped rapidly. But suddenly Willoughby pulled out his watch and exclaimed, "What's this—what's this, Blatchford? Five minutes to one! Where are we? Turn around—where are you going to?" And a faint suspicion crossed his mind, for between some tall buildings there appeared the distant vision of a grandstand and flag-staffs from which floated the colours of the rival colleges.

"If you ask me where we are," said Blatchford, gravely, "I would advise you to consult that lamp-post. Notice on one side it says 'Boulevard,' and on the other '145th St.' That is where we are. Now where are we going? To the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game. Goudle, hold on to Willoughby's coat-tails," and Blatchford himself lashed his horses into a run.

"Here there! Here there!" exclaimed Willoughby angrily. This is a mean trick! Turn around, Blatchford; take me home; let me out!"

"Not for love of you, my dear old boy," said Blatchford, resisting Willoughby's attempt to seize the reins. "Foot-ball 's a glorious game, my boy; a glorious game."

"But I have dinner at one," said Willoughby wildly. "All my relations are at my house now. If you won't drive back—if you want to go to that game—let me out. I'll take the elevated down."

"Simply impossible," said Blatchford; "you can't get home now; the roads are all blocked with the crowd. It would take you an hour. Why didn't you tell us that you had a Thanksgiving dinner this noon?"

"A lot of good it would have done," said Willoughby, with a groan; "but I tell you, Blatchford, confound your old blacks—stop 'em; think of the folks waiting for me!"

"Waiting for you! Don't deceive yourself. Your old Uncle Ep has carved the turkey by this time and is eating away with one of your best knives in his mouth," said Goudle. "Imagine going in to dinner at your own house an hour late. What could you tell them?"

"Yes, tell old Aunt Thankful, or Thanksgiving, or whatever her name is, that you forgot all about her, and took a ride," said Blucher. "After they have all gone, you can give your wife some good excuse for staying away all day—sudden business, a sick friend, you know. I'll warrant she has invented at least a dozen for you already. Now don't go in at just the wrong time and upset them all. Come, Yale 's sure to win!"

"Princeton, you mean," said Blatchford.

"Let Willoughby cheer for his boy's college," said Goudle. "Come on, old man, wake up and hear the birds sing; don't look so sad; we've got a whole hamper of turkey-sandwiches under the seat here, and this vestryman, Blucher, wouldn't join the expedition until Blatchford put in a dozen bottles of fiz."

By this time the barouche was on Ninth avenue, close by the grounds. Willoughby made one more effort to leave the party, but was finally persuaded to remain. It would certainly be more pleasant to return after all his relatives had departed, and besides, the cries, the cheers, the toots of the horns which sounded from within the field, somehow or other filled him with a wild desire to witness the great match.

Now this little narrative is truthful in every particular, but it does not at all intend to describe the details of that terrific game. Mr. Willoughby, perhaps, did not understand it scientifically, but he knew when Princeton lost and when Princeton made ground, and if his son's college gained, a certain silk hat left its owner's head and took short flights in the cold November air. But alas! when the game was ended, it was not Mr. Willoughby who rode out triumphantly with his tile upon the top of a cane. It was the old Yale graduate, Blucher.

All the way down town Mr. Willoughby wondered where his son had been during the game; in fact, he was a little anxious upon the subject. "But pshaw, the chances are he didn't see me," and he tried to content himself with this hypothesis. Nevertheless, he was anxious to reach home before his son, and, if possible, to see Harry before the latter should see Mrs. Willoughby. The house seemed very quiet as he entered, and to his joy he saw that his son's hat and coat were not upon the hat-stand. Lying there, however, was a penciled note, which read as follows:

"DEAR HENRY:

"Aunt Thankful, as she came from the depot, saw you going up town in a carriage with some other gentlemen. One of them on the back seat, she says, had a blue flag. We all suppose that you have gone to the game. Cousin Martha wouldn't have me stay here alone, so I have gone over to her house to tea.

"Lovingly, "MARY.

"P. S.—I let all the servants go out, so you had better come over to her house to tea, too."

Mr. Willoughby decided that he wouldn't take supper at his cousin Martha's. If Harry came home in time, he should go and bring his mother home. And at that moment the bell rang and Mr. Willoughby admitted his son. Hearty greetings were exchanged, but it seemed as though the father regarded him with a little suspicion.

"Where's mother?" asked Harry.

"Out to tea."

"Tea; I wish I had some this minute," said Harry.

"A boy who stays away from his Thanksgiving dinner may well wish for his supper," said Mr. Willoughby grimly. "The servants have all gone out, and so has the fire."

"Well, I'm thankful that *our* crowd had something beside sandwiches for lunch," said Harry.

Mr. Willoughby looked a little uneasy. "Who won the game?" he asked.

"Yale. We saw every bit of it from the top of the coach. I don't suppose people down low in a barouche could tell who won."

"Harry," said Mr. Willoughby in a low tone, "let's go over to the Windsor and get a Thanksgiving dinner, and let us be thankful that Yale only scored twelve points." And after they had finished a substantial meal Willoughby the elder added, "Now we'll go around and bring your mother home, and we'll tell her that she needn't have any more big Thanksgiving dinners. Next year we'll all go on a coach to the game together. And more than that, next year Princeton is going to win. I know it."

E. J. Patterson.

A SNOW FLAKE.

UPON my window-sill, a snowflake sank to rest,
An angel messenger it seemed, no earth-born guest.
I watched it for a moment, lo! it quickly fled,
A pearly dew-drop only, glittered in its stead,
But a last faint rosy light from the glow of the dying sun,
From the dew-drop's heart flashed forth, 'ere winter's day was done.

A soul from the far-off mystic world was borne to life,
Not long it lingered mid these scenes with conflict rife;
But a life which sin had doomed to tread the darksome way,
Led back to all the fullness of the clear and perfect day,
Left a memory ne'er forgot.

C. W. C.

EDITORIAL.

WE take pleasure in thanking Profs. Scott and Perry for their kindness in acting as judges in the LIT. essay contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. George Stewart McCague, of the Senior Class.

We are more than pleased with the work that has been done in this contest, but it is surprising that the Junior Class, which can evidently hold its own in the way of essays, should give such meagre results in short stories and poetry. We cannot believe that this unfortunate state of things is necessary, and have therefore decided to offer a further inducement in the shape of an additional prize of ten dollars, to be awarded in the December number. This prize will be given for the best story submitted before December 1st.

At a recent meeting of the board it was decided to reduce the number of editors to four, but a final opportunity will be afforded in this contest to bring out the best work of the Junior Class. All contributions will be judged on their merits, irrespective of the award of the prize. This prize is open to the whole college.

The addition of this prize necessitates a change in the arrangement of the other prizes. The prize for underclassmen, previously announced for the March number, will be given in January. This prize, of ten dollars, will be given to that member of the Freshman or Sophomore class who shall submit the best sketch before January 10th, 1894.

The usual regulations apply to these competitions, viz., all articles submitted for prizes must be signed by a *nom de plume* and accompanied by an envelope containing both the *nom de plume* and the writer's real name.

GOOD-BYE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WE congratulate the team upon their splendid work at Manheim. On the outcome of that game depended, in a large measure, the future of pure college athletics, and Princeton's victory meant a great deal more than the ordinary vanquishing of a rival team.

Foot-ball has, so far, happily remained free of the taint of professionalism. The one feature that makes these contests of such interest to the public is that they are carried on by students, with no other motive than a pride in upholding the honour of their college and interest in the game for its own sake. The players have been men attending college for the sake of the intellectual culture and other advantages which college training is supposed to give, and if to this rule there have been unfortunate exceptions they were few and far between. The importance of maintaining this position has been so distinctly realized that first year specials are almost universally debarred from intercollegiate contests, it being thought not unreasonable that, to dispel any doubt as to a man's actual position as a student, he should either pass an adequate entrance examination or evince sufficient interest in his college work by remaining in college a year. Again, since foot-ball has become so important an element in college life, there is danger of men's leaving their own college and going to another for no other purpose than to play on the team, a practice which, if universal, would strike at the very heart of pure athletics. It was, therefore, agreed by the leading colleges that a man who had identified himself with one college should not afterwards play on the team of another, but as this rule might manifestly work injustice, it was afterwards so modified that such a student might play after studying one year at his new college. To require this much evidence of a *bona fide* change was eminently fair and equitable, but as one of the colleges had already made up her team on another basis, as that college had beaten us last year and as the season was far advanced, we waived the rule in their case and agreed to play against a team made up in flagrant disregard of its provisions.

As the entrance requirements of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania (we quote from its catalogue, p. 214) consist merely of an " essay of about three hundred words, as a test in orthography and grammar," and " an examination in elementary physics," it will be seen that we conceded a great deal in allowing their medical school to play at all, but they insisted that the medical department was an integral part of the college, and, as such, entitled to take part in college athletics. Now we find, on a further examination of the catalogue, that out of eight hundred and forty-seven students in the medical department, *only one hundred and forty-six, or seventeen per cent., are college graduates at all!* Clearly, then, it is a very unusual thing for the U. P. medical students to have come from another college, and a three-hundred-word essay, supplemented by an examination in elementary physics and eight weeks' work on a 'Varsity team, is a very inadequate test of a *bona fide* student. None of our men are allowed to play on such easy terms, nor do they desire to do so.

In refusing to abide by this eminently reasonable rule, Pennsylvania has placed herself without the pale of amateur athletics, though we are at a loss to understand why, if her present players are *bona fide* students, and expect to stay at the University through the year, Pennsylvania should be injured by the application of the rule next year. We desire light on this point.

There are also one or two other features in connection with this very unique foot-ball team. The fact that two of their men were ruled off during the game, the interesting sight of a player jumping upon the back of his prostrate opponent, the peculiar performance of some substitutes along the side lines in striking an opposing player with their fists, all these were rather novel spectacles in a game supposed to be the peculiar possession of gentlemen. They are probably no more than straws, but they show fairly well which way the wind blows, and may explain why it is that such a wide-spread feeling exists that a certain institution had better remain permanently out in the cold.

In short, the "All-America team" has not made a very creditable showing this year. They will never again be allowed to make up a team in the remarkable manner employed this year, and when they conform to the playing rules of the Association they must inevitably sink to the second rank. Even with their composite team they could make no showing against Princeton's legitimate eleven, and it is a cause of infinite congratulation to honest amateur athletics that they could not. As we write these words the news comes of Yale's victory, no less decisive than ours. And so this modern Jack Cade passes from the circle into which he has forced his way; we hope the lesson has been well learned, and that Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania will never meet again on the foot-ball field.

THE COLLEGE.

IT HAS been remarked more than once this fall that these are the times that try men's souls, and the statement is fearfully true. We are making history very fast just now, and whether we wish it or not, we who are now in college have it in our power to give a right or a wrong direction to the current of college life for several years to come. For one thing, the future of the Thansgiving game is in our hands. We are glad to find that our suggestion last month as to the necessity of prompt action by the students was so quickly taken up and approved and we are sure that everyone realizes the imperative need of a strict observance of our resolutions next Thanksgiving day.

If some stranger had observed the seething, tumultuous condition of the college last month, drifting hither and thither in apparently lawless confusion, swayed by every passing breath, and the subject of a thousand conflicting rumours and vague reports, it would have seemed the refinement of chaos, obeying no law and without a single unifying principle; but if our observer had been gifted with a finer psychical insight, he might have seen in all this, not a scene of unmeaning confusion, but the working off of some long-standing evil humours in the body politic and a general clarification of the system. This process culminated on a certain Thursday evening, and the next morning the patient awoke, realized that he had been the victim of a long fever, and found himself cured.

Whether the faculty has misunderstood the position of the students we do not know; certain it is that the students have misunderstood the faculty, and now that the scales have dropped from their eyes they are quick to acknowledge their mistake. We think that the hearty and spontaneous sympathy which the student body, especially the upper classmen, now has with the faculty, is the most encouraging sign of the past five years, and it may be well that this feverish unrest should have worked itself clear, if only to hasten this desirable, and, as we believe, permanent result.

We confess that in an editorial last month we unwittingly did the faculty an injustice. We stated that we thought it unfortunate that the faculty should adopt such sweeping regulations in regard to hazing as to render the moral co-operation of the students impossible. We believed at that time that the faculty not only proposed to put a stop to brutal hazing, for which all the students rejoiced, but also to abolish the comparatively harmless custom of guying the freshmen; in short, to do away with the old distinction between the freshmen and the three other classes. This seemed to us very unfortunate, as by placing the bad and the indifferent in the same category it would have been impossible to arouse much sentiment against the bad.

We are now glad to acknowledge that on this point we were mistaken, and that so far as we have any reason to judge, and speaking, of course, unofficially, the faculty has no intention of putting a stop to guying, etc., and that it recognizes the distinction which the students make between freshman and not-freshman. The faculty do not themselves approve of the distinction, they think it a childish one and a relic of barbarism which ought to be put away, but for its abolition they are willing to rely on the voluntary action of the students themselves.

In fact, after a discussion of the subject with several members of the faculty, we confess that our own views on this point have been considerably modified. It seems to us that there is much force in the suggestion, that we have outgrown the time when such treatment should be afforded the incoming class, and that there is a tremendous waste of energy in the friction between Sophomore and Freshmen. There is much to be said on both sides, and we will have occasion to speak on this subject later on. It is enough for the present that a mistake of long standing has been cleared away, even if the purification has been so as by fire.

We believe there is no college in the country in which there is more harmony between the students and the faculty than in Princeton College.

GOSSIP.

> "Oh! this is the day that we go to the city."
> —*Old Song.*
>
> "The murmuring of doves in immemorial elms."
> —*Tennyson.*

SPEAKING of doves, even the far-reaching poet's ear could never have heard their murmur in our elms this afternoon. Outside the grated windows of the secluded LIT. sanctum there's a game of campus foot-ball going on—de Princetons are swipin' de Yaleses. And, amid alumni cheers, and the peaceful sound of the broken glass, as it slowly trickles through the balconies of Old Reunion, the Gossip is vainly striving to prepare his department. Smash! There goes another window, another pane broken, and—but you all know what it is—at least, any of you good pollers who live in Reunion. However, what's the use of grumbling? All of us can't play foot-ball on the 'Varsity grounds, and we've all got to try to win somehow, even though it's only by kicking a ball between the college offices and the sidewalk. College Spirit? Why, our campus kickers have beaten Yale hundreds of times this fall, and our players on the 'Varsity grounds will do it, too—so here's to them!

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here, and again, for better or for worse, we'll all depart for the city. How proud we feel as we stroll up Fifth Avenue, walking

"Along
The Bois de Boulogne
With an independent air,"

with huge chrysanthemums in our button holes, trying in vain to hide a complacent smile as the passing pretty girl whispers to her companion: "A college man!" Surely its our day! We are the pride of the town, and we feel it. The windows are all decked in our colours, and the small boys stare up in wonder and nudge each other: "Some ob de Princetons. Dey'll be in de scrap. Tey trows each oder in canals!"

Those of us who are lucky clamber up on coaches and roll cheering up the avenue, past the long lines of good people who are going to church, and who stare good-naturedly at us. Then we go by the park and under the elevated. There is the wait for the gates to open and then for the teams to come out. Oh, how chilly the air is in those long feverish moments! How huge and gray the smoke beclouded crowds look, and, amid the dull roar, the white bands of the gridiron shine—out cold and careless of the coming battle. The blue-legged giants edge their way to the field, and then, our boys! and we are shouting ourselves to pieces.

Somewhere in Vanity Fair Thackeray tells of the terrible strain and nervous sufferings and excitement of those who stayed at home in Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo. To those poor, hapless creatures who had the misfortune of remaining in rainy Princeton on the afternoon of the recent game at Manheim, the Gossip heartily recommends that chapter. It is bad enough at any time to sit still and watch a close and exciting game, but oh the horrors of staying at home! However well you may have planned and mapped out your afternoon plans are sure to go to the winds. Try to sit down quietly and read, and before you know it muddy and striped legs are running across the page. Get up and look out through the window, and you are soon thinking how hard it must be raining at Manheim. You stare at the clock; perhaps it's a quarter to two. "Yes, the teams are just coming out." You calculate when they began to play, and when the first half was over. You wonder what the score is, and who it was that made the touch-downs, and how the boys must be cheering. Then, just by way of experiment, for one short moment you suppose to yourself: "What if the long runs were not in the right direction, or if the ball twisted and sailed over the wrong posts?" Horrors! In a minute you bolt from your chair, snatch up your hat and coat, and are rushing like a mad man through the rain and the wet.

You wander over the campus and through the gloomy entries. How lonely they are! and yet, after all, those bare walls and battered banisters are rare old company. Somehow, when they're all empty, you feel as if you could get closer to them, as if you had no rivals in their hearts. You do, indeed, become a part of them, and they in turn belong to you the more. Then you think how short a time it will be before you'll leave them, and how they'll be disgraced if that score should be wrong. Again you rush out in the wet. In front of the *Princetonian* office are three small town muckers and a janitor and a lone student, all bedraggled and all dripping with the rain, but there on the bulletin-board —"Four to Nothing."

These beautiful days of November, with their clear, cold nights, are hard days for the LIT. editor. They are the days when the voice of the subscriber should be heard in the land, the days when the grave and reverend Seniors of the Board have to creep around in the dark, striving to avoid the galling humiliation of being stopped for Freshies by the energetic Sophomores, and when, knocking at the doors for hidden Freshman wealth, they are politely refused admission by the all-cherishing landladies, or, perhaps, if they are positively sure that they really are Seniors, they are allowed to enter the parlour and light up the gas, whilst the ever watchful Cerbera collects her charges. One evening the Gossip finished his rounds at our new inn. He was tired and weary. Literature and æsthethics did not seem to be booming in Canal street. Heavy-hearted, he slowly climbed the steps. Light and warmth shone out through the doors and windows. With an eager stride he made a dart for the entrance. There on the great broad door-sill, surrounded by the massive white porticos, lying all alone in the cold and the darkness, was a small, poor, belated little copy of the October LIT. The Gossip turned and hastened home in the night. It was the most pathetic and heart-rending sight he had ever seen.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"If you would learn to write 'tis in the street you must learn it."

—*Emerson.*

THE *Table* has spent many an enjoyable spare hour lately, in making a study of the works of that popular American author, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and consequently feels moved to talk a little about him this month. By the way, since Mr. Davis was over there in England, having a good time and writing it up for our benefit, some of our big dailies have been spending a little of their fun on him. One of them speaks of him as that "smooth-faced, good-looking young man with the big shoulders and more dignity than he can stand under," and another hints quite decidedly at his conceit, while *Life* has a bit of fun at his expense, too.

Mr. Davis is most decidedly one of those who have learned to write "in the streets," as Emerson put it. No matter which of his works you happen to be reading, you are continually impressed with the fact that the author knows what he is talking about or, that as his western friends would put it, "he's been there." And then he is so thoroughly American, too. His characters, his style, his point of view are all delightfully American. No Anglo-mania for *him*, in spite of the good time he has been having on the other side of the pond, and which he describes for us in his article on "London in the Season," in *Harper's* for November, in which he says, "Our English cousin * * * explains the fact that we know more about his country and its laws and great men than he does about ours, as a perfectly natural tribute to its superiority, just as the Western man is expected to know who is Governor of New York State, while the inhabitant of New York is excused if he does not recollect who may be Governor of Idaho or Nebraska. This is not the proper view at all. The American knows more about England than Englishmen know about America, because he is interested in the world at large, and not only in the county or borough in which he exists. He would feel ashamed if he did not know. The Englishman is not ashamed. * * * The Englishman takes nothing to America but himself. The American takes to England and the rest of Europe the accumulated learning of his life-time, a quick interest, which is *not* curiosity, and a foreknowledge of the traditions and present daily life of what he sees." Is not this a well-put statement of facts which we, as Americans, have often felt to be true?

Every reader of Dickens remembers his characters by their faces or for some physical peculiarity of each. But Mr. Davis' characters, most of them, are very, very modern people, not particularly individual as to features, etc., but quite such persons as make up the crowds on Fifth avenue, say near Madison Square. (Van Bibber, Eleanore Cuyler, Hefty Burke, Gallegher and the rest, they'll all pass you in a few minutes there, on any pleasant day.) The strong point about Mr. Davis' people is that they are so very lifelike, so very natural, and show themselves so thoroughly in what they say. As in "real life," their conversation tells what they are, and does it perfectly.

Description is not Mr. Davis' strongest point, but he is master of just enough of the art to be able to furnish most fitting settings for his scenes. Listen to this bit from "His Bad Angel," describing Thorold's room: "It was a darkly-furnished room, lit by candles under red shades, and strewn with furs and heavy rugs. It was part of the ideal apartments of a young Englishman, from whom Thorold rented it while the owner was off yachting, and it was filled with relics of his former voyages and the tribute of bazars and bric-à-brac shops. There were great divans heaped with cushions, and huge leather chairs, and arms, and rows of miniatures, and blue and white saucers, and cabinets of ivory from India, filled with old silver and pretty trifles from Paris shops; and the smart dinner-gowns of the women as they moved from cabinet to picture, exclaiming over the treasures of the room, gave to it just the life and colour it most needed." There is daintiness and good taste for you. Here is a picture of Mrs. Inness from the same story that tells us a good deal about her: "In the center of the room Mrs. Inness sat, or rather reclined, on the broad arm of one of the big leather chairs, leaning back, with one bare arm thrown behind her head, and with the other holding a glass which she rested lightly on her knee. Her attitude showed her figure and almost every line of her body, from the point of her slippered toe, with which she tapped the floor, to the top of her well-poised head. It was a graceful, indolent, and obviously meditated pose, which Thorold observed with cynical approval." Vivid as a fine oil-colour, isn't it? In his "The West from a Car Window," which every one who has been west of Kansas City must acknowledge to be a most true and most interesting book, there are one or two scenes described with the accuracy of Frederic Remington's water-colours of the same country: "The prairie * * * stretched on every side to the horizon, level and desolate, and rising and falling in the heat. Beneath was a red, sandy soil covered with cactus and bunches of gray, leafless brush, marked with the white skeletons of cattle, and overhead a sun at white heat, and heavily-moving buzzards wheeling in circles or balancing themselves with outstretched wings between the hot sky above and the hot, red soil below." Well done as all these descriptions are, they are merely second thoughts, serving the purpose of setting off Mr. Davis' characters and their conversations, and doing their part finely, too.

Another thing that attracted the *Table* to Mr. Davis was his familiarity with college men and college life, both here and in England. I suppose most of the readers of the LIT. have read his "Undergraduate Life at

Oxford," in *Harper's* for October. It is a description of an university life that almost rivals our life here at Princeton, with its good-fellowship, its athletics and its fun. The *Table* used to think of English university life as a dull existence, something like the idea that the mention of Heidelberg and Leipzic brings up in the mind of the average American collegian, about six lectures a day and no foot-ball, you know. But now the *Table* is almost persuaded to go over to Oxford and try a "P. G.," it's not very hard, so Mr. Davis says, and one's good times are unlimited. Then in "The West from a Car Window" Mr. Davis says, in speaking of watching cowboys roping running horses, "There is something in a contest of this sort that has appealed to something in all human beings who have blood in their veins, from the days when one gladiator followed another with a casting-net and a trident around the arena down to the present, when 'Peter' Poe drops on one knee and tries to throw Hefflefinger over his shoulder." Again he says, "The brakeman on a freight and passenger train in Southern Texas was a lower-class man whom I remembered at Lehigh University as an expert fencer; the conductor on the same train was from the same college town; the part owner of a ranch, whom I supposed I had left looking over the papers in the club, told me he had not been in New York for a year, and that his partner was "Jerry" Black, who, as I trust no one has forgotten, was one of Princeton's half-backs." Does any one wonder that Mr. Davis' books are popular with college men?

Just another word about Mr. Davis before we turn to the magazines of the month. Sidney Lanier wrote: "The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose." Now, Mr. Lanier certainly would approve of Mr. Davis, on the ground of this criticism, for a great deal of the strength of his stories lies in the moral principle they point out to us. It is done in no artificial or Pharisaical way, but there does exist in his writings a distinct tendency to make the reader better and stronger for having read them. Especially is this so in such stories as "The Other Woman" and "His Bad Angel," in both of which it is this element that gives them their greatest charm.

MAGAZINES.

In the *Yale Lit.* we note the De Forest Prize Oration on Joseph Ernest Renan, by Winthrop E. Dwight. It is a just estimate of Renan's strength and weakness, and in places is very eloquent. A short story by Lindsay Denison, "The Soft Answer," shows decided skill in description.

The *Amherst Lit.* is especially good this month, with a careful study of "The Rape of the Lock," by H. A. Jump; "An Old Landmark," by C. A. Andrews, a description of the Wayside Inn of Sudbery; and a good story of college life, "A Morning with Clouds," by C. T. Burnett. The Sketch Book, the contributors' department, is very readable, with a sketch of a scene on the Oil Exchange, by D. W. Morrow, and another, "Capt. Jack," by Thornton Jenkins. This last is a picture of an old sailor, to whom "long communion with old ocean has made the salt spray, the sea birds calling in their wild flight, and the ceaseless turmoil of the waters, almost a necessary part of his being."

In the *Wellesley Magazine*, "Reflections," by Katharine Lee Bates, is a very pretty article on "the outdoor beauties of Wellesley life, as reflected in the after-life of a Wellesley student," and Mary Bingham Hill's essay on "Shakespeare's Treatment and Use of the Elements in Nature," is very interesting, showing both extensive and careful study of Shakespeare's works and a keen appreciation of the picturesque. One of the very best poems we have seen in any college magazine for months is "Attic Glimpses," by Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91. It must be said, though, that the *Wellesley Magazine* contains too many contributions from the alumnæ and too few from the undergraduate body to make it a representative college organ.

The *Williams Lit.* has a Centennial Number this month, and begins it with a photogravure frontispiece of scenery near Williamstown, and Washington Gladden, of the Class of '60, writes on "Looking Backward," a recollection of his days. S. G. W. Benjamin has an interesting article, "Random Opinions and Reminiscences of an Alumnus," while Charles L. Hubbard writes on "Early Williams Journalism," and O. O. Partridge on "Later Williams Journalism." With Hamilton W. Mabie's article on "The Student Community," and S. R. Spring's on "Williams in the Eighteenth Century," this number of the *Williams Lit.* is one of the best specimens of college magazines that have come to our table in a long time.

POETRY.

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

A softening radiance bathes the earth to-night,
  'Neath whose transforming touch stream, crag and glade
  Melt in dream-pictures dim. Each arbored shade
Beneath old Storm King's darkly frowning height
Becomes a goblin grot, where lurks a sprite
  On mischief bent, but wary and afraid
  Lest, by some moonbeam's tell-tale glance betrayed,
All his dark elf-pranks lie unveiled ln light.
On the hushed river's gently heaving breast
  The silvery moonlight, pure and lovely, sleeps,
While somewhere toward the mountain's wooded crest
  A night-hawk sails on poised wing, and keeps
His lonely vigil. Now, by night winds caressed,
  A sweet, far strain of music hither creeps.

—*Yale Lit.*

Common-sense, I hate thee,
  Always crowding in,
Pricking fair dream-bubbles
  With thy hard, sharp pin,
Saying, "Yes; they're brilliant,
  But see, how thin and soft!"
Come, check that fatal tendency
  To let them sail aloft.

—*Smith College Monthly.*

BOOK TALK.

> My friends, in the happier days of the muse
> We were luckily free from such things as reviews.
> —*A Fable for Critics.*

"Novel writing is a business," says Marion Crawford. And Mr. Crawford is certainly an energetic business man, for the rapidity with which his novels are produced almost equals the wonderful speed with which it is said Sir Walter Scott used to write. And this rapidity only strengthens us in a notion which we gain from other sources, that this writing is being done by a machine, a very highly organized and perfected machine it is true, but a machine nevertheless. Not that we would call his novels artificial or unnatural any more than photographs taken with a fine lens are apt to be false to the reality. Mr. Crawford's machine has a remarkable lens, and he focuses it on some very interesting subjects. More than this, he develops the views taken in an admirable way, and in the end mounts them, thoroughly burnished, on very attractive cardboard.

But while his novels are always interesting and often exciting, we feel, as we read, the need of something, which, for the want of a better name, we may call the ideal element; for his scenes and characters really are little more than photographs. There is the lack of that mysterious but, at the same time, evident quality which a true artist puts into his painting.

The scene of his latest novel, "Marion Darche,"* is laid in New York. He has taken us to Italy, to India and other parts of the world, and now we are prepared to enjoy again his clever pictures of society in the metropolis, for, to use once more our figure of the photographer, he has snapped his Kodak on a very interesting little group of people. It is the old story of misplaced affection—the fair girl marries the wrong man, and when he has been disposed of (in this case by his own agency) the author sets matters straight by having her marry the presumably right one. There is also the little side play of Dolly Maylands and Russell Vanburgh, and their conversation is very entertaining and clever.

People like to read that which they have themselves experienced or seen, just as there is a pleasure in looking at the picture of a familiar object. In her descriptions of home life Helen Dawes Brown shows herself an accurate observer and she retouches with just enough of the ideal element, of which we spoke a moment ago, to keep her stories from the over-realism which the *Editor's Table* attacked so valiantly last month.

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*"Marion Darche." By F. Marion Crawford. (New York: MacMillan & Co.)

It is only by a proper combination of the real and ideal that we may ever attain the perfection of literary art, and in "The Petrie Estate" * she has very nearly struck the true proportion. For in this volume she certainly draws some very human characters with the necessary idealization of art. And her forte lies in character depiction and in its unfolding and development. Charlotte Coresdale is a most womanly woman of the "new type," and as for Grace Hathaway—who has not been fascinated, for a time at least, by just such a girl? And in these two characters we see again her striking use of contrast such as we noticed last month in her "Two College Girls." And then there is old Mrs. Bisbee and Aunt Cornelia and the hero, Richard Waring; though womanlike the authoress is most successful with her heroines.

It's a very pretty story, well written and with many a true artistic touch; and more than this, it has that elevation of thought and sentiment which is the true remedy for the materialism of the day.

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Admirers of Aldrich's short stories will not be surprised to know that "Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales," † has thus early reached its second edition. The first story in this volume revives an old theme, gives it shifting scenery and a startling surprise for a *dénouement.* We learn again from a tale of sad experience that it is not well for a youth, whose heart is dented by the charms of a maid of nineteen, to take Two Bites at a Cherry—to have her marry a railroad king, who, after some years, is agreeable enough to die—is successively depressing and re-assuring. But to meet her, accidentally, in Naples, and to find the dent not smoothed out of your own constant heart, and here on the spot at last, just outside St. Janarius, to actually propose, is, to say the least, very engaging—but, after all, to find her *second* husband waiting close by, emphasizes the lesson in a novel but unusually cruel fashion. "Goliath" is very amusing, and eloquently delineates the natural, universal and necessarily strained relations subsisting between man and dog. The completest characterization is, perhaps, seen in "My Cousin, the Colonel." Mark Twain once told of a Yankee, named Bill, who tried to sell at an exorbitant price an aged, worn out, broken-down horse. Every day he used to pass on the road his brother, a teamster, who was accustomed to ask if he had driven the bargain. For some time the reply was, "Not yet." At length the sale was effected, and $300 realized on a $20 plug. "Ye'es—sold him," replied Bill, slowly, to his brother's usual question. "Who to?" he asked, curiously. With apparent unconcern, after some moments' hesitation, Bill naively drawled out, "*Mother.*" Mr. Aldrich satirizes "My Cousin, the Colonel," in a somewhat similar fashion, and shows how the Southerner could use his relations. Incidentally, of course, "the Colonel" is a reprobate, a bankrupt, a drunkard, a liar, an advocate of the Lost Cause, the most ungrateful of ingrates, and, "to all intents and purposes, a Southerner." The story touches many points of human nature and renders, perhaps, the first and only testimony on record of a Southerner's out-Yankeeing a Yankee.

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* "The Petrie Estate." By Helen Dawes Brown. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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At no living author has so much cavil and criticism been directed as at that queer Scandanavian genius who, for the past thirteen years, has been the puzzle and irritator of reader and critic alike. The latest criticism of Ibsen has taken form in a series of parodies on five of his social dramas.* They satirize Ibsen's peculiarities of construction and style in a complete and humourous manner. Ibsen's tendency to sententious and illogical sentence-structure is admirably "shown up." The reader is often in doubt as to Ibsen's meaning. In such cases Mr. Punch's version supplies one, as for example in "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen makes Mrs. Elvsted say: "He made a kind of real person out of me." By which he meant to demonstrate that contact with original people begets individuality. But Mr. Punch destroys this meaning with one utterly absurd and laughable: "Which I wasn't before, you know," is his addition to Mrs. Elvsted's illogical utterance.

In the "Wild Duck," and "Dr. Herdel," Ibsen's peculiar symbolism and obscurity of mode is made manifest. In the parody of "Hedda Gabler," the merely eccentric and unconventional heroine has apparently become violently insane, while the absurdly simple and good-natured hero has reached a stage little removed from driveling idiocy; and dear little Mrs. Elvsted, who was one of the few characters we really could admire in Ibsen, becomes a ridiculous object as she goes around seeking for some one to "inspire." In "Rosmersholm," where Rector Kroll "takes off his gloves *meaningly*," the satirist illustrates Ibsen's tendency to build up a drama and to draw an inference from the most trivial phases, the most ordinary acts of society. No one whose intellgence has been baffled by the strange productions of Ibsen can turn to Mr. Punch's version without a feeling of amusement and relief. Ibsen has put questions to us which we are unable to answer; social problems which our generation will never solve. With the instinct of all humanity to ridicule what they cannot understand, to make light of what is unanswerable, we turn to Punch's version, and appreciate it heartily.

The critic is making this section rather a miscellaneous one, including such books as cannot go under his regular discussions of the month's fiction or poetry or other particular types of literature. In "College Tom"† we have a most delightful picture of colony life in the eighteenth century. Old Narragansett is the scene of the work, and Thomas Hazard, the son of Robert, the central figure. When we realize that the book is written by Caroline Hazard, the granddaughter of his grandson, it appears to us instinctively. Turning over the pages, a life that is far removed from ours is depicted. The quaint language, the simple, yet sturdy folk, the earnest purpose and the straightforward action, all tend to give us a better understanding of the New England pioneers, who, by their quiet heroism, dedicated this land to liberty. Their age was not strained as is ours, and it is good for us to look backward now and then to keep in touch with a society which, though it may lack much of the veneer which makes the present so dazzling, yet contains in its rugged simplicity much of the true manliness and womanliness which ours lacks. Then a man's position was decided by his own inherent worth, now it depends far too greatly on the skill of his tailor or the genius of his valet.

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* "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen." By F. Anstey. (New York and London: MacMillan & Co.)

† "College Tom." By Caroline Hazard. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

In Thomas Hazard, of Narragansett, and his contemporaries is presented a typical off-shoot of the Pilgrim Fathers. A Friend so earnest in his convictions that he almost broke with his own father, because he thought it not right to own slaves, with steadfast will he farmed his own plantation with the aid of hired help, though all his neighbors still clung to slave labour. This glimpse of ancient Rhode Island life cannot fail to charm the reader, as historically and as a sociological study it is most interesting.

Utopias were written long before the days of Sir Thomas Moore, perhaps even Platos " Republic " was not the first, and at any rate Bellamy's " Looking Backward " is not the last. For we have a book this month called " Sub Cœlum,"* which likewise pictures an ideal community. The title is supposed to suggest " a sky built human world," and does not mean, as one of our editors translated it, " everything under the sun." Yet such is almost its scope, and this would be the main general criticism of the book, that it tries to contain too much in one little volume. The author endeavors to portray a state of society literally teeming with milk and honey, where harmony and love prevail, where every man is for his neighbors as well as for himself, where dogs never bark, where small boys never whistle and children never cry, where men do the housework and cooks receive a better salary than senators, where newspaper reporters are rightly honoured and where the office-seeker is unheard of. Moreover, vice is unknown, rich and poor fare alike and verily it is all a foreshadowing of the millenium. And while in everything the book's ideals are high, there are many of them which are attainable. For it is hardly a social theory, it is only the statement of results for which all long and some pray. The main merit of this work is its suggestiveness contrasting what might be with what really exists.

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*" Sub Cœlum." By A. P. Russell. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

We usually think of a primer as a text-book for beginners, but in "The Primer of Philosophy"* the author states that the book "is not expressly designed to give instruction to beginners in philosophy, but it is, nevertheless, eminently available for that purpose." We doubt whether a beginner would find this work of value as an introduction to the study of philosophy, for it is constructive rather than expository. The author's aim is an ambitious one, viz., a reconciliation of the empirical philosophy with Kant's doctrine of *a priori* categories. The book is of interest as showing how certain philosophical and psychological conceptions run together, but the treatment is so fragmentary and unsystematic that we fear the author has hardly succeeded in his avowed purpose of "disposing for good of a number of fundamental problems, and thus after a long, unsettled period of embarrassments, in which all progress has ceased, setting the ship of philosophy afloat again." The author is evidently of a Positivistic turn of mind, and perceiving the weakness of the Positivist position, seeks refuge in the "living spontaneity of Nature," whatever in the world that is. The resulting conception has neither philosophical nor scientific validity; it is suggestive, however, and therefore valuable.

In fact, without some definite philosophy we cannot go very deep in any human inquiry, and Dr. Carns himself gives an illustration of this in his other little book on the "Religion of Science." † The religion of science, it seems, is "that religion wherein man aspires to find the truth by the most reliable and truly scientific methods."

We can not but admire the calm judicial spirit with which the author handles his subjects, for he is dealing with a topic which has made greater men than he lose their temper. He tries to avoid the emotional or rhapsodical style of argument. With the zeal of the reformer he thinks the goal in sight; but in this case, as in his other work, the value lies chiefly in its suggestiveness.

In striking contrast to the amateur character of the last two works are Max Müller's lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered in 1887 and now reprinted in book form,‡ with an interesting appendix. Max Müller is a kind of free lance in philosophy, strictly *sui generis*, and often leaping from one hobby to another, the disciple of no school and the founder of none.

We should be very loath to agree with all the views in these lectures, but the fascinating personality of the man charms us even when we most disagree with him. He has much to teach us, and his oriental and philological researches place him in the front rank of modern investigators. The publishers are to be congratulated on their reproduction of the lectures in such attractive and convenient form.

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*"A Primer of Philosophy." By Dr. Paul Carns. (The Open Court Publishing Co.)

†"The Religion of Science." By Dr. Paul Carns. (The Open Court Publishing Co.)

‡The Science of Thought. By Max Muller. (The Open Court Publishing Co.)

A book which ought to be of great interest to the undergraduate is "University Foot-Ball,"* edited by James R. Church, an ex-Princeton player and graduate. This book contains a series of essays on both the general and individual playing of foot-ball, and is especially adapted to the average undergraduate in that it is written in a manner presupposing ordinary knowledge of the game, and yet not being so technical as to be unintelligible to those not initiated in the finer points. At the same time it is of interest to the player himself, as it contains much solid advice, given by those of authority.

The book is well illustrated with the portraits of the several writers, including pictures of Irvine, Cowan, George and Poe, of Princeton, besides many instantaneous photographs illustrating different plays, most of which have been obtained from our own University grounds. Appended are the rules and constitution of the American Intercollegiate Association, and a chapter containing many valuable hints upon training. One of the peculiarities at least, if not a blemish of the little book, is the evident fact that the papers were prepared without any reference to each other. Each writer begins with the assumption that in his position is held the key to the whole game, and the naive way in which such expert declares that without doubt his respective position has been advanced more than any other in late years is certainly very amusing.

* * * * *

The critic felt on solid ground when he took the next volume from the shelf, for the critics had their say about the poetry of Sir Walter Scott years and years ago, and he has but to follow their judgments should he be disposed to write a criticism on the

"Harp of the North, that mouldering long hast hung."

But, though he could not refrain from reading here and there from the well-known pages, he realized that he was not to write a review of "The Lady of the Lake." †

He had before him a volume of "English Classics for Schools," and this edition he heartily recommends for school work, for the merits of its able introduction, its map of the Highlands, and its copious notes.

* * * * *

To their already long list of histories in the series entitled "The Story of the Nations," Putnam's Sons have just added another which is well up to the standard of the rest of the books of the set, and the volume entitled "Parthia" ‡ will take its place on the shelves of many a student who is interested in the history of this nation's rise and fall. In the opening chapter Mr. Rawlinson gives us some idea of the geographical extent of Parthia, and the changes in its boundaries caused by the love of conquest. As would be expected, the larger part of the book is simply narrative, but the author has hit upon that happy knack of historical writing which instructs without fatiguing the reader. Among the most interesting chapters in the book may be noted the chapter in which the origin of the Parthians is discussed; Chapter V, which treats of the governmental system and the laws and institutions of the people; and the latter part of Chapter XVIII, in which are described the religions and customs in vogue at the height of the nation's development.

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* "American Foot-Ball." By James R. Church. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

† "The Lady of the Lake." By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co.)

‡ "The Story of the Nations—Parthia." George Rawlinson. J. P. Putnam's Sons; New York.)

"The Mark in Europe and America"* is an important addition to the economic question of land ownership. The writer endeavours to interpret facts that are already known to historical writers in such a way as to give them a relation to practical politics and not merely to treat them from the standpoint of the antiquarian. The discussion, however, is in every sense a careful historical review of the question from the origin of the idea until the present day, and the influence of Roman and English ideas is carefully shown. The chapter on the "Mark in America" is especially interesting, and the whole book is invaluable to students of political economy.

* * * * *

It is difficult nowadays for the average man to find time for himself to become familiar with the details and events of interest in the life of such a writer as Shakespeare. In his "Life of Shakespeare" † Mr. Wilder has removed this difficulty from the way of anyone really wishing to know something about this subject, for in his book just published he has presented to us a compact mass of facts of interest in connection with the poet arranged in chronological order, so that we have only to turn to any year from 1551 to 1616 in order to find all the important events which occurred during that period. The book is not entirely original with Mr. Wilder, but is largely a collection of comments and opinions of the prominent writers on the great author. The first chapter is devoted to a short sketch of Shakespeare's family and surroundings, and gives us a very good idea of the influences which shaped the character and moulded the thought of the greatest writer in the English language.

As indicated in the title page, "Builders of American Literature" ‡ is intended as a comprehensive sketch of the lives of American authors born previous to 1825. An historical introduction covers the entire ground of the two volumes of the work, and introduces us to the author in rather a pleasant way. The list is voluminous, beginning with Jonathan Edwards and closing with Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet. The style is natural and easy and makes what otherwise might be dull and uninteresting, an entertaining as well as highly profitable bit of reading.

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*"The Mark in Europe and America." By E. A. Bryan, A. M. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

†"The Life of Shakespeare." By Daniel W. Wilder. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

‡"Builders of American Literature." First Series. (Boston: Lee & Shepherd.)

* * * * *

"The History of the Philosophy of Pedagogics"* is a treatise containing much of admirable research and classification. By means of the Past we map out the Future, and this holds good in Pedagogics perhaps much better than in many other things. Prof. Bennett does not attempt to present the entire development of the art of teaching, but only touches on its historical side, showing how great men's thoughts influenced the education of the modern world. Beginning with the age of the Reformation, he shows how Erasmus, Luther, and Melanchthon, together with others of equal merit, broke away from the narrow bounds of the Roman Church and began the warfare between the subjective and the objective, between the "life of man in God and the life of God in man, and the binding power of external authority." The influence of Jesuitism, Jansenism, Pietism, and Realistic Philosophy is in turn treated and the historical part of the book closes with mention of the work and results of Pestalozzi and Froebel. Taken as a whole this little book is very interesting and instructive, yet we do not think that Prof. Bennett has laid sufficient emphasis on the merit of many men who gave up their whole life to forward a clearer and more complete system of Pedagogics.

"The Outlines of Pedagogics"† aims to expound the theory and principles of the Herbartion school of pedagogy and to present their modern application. It is contended that every educational institution must exemplify some more or less clearly defined pedagogical system. It is not a question of system or no system, but of whether the system be clearly defined or indefinite, faulty, and hence inefficient. The utility of the work to Americans is increased by the supplement of an English Bibliography.

* * * * *

Although professing to be little more than a text-book, "Classic Myths"‡ will be found valuable in any library. The importance of classical culture to a genuine appreciation of English letters has always been recognized, especially by such as find its absence a bar to the most complete understanding of their own tongue. Classical dictionaries, strength of profound scholarship, fail often to give that complete view of mythological conceptions which cause them to live before us in all their relationships. This complete view the author has attempted to furnish by constructing a consecutive story of classic mythology, illustrating his tale by drawing upon the classic *litterateurs* themselves through the medium of the best translations and also by liberal citations from our own best poets. In addition, its various divinities are represented by cuts taken from photographs of the most famous of the Grecian works of art. The two introductory chapters, treating of myths from the scientific and historical standpoint, enable one to study the rest of the book as intelligently as modern investigation in this sphere demands. The style is worthy of the subject-matter and is never tiresome.

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*"History of Philosophy of Pedagogics." By Charles Wesley Bennett, LL.D. (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.)

†"Outlines of Pedagogics." By W. Rein, translated by C. C. and Ida J. Van Liew. (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.)

‡Classic Myths in English Literature." By C. M. Gayley. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

As usual, our number goes to press with several books upon our shelves which have come in too late to be noticed. For one thing, we are willing to promise our reader a good solid paragraph in December in the field of historical and political writings, for we have awaiting review such books as "An Old Master and Other Essays," by Prof. Woodrow Wilson (Scribner's); and "Comparative Administrative Year," by F. J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B., (Putnam's Sons, 2 Vols.); and "Practical Essays in American Government," by A. B. Hart, Ph.D., (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Collar's Shorter Eysenbach"* is an abbreviation and condensation of the longer "Eysenbach's German Grammar," which was once before revised by W. C. Collar, A.M. "The aim, the method and every essential of the larger book have been kept; * * * the larger book will help to lay foundations broad and deep. Here a lighter and shorter task is set, though one calling for diligent and serious study."

A text-book edition of "Die Erhelung Europas Gegen Napoleon I.," by Heinrich von Sybel, has now appeared, edited with notes by A. B. Nicholas. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

Also, "Brigetta," tales from Berthold Auerbach, with introduction and notes by J. Howard Gore, Ph.D. "This edition has been prepared with a conviction, founded on actual experience, that Brigetta is unparalleled for light reading or regular work for a less advanced class." (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

The latest addition to "School Classics" is "Vergil's Æneid VII," by W. C. Collar, A.M. This book of the great classic poet is being more and more read in our preparatory schools and colleges, and the publication of this school edition, with its excellent notes and introduction and its convenient vocabulary, is very timely. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

The Fleming H. Revell Company announce that they have published "The Young Preacher," by Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., a companion volume to the author's popular handbook, "How to be a Pastor." The work will undoubtedly be of great interest to students of the Seminary.

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* By William Eysenbach. Revised by W. C. Collar, A.M. Revised by Clara S. Curtis. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

We have received a book entitled "Uplifts of Heart and Will," by James H. West, who is known as the author of "The Complete Life" and "Holiday Idlesse and Other Poems." We note in the book a deep spirituality permeating both the poetry and prose and an elevation which makes the title no misnomer. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

Among other of the recent publications of Ginn & Co., of Boston, is "La Prise De La Bastille," by J. Michelet. The volume is paper-bound, but contains copious notes, and will undoubtedly prove of great value as a text-book.

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CALENDAR.

OCT. 21.—Meeting of Graduate Advisory Committee of the Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association.

OCT. 21.—Princeton, 46 ; Cornell, 0.

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OCT. 25.—Princeton, 28; Lehigh, 6.

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Nov. 4.—Wesleyan withdraws from the Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association.

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Nov. 6.—Stinnecke Scholarship awarded to C. B. Bostwick, '96.
Nov. 7.—Princeton, 8; Orange A. C., 0.

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Nov. 8.—"Lit." Essay Prize awarded to G. S McCague, '94.

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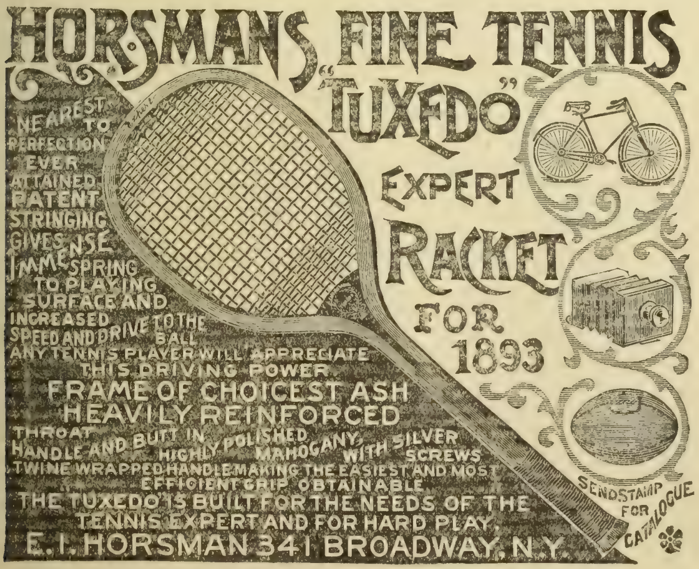

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VOL. XLIX. DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 5.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

BAIRD PRIZE POEM.

THE cry of the infinite Ocean, the voice of the infinite Sea;
The song of the mighty Spirit, in a cadence soft and free.
Steadfast, forever unchanging, the tireless tides come and go;
No sound of joy nor of sorrow, in that measureless, rhythmical flow.
The Night-Wind breathes gently, and presses a kiss on the lips of the deep;
And the stars sink drowsily downward when the Ocean calls them to sleep.

I.

The Sun is rousing a Wave to life,
And the Cloud is whispering, "Come;
Thou shalt be happy with me on high;
" Together we'll float on the laughing sky,
" And over the distant lands we'll fly,
" And we'll play with the Sunbeams, you and I,
" And the Wind shall bear thee—come."

The Wave hath leapt from his mother's breast,
For the Ocean hath whispered, "Go;
"Thy sister is bidding thee haste away;
"Together, my children, I'll watch you play;
"And the life-giving breath of the Sunbeam's ray
"Shall kindle your hearts; for behold, the day
"Hath broken; my little one, go."

The Wave hath risen, and swift upborne
By the kindly Wind he flies;
For the Cloud, his sister, hath clasped him there;
And together they float through the realms of air,
And the Sunbeam cries, "She is passing fair,"
And he lightly kisses her streaming hair,
As over the Ocean she flies.

They have crossed the sea to the teeming ground;
And she lies on the hill to rest.
But the Wave creeps forth from his sister's side;
Within the hill he hath run to hide;
Alas! poor truant, the world is wide:
Thou art lost in the hill with a guide,
For thy sister is still at rest.

II.

No sunbeam comes to cheer the gloom;
The earth is cold and dark within;
A silence most to death akin,
The solemn silence of the tomb.

Deep silence; for the dead reign there,
The happy dead reign there alone.
The flower whose root winds round the stone
Flings wide their message on the air.

A message that they needs must give
To those that cannot hear their voice;
The flowers upon their grave rejoice,
And breathe their message, "Love shall live."

Deep silence, nor doth sorrow move
Nor mar the impassive sleep of those
That lie in death's supreme repose;
Their sleep is sanctified by Love.

III.

The Wave hath fallen far beneath the ground;
  And trickling slowly, like the voice of tears,
Hath pricked his perilous passage far around,
  As in his sinuous course he perseveres.

Deep, deep he glides within the earth's recess,
  Treading a tortuous maze without a plan;
He hears, loud roaring in their mightiness,
  The powers that shape the destiny of man.

Titanic forces, in their prison pent,
  Fast bound and cramped beneath the sullen rock;
Rebellious giants, fret with discontent,
  Volcanic fires, flame and earthquake shock.

The Wave is struggling with his keepers fierce;
  His soul is yearning for his native Sea:
"Oh, might I but these rocks and caverns pierce,
  Rush swift from hence, proclaiming 'I am free!'"

IV.

From its sombre prison the Wave hath risen
  In a shower of silver foam;
Away it hath crept while its master slept,
  Far over the earth to roam;
And it yearns to be on its way to the Sea,
  For the Mother is calling it home.

Along the mountain in rill and fountain,
  In ripple and dashing spray;
Down the mountain side where the dew-drops hide,
  And the happy sunbeams play;
His lips they press in a soft caress,
  And laugh as they dance away.

The birds of the air are hovering there,
  And he hears the insects' cry,
And the hum of their wings in their wanderings,
  As they sweep through the azure sky;
And he laughs aloud as the fleecy cloud
  Goes dreamily floating by.

When the sun sinks to rest in the crimson west,
  And the glimmering moon appears,
In heaven's deep shrine the white stars shine;
  And through the night he hears
Their rhythmical race through the depths of space,
  In the music of the spheres.

When the waters meet in their journey fleet,
  They rush to a fast embrace;
Together they glide down the mountain side,
  In a headlong, furious race,
Till soft again through the slumbering plain
  The River flows on apace.

With a plaintive cry the birds sweep by;
  The pine stands gaunt and grim;
Its branches sink to the water's brink
  Till the surface grows dark and dim.
And half in fear the timourous deer
  Comes to drink at the River's brim.

Deep flowing ever, the silent River
  Hath reached the abode of men,
And they stand aghast as he rushes past
  With a power beyond their ken;
Till bolder grown, they cry " He's our own—
  " We'll fasten and bind him in.

" Obeying our will he shall turn the mill
  " And grind the stubborn corn;
" He shall bear us afloat on raft and boat,
  " Of his lawless power shorn;
" For the use of man was his life began:
  " For this was the River born."

Ere he rushes past they have bound him fast,
  And he sullenly does their will;
With a rumbling sound the wheels go round,
  As he stubbornly turns the mill;
But crashing away in an angry spray,
  He mutters and murmurs still.

And he cries to the Wind, " I am here confined
  " By crafty man's decree;
" Thou wilt not, I know, let them treat me so;
  " Come hither and set me free."
And together they tear his fetters there,
  And he rushes away to the Sea.

In his lordly ride he hath met the Tide,
  Swift sent from his ocean home;
They advance and retreat in rhythmic beat,
  And the showering wreath of foam
Falls in shining tears as the River hears
  His mother entreating, "Come."

"I have strayed," he cries, "in strange disguise;
  "I have wandered east and west;
"Be reconciled to thy wayward child;
  "Let me sleep on thy loving breast."
And the mother cries "Come, thou art welcome home;"
  And she lulls the Wave to rest.

The cry of the infinite Ocean, the voice of the infinite Sea;
The song of the mighty Spirit, in a cadence soft and free.
Steadfast, forever unchanging, the tireless tides come and go;
No sound of joy nor of sorrow, in that measureless, rhythmical flow.
The Night-Wind breathes gently, and presses a kiss on the lips of the deep,
And the stars sink drowsily downward when the Ocean calls them to sleep.

M'Cready Sykes.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

IT WAS one afternoon in January, during the Garza campaign of 1891–92, that from the head of a little cañon in the southwestern part of the State of Texas there emerged two men, who walked out upon the prairie—that sea of sand and cactus and chapparal—the white, hot sun above beating down from the whitish sky, till the dim horizon vibrated in the heat.

They were a strange sight, these two men, as they walked along in single file, the only moving things on that sandy desert. The first was partially dressed in the uniform of a United States cavalryman, with his blue shirt, his dingy blue trousers with their yellow stripe, his worn leather leggins and his ragged cartridge-belt. His head was bare and his heavy hair was tossed off from his face, exposing to the sun his burned skin, bronzed to the hat-line, made by the broad-brimmed sombrero that he usually wore. His face was that of a young man of about twenty-six, but what a face for one so young! For, now. beneath his stubby mustache his lips were set and drawn, and he breathed long and deep through wide-open nostrils, and in his brown eyes there was a look of sadness and almost of despair, that belied the erect carriage of his body and the brave, thrown-back position of his head. His gait was peculiar, for his hands were tightly tied behind his back and his feet were fastened with a short chain.

Behind him there slouched along a burly ruffian, an olive-skinned, sun-burnt, unshaven Mexican, with the narrow eyes and the thin lips and nostrils that tell of a passionate, cruelty-loving nature. His nether limbs were clothed in the most ragged of garments, and his coat was a dingy, blue blouse that had evidently formed part of his prisoner's uniform. Winchester in hand, he lounged along, now casting a keen glance at the man in front, now sweeping the level, red desert of sand and cactus for any sign of life upon its surface.

Suddenly a half-smothered exclamation broke from the evil lips of the Mexican as he caught sight of a faint, smoke-like cloud on the horizon, growing larger and nearer, and he reached out with his Winchester and struck his prisoner with it sharply, and then forced him to step aside and stand behind a tall clump of the gray, thorny cactus. As the cloud grew it was seen to mark the progress of a long line of cavalry, trotting through the dusty chaparral. Seeing that they would pass about a mile and a half to the southward, the Mexican quite coolly seated himself on the sand, in the shade of some cactus, at a little distance from the other man, and, with rifle across his knees, proceeded to roll a cigarette from the contents of a dirty pouch.

But the other, "Dave" Dwight, as his messmates knew him, stood erect, his head thrown back, with his pinioned arms and fettered legs, watching with the same despairing eyes and firm-set lips the distant troops.

It was just a week that morning that "I" troop, Third cavalry, had been following this trail, hoping that it would not turn out, as the rest always did, in failure to find the Mexican outlaw of whom they were in pursuit. And they had only been out on their ride, that very morning, a few hours, when Dave, happening to be the last man of the long column, made careless by the thought of the medal of honour and the thirty thousand dollars of reward that were to go to the lucky man that bagged the outlaw—for that reward meant more to Dave than to any man in the troop—just then fancied he saw a sombrero in the gray of the chapparal, and dropped back till well under cover of the dust and then dashed off by himself away from the column. It was a reckless thing to do, but Dave was more daring than usual that day.

A moment later and his headlong gallop was checked—one lariat, thrown from ambush, bringing down his horse and a second jerking him from the saddle, and before he recovered from the stunning fall he had been bound, searched, partly stripped and dragged into the hidden camp of the revolutionists, in the cañon, There he had passed a few very uncomfortable hours, under the taunts of the Mexicans, and he gloomily looked forward to a long period of half-starved imprisonment till he should be ransomed or till the band that had him should be broken up by the troops. But he was unprepared for the brutality of the Mexican captain, who, ruffian that he was, summarily ordered the prisoner to be shot at once, and, with the very refinement of cruelty, detailed a single man to do the work, instead of the file and the one unloaded weapon in use even in military executions. Thus it was that the particularly heartless outlaw who had been selected to do the shooting, because of his special fitness for the task, picked up his Winchester and marched Dave Dwight out of the head of the cañon to die.

The appearance of the cavalry, returning on the trail, trotting across the prairie, had necessitated a delay in the proceedings, for the report of the rifle would have been very easily heard at that distance and would have instantly brought the whole troop down upon the as yet undetected camp of the Mexicans. So the brutal fellow with the rifle sat down in the shade to smoke a cigarette or two and wait until the troop should have passed behind that slight rise in the sandy desert toward which they were headed, being perfectly certain that his helpless prisoner was quite safe. And so he half-reclined upon the sand, blowing faint clouds of smoke and watching his doomed captive through their bluish, slow-rising haze, with half-shut sinister eyes and cruel smiles playing around his unshaven lips.

But his prisoner, poor fellow, was in mental torture, realizing that this was the end of all; that this was his last hour; that that hot sun, up in that white, hot sky, was the last that his eyes should see; that the dreadful waste of red sand and gray cactus and heat-vibrating horizon was the last earthly scene that he should look upon, and that his lifetime was drawing to its close as rapidly as that long line of trotting cavalry were passing off toward that distant ridge. How fast they seemed to go, he thought, wondering why he had never noticed that the route trot was as swift as it seemed now. And then he fell to thinking, thinking hurriedly and a little confusedly, for he knew he hadn't long to think, as with set face and unseeing eyes he unconsciously followed the dusty line in its march.

As he began to think over his life, the life that he was just about to leave, he remembered the unnumbered times that he had idly allowed his thoughts to wander as they would, in pleasant, careless meditation, and noticed how, now that his thinking time was, oh, so short, his thoughts seemed to jump from one recollection to another, as if trying to find something worthy of their last moments.

First, he fell to thinking of his college life, of the four happy years that he had spent on the fair, elm-shaded campus around the buildings that they call "Old North," of his many friends of those years, of the happy hours spent in the cosy dormitory-rooms, of the plans that he and his friends had made for their lives in the outer world, of their visits to him in his Brooklyn home, of that talk that he and his room-mate had once had when —strangely enough—they had spoken of the way in which each would like to die, and he smiled grimly as he thought how different was his fancy of that moment from the bitterness of the present hour. And then he went on to his life of hard, faithful study in the law-school, of the year and a half of earnest office-work that had put him on his feet and had given him a foothold in life, and then he thought of something that made the tears start, of something that had been ever before his mind, waking or sleeping, since early in his college course.

It was a face, only a girl's face, but it was the face of the one to whom the whole of his commencement oration had been delivered, the rest of the audience forgotten; the face that had made him work as he had throughout his law-school term; the face that had been his inspiration in that year and a half of mental strain to secure for himself a place in the world; the face that had been in his mind every moment, it seemed, during the year or so of his hard, soldier's life out here on the border.

Then he thought of those dear, delightful days when he used to call so often at that brown-stone front on The Heights and was always sure of a welcome, of the walks that they used to take together, just at sunset, to that point from which one has that grand view of the two cities, of the bridge, of the shipping and of the bay, its waters glowing with glory reflected from the sky. He almost felt the cool sea-breeze on his face again and the light pressure on his arm—that touch that he loved so well. And he thought of that dreadful day when, feeling in the honesty of his heart that he had made for himself a place, that the little income of his work was enough for two, and that at last he might ask for the prize for which he had been working all these years, for that heart that he hardly dared to hope was his even then, and when he went straight to her father and told him his errand, in a straightforward, manly way, only to be coldly rebuffed—and of the dreadful hours that followed, when, sick at heart, tired of himself and of his life and anxious only to get away from the place, away from all that had been so dear and that must be henceforth so dreadful to think of, he enlisted, under another name than his own, and, almost before he realized it, was well into the hard, monotonous routine of a border cavalryman's existence.

A little over a year he had been in the service now, and he had grown silent, ever thoughtful and ever reckless. But each day seemed to make the recollections of those past years, when life had been so bright, clearer and more unforgettable than ever, and in the saddle or out, at work or snatching a moment's rest, that face seemed to float before his eyes, shutting out all else and making him forget the fierce heat of the sun or the chill of the sleeting rain.

But during the seven days that the troop had been out on this trail he had been like one filled with the greatest joy, so that his comrades had noticed the change in "Silent Dave," as they called him, and with good reason. For, just as the bugle rang out the "Boots and Saddles" as they started on this particular trail, he had had handed to him a letter—a square, flat little envelope—addressed to him in a handwriting that he had so longed to see in his year of service that the sight of it almost overcame him, and even as he swung himself to his saddle he tore it open with one hand and his teeth and then tore open the second envelope that was directed not to David Dwight, but to a certain "Mr. Joseph Chatham," and read the letter again and again. It was too good to be true!

Even now, in these that were to be his last moments, "Dave Dwight" forgot all else and repeated to himself passages from that letter that had changed his whole life once more and had made it, instead of a dreary round of drudgery, an existence full of spirits and hope and love, so that he had been impatient for this hated trailing to be over with. These are the passages that he repeated to himself from the pages of that letter:

DEAREST JOE,

You see I've found you out at last, in spite of your going away off in that horrid country to fight Indians and Mexicans, just like any schoolboy. But I won't scold you for it all if you'll only come back to civilization at once, for I can hardly wait for you.

* * * * *

This is all true, every word of it, if it does seem too good to be believed. I always hoped Papa would see it as we did, and now he has and has seen Representative Dowell about getting your discharge and the papers will follow this letter, in the next mail. And Papa says he has been very sorry that he so misjudged you and that he is taking down the old sign that has had his name on it for so many years, and says he is going to have a new one painted, with "Cummings and Chatham" on it. And he wrote a letter to you telling all about it, but I begged him to let me write one to reach you just ahead of his and the papers. I think this is the fourth letter I've written to you to-night, trying to tell you of all in rational language, but I just can't, so I write just as I feel and I know you'll understand it all.

* * * * *

I'm counting the hours, now, till your train shall arrive from that dreadful Texas, and you're to come right to us, over in Brooklyn, Joe, dear. I walked out on The Heights this evening, just at sunset, and thought of you and prayed; yes, Joe, I prayed that you would be there with me before many days. The sunset fire shone from the waters of the harbour and the bridge lights gleamed in the twilight as you so well remember them and as, let us hope, dear, that they will glow for us many, many, happy evenings to come.

* * * * *

And now good-bye, Joe, for the present. I have so much to tell you that I could write forever, but I am in so great a hurry to start this on its blessed way to you that I shall stop now, with a—no, you can have that when you come to me yourself, Joe. I know you won't delay, dear, for I am waiting here, in Brooklyn, for my boy to come home.

Your sweetheart,

MARGARET.

Can you imagine poor Joe Chatham, far away from his home and his love, bound and helpless and waiting for death, his hot, tired eyes looking beyond the dreadful, heated landscape, his set lips barely moving as he repeats to himself these words that meant new life to his so long despairing soul?

Just then the last man of the distant column passed out of sight behind the rise in the sandy desert, the dust-cloud began to settle and disappear and, oh, the cruelty of it! His brutal companion tossed away the butt of his last cigarette, lazily arose and cast a glance at his Winchester, roughly jerked his prisoner around so as to face him, stepped off a few paces and shifted his rifle in his hands.

And this was to be the end of it all! Here was to end the life that had but just begun to brighten again and into which for a short seven days the very light of Heaven itself had shined! Only twenty-six years old and with his discharge and home and his love before him—and to die this way, like a dog, alone in the desert, without so much as a chance to breathe one word of love in return for which he had received, without one word of sympathy in this, his hour of agony.

But Joe Chatham was a man, and so with all his strength he drew himself up to his full height, straining his poor, tired wrists in their chafing cord. And then, looking far off into that white, hot sky, he prayed—and then his lips moved as they formed that dear name, and then, as there lazily swept across his strained vision a buzzard, wheeling above him on level wing, brave man though he was, he shuddered, and turned to face his death.

It seemed an age, the time that it took that Mexican to raise his rifle to his shoulder, and for an instant that face, that blessed face, came again before his eyes. Then, with a last, deep, full, sighing breath, Joe Chatham looked unflinchingly into the eye of his executioner, over the sight of the rifle-barrel. He saw the trigger-finger of the outlaw move, ever so little—

There was a sharp, cracking report, the Mexican whirled and collapsed in a heap upon the sand, on his face, and Joe Chatham slowly sank, fainting, by him. His nerve had given way at last, not before death but before the joy of newly-given life. And then there came forth from the chapparal the tall form of José, the Mexican scout of the I Troop, whose prerogative it was to scour the country at pleasure, along the line of march, and whose keen eyes had detected from afar the figure of the prisoner, erect among the cacti, and who had slowly stalked to the spot, just in time. And as he pumped the empty cartridge from his carbine and scanned the figure of the dead bandit at his feet, he murmured to himself, with a satisfied smile on his dark face, "Buena! Buena!"

Paul Burrill Jenkins.

THE SECRET OF BURNS' POWER.

CARLISLE once said that no British man had so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as Robert Burns. Perhaps this sweeping statement is the exaggerated result of the critic's intense admiration for his fellow-countryman, but certain it is that few dare deny the great influence of the latter's song. Fragmentary and defective as Burns' poems are, there is in them a quality which compels attention, and causes even the most careless reader to turn to them again and again. And their popularity, it is needless to say, is likely to endure. A century has passed since they were given to the world, and we find them continually growing in favour, and that not only among the distinctively literary class, but among people the most unlettered, who read only for the transitory pleasure of the moment. A few of the secrets of so remarkable and extensive a popularity, ranging from the palace to the cottage, may profitably arrest our attention.

Nature delights in a contrast. The fragrant lily rears its dainty head above a nauseous swamp; the blushing rose peeps out from a bunch of ugly thorns; the cool, refreshing spring bubbles up in the heart of a scorching, thirsty desert; and Robert Burns, nature's own poet, appears among the most prosaic surroundings and in a most prosaic period. Not often have we seen a great poet thrive under such adverse circumstances. Born to a station where "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," made up his daily life; where intellectual food was only such as that found in the cottage of the extremely poor; with no other poetic standards than those furnished by Ramsey and Ferguson, this child of nature is true to his calling, and struggles manfully for the expression of the poet-soul that is within him. Cut off in the flower of his manhood, almost before his harp was strung, he has yet left a legacy claimed by all mankind in common. Obviously the marvelous power of these poems was not due to the conscious exercise of any art. "Tam O'Shanter," with all its rollicking fun and master-touches of true poetry, was composed in a single day. And so, in general, his poems are mere effusions—outpourings of a soul that overflowed. But what outpourings! Dewdrops, in which sparkle and reflect all the varied hues of the joys and sorrows of a universal human heart. Yes, we must go back of the gloss of art, back to nature, the inborn nature of the man, if we would discover the true secret of Burns' power.

Nor shall we have far to seek. The fundamental element of power in Burns is his sincerity, his absolute truth. In his poems we hunt in vain for delusion, affectation, exaggeration, or falsehood in any form. Of him it is that Wordsworth said:

> "Whose light I hailed when first it shone
> And showed my youth
> How verse may build a princely throne
> On humble truth."

This is the goal of all true poetry, as, indeed, it is of all true living. If a poet would gain readers, if he would have influence among men, let him be sincere, let him be truthful, let him be not afraid to lay open to the world all that is in his heart.

A simple quality, though it seem at first thought, there are few more difficult of acquisition—if, indeed, it can be acquired at all. To have a conscience so capable as to discern between the true and the false at all times, and to have a heart that at bottom can cleave to the one and despise the other on all occasions, is indeed an excellence possessed by few. An honest man lays open his whole heart, and as we recall Pope's famous aphorism,

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

we feel that we have already found one reason for Burns' widespread popularity.

Again, we must be struck by the *realistic character of Burns' writings.* Whatever he wrote, with very few exceptions, bears the unmistakable stamp of actual existence. There is a marked fidelity to nature and to real life traceable in all his works. He writes not of things that *might*, but of things that actually *do* occur. And herein lay another secret of the power which so charms us in "The Cotter's Saturday Night":

> "Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
> An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
> The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
> Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears."

We are often told that the poet's sphere is peculiarly the ideal; that the actual is "of the earth, earthy," and consequently is far below the ken of the true singer. But may we not with more reason say that the poet's function is to find in the actual the ideal? If poetry is to be of the stars, where are we to look for the things which pertain to man? Is he not much more the true poet who sees in himself and the things about him the materials for his art? And is he not more truly a blessing to the race who can so record his introspections and the impressions made upon him by the ordinary surroundings of ordinary life, and make men see in the record their own image? Better this than seek materials in the celestial region of gods and demigods, and sing again the songs of an heroic age, buried beneath a load of years. Burns, the ploughboy poet, sings of the prosaic surroundings of a ploughboy's life, but transforms them into a romance. In that life he unravelled a golden thread that appealed to prince and peasant alike.

The matchless line of Terence—

> "Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto,"

was with him an inborn principle, which needed not to be learned. His sympathies were too broad to be circumscribed even by what pertains to man alone. Everything in the universe is matter of deep interest to his overflowing soul. A Wounded Hare excites his tenderest sympathy; the accidental cutting of a Mountain Daisy is mourned over as if it felt and bled; A Mouse, turned up in her nest by his plough, is his "poor earth-born companion an' fellow mortal," and even the Devil himself finds no hatred in him:

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben,
O wad ye tak a thought an' men',
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake."

But aside from the foregoing considerations of sincerity and the realistic character of his writings, there are elements in Burns, and especially in his Songs, which of themselves give peculiar power to his verse. These are his love, his friendship, his independence, and his patriotism. For the keen sense of friendship that appeals to every heart, we need but mention Auld Lang Syne:

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne."

For independence that strips the soul of all its garish trappings, and places it in the balances over against true worth, we doubt if the language can furnish a parallel to:

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

And—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The advent of Burns marks a revival of patriotism in Scotland. His well-known words concerning the Thistle may well convince us of his ardent love for his native land:

"A wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast,—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

Of his love, volumes might be written. In the sphere of the love song he stands without a peer; and we reckon this no mean source of power. Emerson speaks truly when he says "All mankind love a lover," and Burns was nothing if not a lover. He was always in love. His first poetic utterances were "writ with a plume from Cupid's wing;" his last, a week before the final delirium, told the same tale—"No love but thine my heart shall know." He never tires of singing the praises of the gentler sex. For the deep pathos of blighted love, his Highland Mary is a masterpiece:

"O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
  I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
  That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
  That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
  Shall live my Highland Mary."

For the comic humour of courtship, we have Duncan Gray:

"Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

A callous heart it must indeed be that refuses to be touched by the calm depth of long wedded and happy affection of "John Anderson, my Jo, John."

Added to all these power-giving elements of character, Burns possessed a marvelous art of description. We have declared that his was an unconscious art; he merely responded to the overflow of his nature. His happy faculty of putting a volume in a word was not, however, entireley an inborn gift, but grew out of the circumstances of his birth and environment, especially out of his patient observation of all his surroundings. Hence it was that Burns became master of such a delicate and subtle power of description as is not to be found even in Tennyson.

> "Amang the brackens on the brae,
> Between her an' the moon,
> The diel, or else an outler quey,
> Gat up an' gae a croon:
> Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
> Near lav' rock-height she jumpit,
> But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
> Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
> Wi' a plunge that night."

In the description of the witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway, in Tam O'Shanter, we have an excellent example of Burns' power of rapid transition in description. Of this, Sir Walter Scott said: "No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions. * * * The witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway is at once ludicrous and horrible." Mark the rapid transitions, the horrible and ludicrous in the following:

> "Coffins stood round like open presses,
> That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
> And by some devilish cantrip slight
> Each in its cauld hand held a light—
> By which heroic Tam was able
> To note upon the haly table,
> A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
> Twa span-land, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
> A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
> Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
> Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
> Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
> A garter, which a babe had strangl'd;
> A knife, a father's throat had mangl'd;
> Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
> The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
> Wi' mare o' horrible and awfu',
> Which even to name would be unlawfu'.
>
> As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious;
> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
> The piper loud and louder blew,

The dancers quick and quicker flew:
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark."

Such are a few of the qualities in the poetry of Burns which give him his marvelous power—a power which makes man's life more venerable, but which, alas! could not guide his own life wisely. But for his faults we feel sure that Burns would possess such a power as no other poet exerts. And yet his weakness is a source of power, for in him sinful man sees his own image reflected. Without his faults we would not have pitied him and loved him as we do. And with them all we believe that whenever and wherever soul answers to soul, yea,

"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,"

so long shall the poetry of Burns continue to be the delight of the joyful, the consolation of the sad.

Edwin M. Norris.

THE CHANGE OF YEARS.

I.

ALONE I sat by the firelight bright,
Lost and buried in revery deep;
My fancy soared through the realms of flight,
My wayward mind refused sweet sleep.

II.

My thoughts rushed quickly and ceaselessly past
To a time gone by, when memory first
Recalled each bubble from the last,
As each in turn arose and burst.

III.

My childish wonder could not see
Why each grew large and suddenly broke,
Like deceitful dreams that ever we
Distrust, as they lose their tone of hope.

IV.

Those early days are long since dead,
  When childish faith and trust foresaw
The future and hope together wed,
  And joy without a single flaw.

V.

Then came the chill of later years,
  Vain questionings of the motive's right,
The doubt that followed bitter tears,
  When darkness strove alway with light.

VI.

I said: "Shall it be ever so—
  The strong grow strong and hurt the weak,
The good be lost, for aught we know,
  The bad despoil and try the meek?

VII.

"Shall men give up the quest for truth,
  The goal that each, as end, may gain,
And worldly lust, shall it forsooth,
  Poison and kill the greater fame?"

VIII.

I paused; it seemèd long ago;
  Again I thought and wondered why
Will men forget, as on they go,
  That bubbles always fall and die.

IX.

That they, while heedless of the call
  That bids them higher to ascend,
Are borne adown the rivers fall,
  And drown when near the journey's end.

X.

Oh, come ye voices from afar
  To urge us on with willing feet,
Each guided by some heavenly star,
  Where truth and duty stand complete.

George H. Forsyth.

FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

"SAY, Mike," cried a shrill, youthful voice, "did yer see de game yeste'day?"

"Naw!" replied Mike, shifting his papers from one arm to the other. "Tried to, dough. Didn't have no pull wid de cops; didn't have no mon; dat's why *I* didn't see it. Did you?"

"You betcher life I did. Went in at de gate wid de swells and sits on de bleachers."

"Aw, watcher givin us" (incredulously); "where'd yuh git yer dollar?"

"Gimme half dat apple 'n I'll tell yer." Mike hesitates for a moment. It is an exorbitant demand. Curiosity, however, proves too strong in the end. He breaks the apple carefully between his palms, makes a studied analysis of both halves, and handing the smaller to his eager comrade says, "Now let 'er rip."

"Well, yer see, it was jes dis here way," commences Jimmy, munching his apple with evident relish. "De cops was standing 'round mighty close' and I couldn't crawl over de fence 'thout gittin' nabbed, so I stays 'round de elevated steps watchin' fer someun' to drop a ticket. Pretty soon long comes a mighty heavy swell wid his girl. Dey both has dem big yeller flowers wid de funny name—wat looks like cold slaw, an' de swell has a big yaller 'n black flag on his cane, so I knows dey is fer de Princetons, an' de girl—maybe she wasn't pretty, wid her big blue eyes 'n yaller hair!—prettier 'n dat Frenchy gal wid de red cheeks, wot does de skirt-dance down to Murphy's. She was jes plum out o' sight. An' jes as dey was comin' down de steps she drops her hank'chif, an' I runs quick, picks it up an' hands it to her, an' she looks at me an' says, 'Thank you,' sweeter 'n molasses; an' de swell—he reaches inter his pocket fer a nickel. I sees my chance, an' gits my nerve up. 'Say, boss,' says I, 'won'tcher gimme a dollar ter git inter de game. I'se Princeton, everytime. Hooray! Hooray! Tiger–boom–Princeton!' An' then he kinder laughs like he don't know wot ter do, and she looks at 'im outer dem big eyes o' hern and say, 'Ah, do, Chawles, fah my sake,' an' den he pulls out a dollar quick an' says, 'There, now, you nervy little mucker, climb in and yell for Princeton, every time.'

"You kin jes bet, I don't wait for him ter say it again. I finds a yaller flower in de road, sticks it in me coat, an' lightin' a cigarette, I walks into de game like any other gent wot pays 'is money. Oh, Mike, dat was de game! De Princetons an' de Yales, dey comes out an' rolls 'round on de ball an' everybody yells and cheers furious, an' pretty soon de umpire gives de signal an' de Princetons runs slap-bang into de Yales and knocks 'em silly, and then one of de Yales gits de ball and starts to run wid it when long comes one of de Princetons like a fire-engine and knocks 'im down and climbs all over 'im, an' de res' dey comes up and sits on his head.

"De Princetons was de bes', an' after whiles dey makes a touchdown, an' den everybody hugs everybody else an' cries, like it was a funeral. Oh, it was grate! Der ain't nothin' like a foot-ball game. Base-ball hain't in it. I'm goin' nex' year, you kin bet."

"So am I," declared Mike, resolutely.

It was with a vague feeling of discomfort that Mr. Charles Tracy escorted Miss Dorothy Reynolds and her chaperone to the seats he had procured for them in the grand-stand. This was really incomprehensible. One would have thought he lacked nothing to render his happiness on that occasion complete. His was the privilege of sitting beside Miss Reynolds during the whole of that long afternoon, of pointing out to her the celebrities of both teams, and all the intricacies of the game. An hour ago he would have desired nothing else. But even if such privilege did not complete his felicity, he had a hundred placed at odds of four to one and *knew* Princeton was going to win. Strange was it, then, that he was oppressed of mind? Alas! Mr. Tracy had good cause for his oppression. When half an hour ago he had so generously flung the little gamin at the entrance a dollar in response to Miss Reynolds' soft appeal, all his complacency had gone with it. *It was his last!* He had staked everything he had on the issue of the game, that morning, with the exception of a "V" reserved for incidentals. All but a dollar and ten cents of that had gone for flowers, candy and other rubbish, and now, as he felt of the solitary dime in his pocket, was it any wonder that the horror of his position overcame him?

He lacked five cents of the car-fare home for himself and friends. He might borrow. There was Kingsley, who had just entered with his party. But Kingsley's first words when he saw him were, "Say, Tracy, can you lend me a fiver? I'm in an awful fix." Tracy shook his head sadly and turned away. No hope in that direction. Just then a mighty shout fills the air. The tin trumpets bray themselves and their owners hoarse, and the racket, cheer and frog-chorus mingle in mighty repetition throughout the vast assembly. The teams are out. Tracy hastens back to his seat beside Miss Reynolds. In a few moments his troubles are forgotten, as his eyes follow the move ments of those lithe, sturdy-limbed warriors. Time is called. Tracy's eyes glow as those men in the striped jerseys charge fiercely upon the enemy. Miss Reynolds covers her eyes, and a moment later inquires, with a shudder, "How many are killed?" But even Tracy cannot listen to her now, for that team is ploughing—ploughing down the field. Now they lose the ball, only to gain it again and relentlessly press on toward that white line in the distance. Finally they cross it, and the battle is won. Even Miss Reynolds joins in Charlie's enthusiasm, and waves her orange banner excitedly.

Now it is all over, and the vast multitude begins to pour through the gates. As he mounts each successive step towards the elevated, Tracy's spirits sink correspondingly. In his miserable abstraction he becomes separated from his friends, and sees them above on the platform. He looks around despairingly. A few feet from him, struggling along through the crowd, he sees a classmate. He is a poller, and Tracy remembers that he has even helped to guy him on one or two occasions. Can he ask a favor of *him?* Yes, for he feels himself in the depths of humility now. "Hello, Simpson," he yells across the heads of the crowd, "send me a nickel, will you? I'm dead broke." The people around him look astonished at the well-dressed young man who prefers so humble a request. Simpson turns, surprised. "All right," he says, diving into his pocket and passing the nickel over the heads of the crowd. Tracy grasps it feverishly and earnestly thanks him. Rushing to the office he buys his tickets and finds his friends. "Princeton forever!" he cried radiantly as he joined them.

"I am so glad they won," said Miss Reynolds; "I think your little 'mucker,' as you call him, proved a mascotte."

"Yes, I think he was bound to," replied Tracy, decidedly.

C. Waldo Cherry.

CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB.

THE LAST STAR.

Darkness and midnight hour,
  The sullen time of gloom,
I feel thy dreadful power
  Like shadows of a tomb,
But yet in depths of space
  I see some distant star,
With dazzling day to face
  No eye may reach so far.

And though the early light
  Upon my soul has set,
Yet clearly through the night
  One star is shining yet;
All else within is dark,—
  'Tis thus alone I see
The light, that's scarce a spark,
  That always shines for me.

A. N. O.

A CHRISTMAS BURGLAR.

The streets of the great city were crowded that night as never before, and with such a jolly, good-natured crowd! Everybody jostled everybody else—but what did they care? Was it not Christmas Eve? And as they hurried gaily along, their arms already full of packages, yet eager still to buy their last present before the shops were closed, one could easily see that the very air was full of the Christmas spirit.

Before a grand cathedral, whose deep-voiced chimes were ringing out their gladsome message, a mighty crowd had gathered. Through its open portals floated the clear melody of childish voices chanting the Mass of Christmas Eve. But on the outskirts of the crowd which surged before the cathedral door, was one whose face bore every mark of privation. His tattered clothing was but poor protection from the keen winter blast. The merry voices of those around him caused a feeling of anger to rise in his breast. "What right have they to be happy?" he muttered. "But then," he continued, "they've got warm clothes and a good square meal every day; perhaps *that* gives them a right to be merry. But we poor fellows are never thought of. What matter if we do get hungry these cold nights? I'll have something to eat if I have to steal it," he declared desperately. As he turned down a side street the lights became fewer, and the thoroughfares more deserted. Before one of the stateliest mansions he stopped. No one was in sight. Through an area window which a servant had carelessly left unfastened, he soon effected an entrance. Removing his shoes, he crept stealthily up the stairs, and stood before a partly open door through which a faint streak of light shone out into the darkness of the hall. It was a large room, as the ruddy glow of the open fire showed him. Great brass andirons stood on the hearth, and upon them, blazing logs cast dancing shadows on the wall and lit up with their fitful glare the faces of two little children smiling in their sleep. As he glanced at them the hard look died out of his face. The warmth of the fire began to exert a gentle influence over him. The numbness passed from his aching limbs. An easy chair stood invitingly upon the hearth. He sat down in it and toasted his feet before the blaze as unconcerned as if he owned it all. It was so comfortable there. He did not remember in all his sad experience t ohave found a fire like to that. A dreamy feeling of delight seemed to enter his soul and make it fairly leap for joy. And forgetting where he was, he threw his head back in the chair and let his tired eyes wander listlessly about the room.

But what was that which hung from the mantle in front of him? Stockings! And *such* stockings! Packed full to overflowing with all sorts of good things—oranges, candy, square boxes and round, which bulged out in wild profusion. From one a doll thrust its flaxen head and stretched its arms out to be taken up; from the other protruded the mouth of a brass trumpet, which looked wonderfully brilliant in the cheery firelight. And, as he noted them, there seemed to appear before his eyes the vision of a Christmas long ago—a picture of his boyhood days now so long forgotten.

A winter's sun was shining brightly on the white expanse of snow which covered a New England farm. On a ridge beyond, surrounded by a copse of evergreen, the farm-house stood, and from its chimney a thin, blue line of smoke curled upward. Within, two children played about the room. Their merry laughter and beaming faces would tell you of their happiness. He saw himself a youth departing from home, and his mother's loving farewell words. He remembered his arrival in the city; how, by degrees, he had fallen into evil company, and had become an outcast, homeless, penniless, forlorn. And his mother—a tear rolled down his cheek—what if she could see him now. Could he take this last step, and break her heart by becoming a criminal? He aroused himself with a start. No! he could not do it. He would go back to that mother, and give her and himself the happiest Christmas they had known for many a weary year.

He arose and crept softly toward the door. Suddenly something behind him touched his hand. He wheeled around and raised his arm in self-defense. But what he saw caused him to lower it again, the startled expression of his face changing into a smile. Before him stood a little, white-robed figure, whose sleepy blue eyes were upturned to his, and in a quiet, trustful voice she said: "Mr. Santa Claus, did you bring—" But the burglar stopped her. "Yes, little one, I did bring 'em; but you must keep very quiet, or I'll take 'em away again. You see how it is; I've got a lot of work to do yet to-night, and I must hurry about it. Good-night, little one, good-night!"

And with that he tip-toed out of the room, down the stairs and out into the street. On the corner, a policeman was thrashing his arms about to keep warm, and, as he passed him, shouted in a strong and cheery voice, "A Merry Christmas to you." Merry Christmas! How those words thrilled him with an unknown joy! And as he hurried down the street again there came to his ears the sound of the Christmas chimes pealing from the lofty belfry of the cathedral. Now they seemed to him the joyous heralds of a brighter future and a better life.

Andrew C. Imbrie.

A FEW WORDS ON INDUCTIVE LOGIC.

The writer of this little article has never made any inquiries —though naturally he is of an inquiring turn of mind. He is simply an observer, an observer of phenomena natural and human; and he makes bold to assert at the very start that throughout this discussion his point of view is from a Reunion balcony. And he is, moreover, bold enough to claim that from these observations he has established certain general principles, and finanly he calls to the reader's notice that the following discussion is a triumphant example of the power of inductive logic.

Now the first of these general truths which he is led to believe is that a certain grey-haired individual on the campus goes by the name of *John.* He came to the realization of this fact in the following interesting manner. A student was walking by one day and said in a half jocular tone: "How are you, John." To which the individual in question responded in a grave and dignified manner, "Good-day, sir." This formed in the writer's mind an hypothesis which he proceeded to put to a practical test. A good opportunity was afforded, some weeks later, when a wandering organ-grinder took possession of the campus and sweetly began his serenade. An audience was quickly collected and the minstrel vociferously applauded. But presently with a solemn tread that individual approached, whom we had begun to believe was called John. And if any doubt still existed in the writer's mind it was at once removed. For the supposed Johannus not only stopped the performer, but proceeded to take the organ-grinder by the collar and march him toward the campus gate. *And all the time the crowd followed and shouted,* "*Let him alone, John*"; "*Don't put him off, John.*" And so his name is John.

Next the writer made a certain important discovery that the said John was an official character—for he had already begun to suspect that he had some close connection with the administration of justice. To prove this principle the writer has but to cite one argument. As he was comfortably sitting on his balcony one day, John came beneath and said in the solemn and important tone of a public functionary, "Mr. ———, you are summoned to appear before the faculty to-morrow at five." This argument was conclusive, and the writer is led to believe that it is a good illustration of the *argumentum ad hominem.*

But the writer established one more principle, and of this he is justly proud, for it is an example of a still higher type of reasoning. For a long time he had noticed that at almost every hour in the day the bell on the roof of Old North rang for five minutes. He also noticed that at such times John was never visible. Just before, one could see his blue coat-tails vanishing in the direction of Old North; and just afterwards, there would appear from the same quarter a manly blue chest suffused with silver buttons. He never saw John ring the bell! No one ever told him that John rang the bell! But the mind of the writer was convinced of this fact: *Old John rings the bell on Old North!* It was a magnificent example of reasoning on the principle of concomitant variations.

A. N. O.

THE ELMSBURG GHOST.

Elmsburg was one of the quietest, "sleepiest" little villages imaginable, and an air of repose which is perfectly indescribable enveloped it the year round. Startling occurrences, naturally, were few and far between, and there were but two notable sensations within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a murder and an elopement, and these had for many years furnished material for fireside tales and legends.

Suddenly the quiet repose of the good people of Elmsburg was broken by an event which caused the good burghers to assemble and awe-stricken groups to discuss its portent. "Hank" Hill, by whom it had first been heralded, found his company in greater demand and his words more quoted than he had ever known them before. The reason for his sudden celebrity was thus:

"Hank" had been to the village one Saturday night to lay in a supply of "fine-cut" and, incidentally, to look in at the tavern on his way home.

It was in the dead hush of midnight when Hank set out on his return. As he left the lights of the village he began to feel lonely. The mysterious silence depressed him. He crossed the bridge over the brook and commenced to ascend the hill above whose crest he saw the dim circle of the moon, almost hidden by fleecy clouds. Suddenly a dark shape loomed up ahead. So indistinct was everything before that he was within twenty feet of the mysterious object before he could determine its character. Judge of his horror when a hideous white figure with two great, fiery eyes, moved towards him.

Perfectly beside himself with terror, he turned and fled. Once he looked back, and what was his consternation to find the ghost, or ghosts—for he could distinctly hear two pairs of feet striking the ground—in swift pursuit.

At last, such were his exertions that as he stumbled into the tavern where a few old cronies were wearing away the night with drink and song, both ghosts had been left behind. Such was the tale he related, and which his friends believed implicitly. Their only trouble was to locate the reason for this ghostly visitation.

Ichabod Mutter, one of the oldest inhabitants, declared that it was the spirit of the man who was murdered forty years ago. His friend Josiah Hawkins differed with him, and thought that as "Hank" had plainly heard two pair of feet coming after him, they must have belonged to the spirits of the couple who had eloped and lived and died unhappily thereafter.

"Don't yer believe it," said Ichabod, contemptuously; "and ghosts don't never hunt in pairs."

Among the citizens of Elmsburg was a certain "Doctor" Small, a most inveterate boaster, and as is usual with that type of humanity, a most arrant coward.

"Doctor" Small, in addition to caring for such ailing quadrupeds as were brought to his notice, also prescribing for those unfortunate inhabitants who from time to time fell ill, having seen a goodly number of patients die under his treatment, had conceived a vast disgust for the supernatural and shady side of nature.

He, for his part, did not believe Hank had seen a ghost, and, in fact, did not believe in ghosts. They were the inventions of old women to scare children. It was noted, however, that the valorous "Doctor" waited at the tavern the next evening until the last customer had come and gone, in the hope that he might have some company on the road home. As no one was going his way he at last set out alone. All the tales of goblins, ghosts, haunted houses and graveyards, which he had ever heard, now came to his mind with great vividness. It was late, and the moon, which was in the crescent, seemed to impart a ghostly look to everything around him.

The clouds, as they drove in heavy rifts across the sky, now and again turned the landscape into one indistinct mass of black. Never had the country seemed so lonely and so weird. At last but one more meadow lay between him and his home. He quickened his pace. Suddenly he paused—what was that right before him? Nothing but a fir at the side path.

He resumed his walk, which the next moment changed into a run. In another instant a light fleecy cloud drifted over the face of the moon, dimming its pale, white light. And there, in the shadow of another fir, right at his side, stood—the ghost! Its eyes seemed to burn into his very soul! His hair rose on end! His knees shook and his teeth chattered, and then the disbeliever in ghosts toppled over in a faint.

When he came to himself and endeavored to think where he was, it all came back to him. Looking timidly around he could see no sign of the spectre, and the long-drawn crowing of a cock in the distant hills warned him of the near approach of day.

That morning, in telling how, upon seeing the ghost, it had run full tilt against him and beating him down had disappeared, the Doctor ranged himself with the converts to the "ghost theory."

And now everyone was burdened with the fear that he or she would be the next recipient of a ghostly visit, and many and diverse were the ways suggested to rid the village of its baleful presence. "Hank" Hill still clung to the belief that there were two ghosts. At last it was determined to act, and at once. The whole town were to march to the place where the spectre was last seen and then and there terrify it into leaving the locality.

Accordingly, after darkness had once more settled upon the land, the worthy burghers sallied forth with as motley a collection of fire-arms, sticks and staves as one could see in many a days' tramp. Woe to the unlucky ghost caught in town that night.

The evening wore away. It was the witching hour of twelve —the hour when all well-appointed ghosts ordinarily do walk. Only the melancholy chirp of a cricket or the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill is heard. The night is dark, and the distant howling of a dog adds a sense of desolation and loneliness to the hour. Suddenly across the meadow comes stalking a figure! It is white! Every eye sees it! The cold sweat runs down the brows of the watchers! Every firearm is raised, and each heart seems to stop beating while waiting the command to fire. The figure stops. Then across the meadow comes a most singular noise. Paralyzed by the sound, every arm drops. Squire Judkins springs forward with an oath that makes good Deacon Hapgood drop his flintlock and raise his hands in horror.

A moment later the squire appears, leading a white figure.

"Hank Hill," said he, "you're a *durn* fool. 'Tain't nothin' but the widder Harkness' ol' grey donkey."

Harry B. Master.

EDITORIAL.

WE DESIRE to express our thanks to Profs. Ormond and West for kindly acting as judges in the LIT. story contest. They have decided that none of the stories submitted were of sufficient merit to justify them in awarding the prize. Accordingly, no prize will be given.

We are surprised and disappointed at the result of this contest, as above announced. This is, we believe, the first time that a story prize has thus failed to be awarded. The Ninety-five men were particularly requested beforehand to try for this prize, and we certainly expected a better showing from them. We could not have believed that such a dearth of MSS. would ever be possible. Only six stories were handed in for the prize by the whole college. In view of these facts, there seems no alternative but to reduce the number of editors for the next year's board. Unless Ninety-five should show a sudden increase in literary activity and productiveness, this will certainly be our policy. We would not only stimulate the men now trying to better work, but we would encourage men who heretofore have never done anything for the LIT. by saying that not a single man in Ninety-five has done sufficient work to warrant an election. And we would strongly urge that representative men of the class, men who have attained distinction in other lines, should turn their energies in this direction. In days past, so sharp was the competition that men began their work in Freshman year, and no one relinquished his struggle until the last number before the election had gone to press.

You, we doubt not, have the material. Will you bring forth a board which is worthy of half a century of LIT. traditions, that is worthy of the magazine as you find it to-day, worthy of Princeton, worthy of your class? We would discourage no men who are now contributing. They have not done bad work; they have simply not worked at all.

The Nassau LIT., in the kind opinion of its exchanges, stands at the head of college magazines. Gentlemen of Ninety-five, will you keep it there?

CONTRIBUTIONS for the January LIT. are due January 7th, 1894.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Thanksgiving game has been played. We have beaten Yale by a score of six to nothing, and thereby won the championship of the league, which, as the events of the season have turned out, means the championship of the United States.

It is but repetition of an old, old story to congratulate those to whom we owe this happy consummation. Nothing that we can say can add to the splendid laurels of the team, the scrub and the trainers. The eleven men that represented Princeton on Manhattan field last Thanksgiving Day probably constitute the strongest team that has ever been put on a foot-ball field.

With congratulation at the victory there is mingled no feeling of exultation over our rivals. They are a splendid foe—always worthy of the best team that can be played. And not only for the splendid old Yale spirit, but for the work of her team is Eli to be congratulated. It was evident, long before the game was over, that nothing short of an accident could save it for Yale, and then, with inevitable defeat staring them in the face, the Yale team played such a magnificent defensive game that our superb team—the strongest ever seen on the field—could not score a second time. Truly, this is a foeman worthy of our truest steel, and in the midst of our own rejoicings we congratulate our rivals upon their splendid fight—a fight so splendid that to defeat Yale is the very highest point to which any team aspires.

The lesson of the game, what it meant to us, the quiet behavior of the students in New York, all this has been told again and again. It seems to us that to Princeton the most encouraging sign of the game is the fact that our players who were worked up this season came right in and played their game in exactly the same quick and energetic fashion as the old players. In other words, there was practically no star playing, and if the day of stars has really gone by, as this year's game seems to show, then this victory is the best thing that has happened to Princeton in a great many years. For so long as we relied on an aggregation of stars, then whenever there were enough good men in college to make such a team as in '89 we could win, but as soon as the stars had left we were worse off than before, as witness the season of '90. We are numerically smaller than either Yale or Harvard and will probably remain so for many years to come. Whenever a smaller college relies on star players it is doomed to defeat in the long run. The perfection of such a system of play as we saw in New York on Thanksgiving day is the natural outcome of a process of evolution. It had to come, and now the same inexorable circumstances will make it stay.

THE DUAL LEAGUE.

MANY have been suggesting of late a dual foot-ball league between Princeton and Yale, at any rate, after the expiration of Yale's present agreement with Harvard. This seems to us very unwise. If a league be at all permanent, there is always the possibility that some outside college, hitherto weak, will become so powerful as to make leadership in the league an empty honor. It is impossible to pick out the two leading colleges in any one year and say, "These will be the leaders ten years hence."

Let us take the case of Harvard. Harvard has only beaten Yale once since they have been playing; in her record with Princeton she is hopelessly behind. Since the present system of scoring began the Princeton-Harvard scores have been:

1883—Princeton, 26; Harvard, 7.
1884—Princeton, 34; Harvard, 6.
1886—Princeton, 12; Harvard, 0.
1887—Princeton, 0; Harvard, 12.
1888—Princeton, 18; Harvard, 6.
1889—Princeton, 41; Harvard, 15.

In fact, in one game Princeton scored more points than Harvard had previously scored during the whole series. So marked is Harvard's inferiority in the history of foot-ball that Mr. Highlands, her great pitcher of last year, actually went so far as to say that Harvard was not in the same class with Princeton. Harvard has again occupied third place this year, although our esteemed contemporary, the *Harvard Advocate*, is evidently so disturbed over the fact that Pennsylvania scored against Harvard that it is afraid that "even a very clever man would find it hard to tell just how the teams stand this year."

But the point which we wish to make is this: that Harvard has made a wonderful improvement in foot-ball within the last five years, and that now, although Yale continues to beat her, it is only by the hardest kind of work, and the game is never won until time is called at the end of the second half. Of course we could beat Harvard this year, but we could not beat her by any such score as 41 to 15; for she has made wonderful progress since then.

Taking one year with another, Harvard is now very close to Princeton and Yale, and if there is to be any league at all it should consist of these three.

SUNDAY CHAPEL.

WE NATURALLY feel that in college, if nowhere else, should be found all that goes to make up "the grand old name of gentleman"—a term which includes all manly qualities, mental and physical, and adds also that highest quality, respect for the feelings and rights of others.

But now and then it is brought forcibly before our notice that in some things we most certainly are not Chesterfields. It is perhaps too radically opposed to college sentiment for us to boldly arise and say that Marquand chapel on Sunday mornings is not a dormitory. Too many seem to be making up sleep lost during the week when they have to go to chapel every morning at eight. But some of them most illogically complain when this opportunity for slumber is extended a little over the regular time, for, if the sermon is a trifle long there are many who exhibit decided tendencies of somnambulism. Let us hope that it is somnambulism, for really we are inclined to disbelieve that Princeton students, in their waking moments, would be guilty of such discourtesies as have lately been shown some of the preachers who have occupied the pulpit. We call to mind one occasion in particular, when, the sermon being a little extended, every time the speaker turned a sheet of his manuscript almost the entire student body turned in their seats, and whenever he took up a new paragraph his listeners assumed a new attitude. The result was most marked, and the speaker plainly noticed it. To say the least, it was a discourtesy.

But while we are considering this subject it might be well to go a little farther and strike at the root of the matter. For though there is no excuse for such rudeness, especially towards a visitor, there are yet some circumstances to be borne in mind. We must admit that the preaching on Sunday mornings is not always of the kind to generate the happiest or the most wide-awake feeling among the listeners. The President, the Dean, some of our professors and many visitors could hardly wish for more attentive audiences. And yet there are other men who appear before this student body on Sunday who are by nature wholly unfitted for the position of religious speakers. They are frequently men who personally command our respect and admiration. But the trouble lies in the fact that the students by a system of compulsory attendance are forced to listen to a set of speakers and preachers who in any other place or here under any other conditions could hardly fill a single aisle. We do not wish to say that the compulsory chapel system excuses bad or inattentive behavior on the part of the students, but we do say that it is unjust when it forces us to listen to such preaching as that with which we are sometimes treated. But let us have as many good preachers, both from college and from outside, as our funds will allow, and in this connection it is pleasing to remember the recent gift of Colonel McCook.

We hope that it will speedily bear fruit.

GOSSIP.

ORANJE BOVEN.

Oh, me! Oh, my!
How we did wax old Eli!
—*Goode Olde Song.*

THE noise is something terrible. Old Reunion is being shaken from the top to the bottom. What with songs without doors and songs within doors, and cheers and shouts and poundings, the Gossip and LIT. sanctum are having a hard time of it. Such a place as Princeton is any way! Ennui and the blasé fad have completely gone out of fashion. Everybody is smirking and grinning. Old scores and quarrels are entirely forgotten, and all is lost in good fellowship and joy. Even the buildings have somehow changed. The Gym. looks quite beautiful, and you don't mind if you do have to go to chapel. There is but one topic of conversation—the game.

Every dog has his day, but what a day our dog had! What a culmination to a hard, trying, and at times dark, discouraging season; but all set-backs were in vain, and once more Old Nassau is the head of the foot-ball world, and the "Old Time Spirit," slumbering though it may have been, has at last flamed forth, and is no longer the mere fiction of Alumni stump speakers.

Like the history of any great event, it is hard to tell the story of a great game immediately after. There is always such a confusion and jumble of end runs and mass plays, tackles and kicks, and the whole is heightened by the roaring of the huge crowds and the nervousness and the excitement. For the moment only the brilliant gains enforce themselves upon you, and you quite lose sight of and forget the short banging runs, which, like the faithful unapplauded efforts of the scrub during the year, do so much toward victory. Nevertheless some plays are immediately and forever to be remembered, and oh!—

To see old Beefie Wheeler
A wading through Yale's line,
Like a bloomin', snortin' elephant,
I tell you it was fine!

And who can ever forget how little Phil's legs twinkled as he darted past Greenway, down the field, and how Jimmie Blake, all alone, dived and caught the punt that might have lost the game, and to see us, yard by yard, rush the ball up the field until it was almost on Yale's line; then came the dispute and the excitement to know what it was all about. Then again it was Princeton's ball; a brief moment of suspense, and everybody was shouting, and the team jumped about and ran and turned handsprings, and you leaned back in your seat in perfect joy—Six to Nothing. How orange the vast crowds turned after the first five minutes of play, and, oh, the gladness when, in the growing dusk, time was called, and the subs. and coachers ran out and threw up their hats and canes, and the throngs rolled like an avalanche on the field to shoulder and hug with joy the victors!

Then there was the good-natured swaying and heaving of the crowds, as they slowly moved through the gates, or the tortuous strife to gain the elevated steps, or the glory of riding down the Boulevard and Fifth Avenue, triumphantly singing, with the two long rows of yellow lights slowly converging in front of you, and the dim masses of people on the walks cheering and waving.

In the evening the streets are crowded with Princeton sympathizers, who jostle and run into each other in the greatest good humor. Everybody is arrayed in Orange and Black, and the Alumni Association mounting suddenly into the thousands, has assumed, to say the least, an alarmingly democratic character. The oldest living graduate proclaims loudly to an admiring throng that "de Princetons have always been de stuff," and the entrance to the Hoffman House is effectively barred by a patriotic "stugent," whose fifteen-buttoned Newmarket is uniquely decorated with as many full-blooming chrysanthemums, and who is frantically waving his hat, adorned with fillets of the brightest orange hue, to the great glory and reputation of Old Nassau.

When you come back, two or three of you bunch together on the almost empty benches of the lecture halls, and applaud some hero of the fray, as he rises to recite. And then follows one long succession and jumble of mass and glorification meetings, bonfires, parades, and Alumni speeches, and rejoicings. How strange and welcome the returning 'Varsity players look to you at your clubs: and how unconsciously, at noon, you hurry at your lunch, with the idea that some how there ought to be 'Varsity practice. But most of us are at last getting down to regular work, and books have once more become the fashion. Even now there is a slight forecast of the semi-annuals in the air. The Glee Club is daily toiling in the chilly heights of Examination Hall, tuning up for their triumphal march through the South; and the rest of us less-favored undergraduates are weighing the chances for reduced rates home.

The Gossip rises chattering from where he has been crouching by the radiator, and looks through the grated windows of the sanctum. Already winter is upon us. The snow has covered one whole side of Old North tower, and the recitation bell sounds muffled and dull. A small crowd has gathered to warm their hands around the still smouldering embers of the great bonfire. There are but a few days left and——A Merry Christmas!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

> E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
> The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
> —*Pope*.

PROBABLY the most typically modern form of our present-day literature is the sketch, the short, pithy article whose description of a single event or a single scene distinguishes it from the story, in which the narrative is longer and covers occurrences more or less separated from each other in time.

Very naturally, because of its brevity, the sketch is most popular in the field of magazine literature, where it meets the want of the reader who has, perhaps, neither the time nor the inclination to follow the story of a longer or a less condensed article. This, in the Table's estimation, accounts for its present popularity.

Just now we are favored with an unusually good collection of sketches, from the pens of several well-known writers. One of the best that has appeared in many months was Richard Harding Davis' "His Bad Angel," in the September *Harper's*, while those readers of the LIT. who read Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Hiltons' Holiday," in the same magazine for August, could not but have been charmed by its delicate and even pathetic description of the great event in the life of the simple country-folk. The Christmas number of our magazines are especially rich in dainty, strongly-drawn sketches. Take, for instance, Howard Pyle's beautifully-illustrated "Series of Sketches" in the December *Century*. They are really a set of six word-pictures, vivid descriptions of quaint, colonial scenes, from the simple description of which the reader infers their story. How much more happy are these dainty bits from Mr. Pyle's pen than those unfortunate "Pastels in Prose," to the writing of which Miss Wilkins was doubtless tempted by the success of her longer novels.

Again, the sketch being so short, and containing so much boiled-down strength, it must be attractive and must illustrate its author's style perfectly. This is shown by such examples as the first of Brander Matthew's "Vignettes of Manhattan," "A Thanksgiving Dinner," in the *Harper's* for December, and Edith Wharton's strange, imaginary, half-psychological tale, "The Fulness of Life," in the *Scribner's* of this month.

It is very natural then, that the sketch should hold its present high place in our college literature. The college man has no inclination to either write or read a long, that is a serial, story, and such can hardly be included within the field of college journalism, so the short story and the sketch are the most popular.

So, with an advice to the reader to look up the sketches above mentioned—for in the reading of them no one will be disappointed—the Table wishes to make especial mention of one or two sketches found in our exchanges of the month.

MAGAZINES.

In the *Yale Lit.* for November, Emerson E. Taylor has a very short sketch, "The End of the War," illustrating the bitter feeling that lies behind inter-family feuds, and the power of conscience to overcome even this.

The *Wellesley Magazine* contains a pretty character-sketch, partly in dialect, by Lillian B. Quinby, who has used this, that is too often a snare of the college story-writer, with care and consequent success.

Edwin O. Groves has handled the rather hackneyed World's Fair story in a well drawn and original sketch, "A Glass of Hygeia Water," in the *Dartmouth Lit.* In the same magazine Robert H. Fletcher has an excellent essay on "Whittier and Lowell as Typical American Poets" that deserves mention.

The November *Williams Lit.* contains two good sketches, "Stranded," a little love-tale by J R. Craighead, and "In the Monastery," by "E. R. W.," the last being quite well written and thoughtful.

Among the best literary essays in the college magazines for November are Estelle M'Closkey's "Lycidas, Adonais and Thyrsis, a Comparative Study," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, and Thornton Jenkins' "Unpopularity of Edgar Allen Poe," in the *Amherst Lit.*, both of which show extensive reading and careful study.

POETRY.

QU'EST QUE C'EST?

A trifle mundane,
  With a shade of regret,
Suspicious of rain—
A trifle mundane—
Pursued, but in vain,
  A coy triolet!
A trifle mundane,
  With a shade of regret.

—*Vassar Lit.*

A PINE TREE STANDS ALONE.

[From the German.]

On bleak heights in the northland,
  A pine tree stands alone.
He sleeps, a pure white mantle
  Of snow around him thrown.

He's dreaming of a palm tree,
  Afar in the morning land;
Lonely and silent, mourning
  'Mid rocks and burning sand.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

BOOK TALK.

For him was liefer have at his bed's head
A twenty booke's clad in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than talk of foot-ball or of victorie.
—*From Chaucer* (*adapted*).

It was with great interest and appreciation that the Critic read the latest book by Professor Woodrow Wilson, "An Old Master and Other Political Essays."* The first two of these papers have already appeared in the *New Princeton Review* and the last two in the *Atlantic Monthly.* The "Old Master," of the first essay, is no other than the sturdy old Scotchman, Adam Smith, of whom we find this short, but excellent characterization: "A quiet, awkward, forceful Scotchman, whose philosophy has entered everywhere into the life of politics and become a world-force in thought; an impracticable Commissioner of Customs, who has left for the instruction of statesmen a theory of taxation; an unbusiness-like professor, who established the science of business; a man of books, who is universally honored by men of action; plain, eccentric, learned, inspired." But while this essay is a careful study of the "father of political economy," we find pervading the pages the praises of the old lecture system in our colleges. And in this connection the writer pertinently asks, "Are not our college class-rooms, in being robbed of the old-time lecture, and getting instead a science-brief of *data* and bibliography, being deprived also of that literary atmosphere which once pervaded them? We are gaining in thoroughness, but are we gaining in thoughtfulness?" The author's position and reputation as a lecturer certainly entitles him to ask the question.

But we believe that he is most thoroughly at home in the four remaining essays of the volume, which are completely political, and moreover are, and as I believe the author would wish them to be called, writings on "practical politics." For the second essay, "The Study of Politics" is a protest against political investigation becoming too purely a science, too utterly divorced from practical legislation and the polls. He finds the same tendency among thinkers along political lines as among political economists, of whom he says: "They cannot build in the air and then escape chagrin, because men only gaze at their structures and will not live in them."

The essay entitled "Character of Democracy in the United States" admirably reveals Professor Wilson's philosophic insight, for it shows his power of tracing subtle causes, and his remarks upon our system, its origin, its growth, and its future, all show his great historical and general knowledge and his sharp insight. In this and in his last essay, "Government Under the Constitution," we see how he refutes many of the mistaken popular notions by the statement of his sound and philosophical opinions of our great written document, of the nature of our government, and of the spirit and character of our American people. Of our Constitution he says, "Its strength will be found, upon analysis, to lie in its definiteness and in its power to restrain, rather than in any unusual excellence of its energetic parts." And the stability of our government, as in the government of England, he finds in the conservatism and law-abiding sense of the people. Yet for one who regards institutions as an organic growth it seems a little illogical for Prof. Wilson to favor so strongly—as he does in the latter part of this essay—the introduction into our government of a system of ministerial initiative and responsibility, things which are un-American, bone and marrow. He indeed recognizes that constitutional changes would be necessary, but he says, "I am strongly of the opinion that such changes would not be too great a price to pay for the advantage secured by such a government." And again he writes, "But we cannot have ministerial responsibility under the Constitution as it stands." And the Critic raises his humble voice to ask, even if we grant the necessary constitutional changes, will the system suit our American beliefs and principles of which the Constitution is only an embodiment? Moreover the Critic would point out that Prof. Wilson, like many other writers on this question, confines his comparisons and illustrations of ministerial initiative and responsibility to England, totally disregarding the system and its fruits as seen in other countries of Europe. But the real conclusion which the writer reaches is that responsibility for legislation *must* be made more certain and definite, and that some remedy must be found for the evils of our committee system.

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*"An Old Master and Other Political Essays." By Woodrow Wilson. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons).

It is hard to say which is more difficult, to form correct views of past events when we often have the opinions of others only to mislead, or to write of things which are now occurring, with their confusing lack of perspective. Prof. Wilson, at any rate, shows that he keeps abreast with the thought and conditions of the times, and his wide knowledge, keen insight, and judicial fairness make these essays of the highest value. We predict that they will not only set men thinking and influence those in the ordinary walks of life, but among scholars they deserve and will receive high recognition. And all the more because, unlike many books of great value from the standpoint of the jurist and investigator, these essays combine content and form, excellent material with an excellent literary style.

* * * * *

In one of Robert Grant's interesting stories, "The Opinions of a Philosopher," I think, there is something about certain persons knowing all about foreign politics and European laws and statutes, but very little about those of their own country. They could tell whether a certain statesman was a Conservative or a Liberal, just why and when the Corn Laws were passed, but who were not quite sure whether the Senators from New York stood for repeal or not, or why it was that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated. It's very odd how many people we meet who do not seem to take any interest at all in the every-day workings of their own Government, but who may be found eagerly scanning the headlines of the metropolitan dailies for the latest *denouement* in European politics. In fact, some so-called educated men have the haziest kind of notions about even the fundamental principles of our United States, and who exhibit the most sublime ignorance of the most important rulings of the Supreme Court. The only thing that they seem to be really certain of, is that the taxes are remarkably heavy.

To this class of men I doubt much whether Professor Goodnow's able volumes on "Comparative Administrative Law"* would appeal, except, perhaps, the chapters relating to the laws and customs of what they would call "our mother country," yet a more interesting or instructive book in this province has not appeared. While not attempting to give an exhaustive treatise on every phase of Administrative Law, yet the author does delve deep into its conceptions and workings and presents a most able and complete exposition in the field of comparison. He takes up Administrative Law not only in the United States, but also in England, France and Germany, and by comparison and contrast presents the reader with its inception, development and present condition. No man of affairs, no student of political or sociological problems—in fact, no man who desires to rise above the humdrum strata of purely bread and butter business life, can afford to be without at least a general idea of the principles that Professor Goodnow presents in these two volumes. And, for a student who intends to adopt the practice of law as his life's mission, this work is invaluable. To him it is invaluable because it puts before him in interesting Anglo Saxon much of what he could obtain otherwise only in the erudite and complex paragraphs of some German specialist, and also because Professor Goodnow has engrafted into the heart of the work very much that is entirely original and highly commendatory.

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Practical essays are difficult undertakings; it is hard to always distinguish between fact and theory and to present the one effectively and eliminate the other successfully. Prof. Hart seems to have attained a high degree of proficiency in this accomplishment, and his "Practical Essays in American Government"† will commend themselves to statesman, citizen, and student alike. In the first of his essays, "The Speaker as Premier," he strikes at the heart of a legislative evil which more than any other one thing threatens representative government to-day. The Committee System in Congress, originating with the manifest intention of promoting legislation, has become in our day only an effective means for blocking its wheels and, furthermore, of giving immense influence to the Speaker of the House. That the Speaker of the House to-day wields a power which is hardly second to that of the President himself is a fact which statesmen deplore, but for which they see no remedy. Prof. Hart, in his comparison of the Speaker with the English Premier, dwells upon this fact. He points out the fact that in representative government, as the tendency exists for the legislative department to constantly gain at the expense of the executive, so the Speaker is likely to become more and more powerful. It is hard to see what the logical outcome of such an evolution will finally be. It is not Prof. Hart's design to predict this, or suggest a remedy. He merely shows things as they are, But the day is not far hence, we think, when the democratic voice of the American people, so often raised in the past for the righting of public wrongs, will be heard again in imperative demand for true representative legislation and government.

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*"Comparative Administrative Law." By Professor Frank J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

†"Practical Essays in American Government." By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

"The Chilian Controversy" reviews in a clear and forcible way the history of our diplomatic relations with Chili during the last administration. Mr. Hart points out that our government is weak in having no unity in its diplomatic relations, that the Cabinet is divided against itself, the Secretary of State against the War or Navy, and the President often against them all. The essays are all remarkable for the foresight and intuition they display. Among the remainder, the best are on the "Rise of American Cities," "Public Land Policy," and "Civil Service Reform."

* * * * *

"Where is the singer whose large notes and clear, *
  Can heal and arm and plenish and sustain?
Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
  And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

"And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
  Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song,
  Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

"And some go frankt in faded antique dress,
  Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;
And some parade a conscious naturalness,
  The scholar's. not the child's simplicity."

So one of our moderns describes the present condition of English poetry; there are many "flutters and twitters," some "faded antique" garments, "conscious naturalness" and "simplisse;" but through the whole round of Swinburne's and Morris' and Dobson's poetry we listen in vain for a voice that is "hale and glad and free." To the student, therefore, if there be such in these degenerate days, who seeks for a real mental nourishment in poetry, a vital and uplifting spirit, the poems of William Watson will be most welcome, not only for their own sincerity, saneness and breadth of view, but for the assurance that some poets still believe in the greatness and sacredness of art, and that her soul is "heavenlie born and cannot die."

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* "Poems of William Watson." (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.)

It is to Wordsworth, more than all others of his time at least, that we look back for things "sincere and large and nobly plain." He it is who most of all suggests Arnold's chief idea that poetry is a criticising life; and while Arnold himself is far from reaching the calm strength and luminous vesting of Wordsworth, he has taught us how great the value of his master is. No less ardent a Wordsworthian is Mr. Watson. Wordsworth, he says, has "sung him free." In the seer of Rydalmount he finds his ideal:

"Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole."

And while Mr. Watson talks too much of the "tranquil strength" of Wordsworth to convince us that he himself fully possesses it, yet that is his ideal, and more than anyone we know of our younger singers, he has realized it. In none of them do we find such an exalted conception of the poet's function; in none of them such nobility, seriousness and sanity, such realness and sincerity; in none of them such a regard for a strong and sterling subject-matter. So that even if he has failed to reach the height he has visioned for himself, yet, as he says of Shelley,

"The glow, the fire,
The passion of benign desire,
The glorious yearning, lift him higher
Than many a soul
That mounts a million paces nigher
Its meaner goal."

Perhaps no verses could better show such qualities than these from his finest poem, "Wordsworth's Grave":

"I hear it vouched the muse is with us still;
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,
In lieu of feelings, she has wondrous skill
To simulate emotion felt no more.

"Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made
This valley vocal in the great days gone!
In *his* great days, while yet the springtime played
About him, and the mighty morning shone.

"No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

"He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.
The impassioned argument was simple truth,
Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.

"Impassioned? ay to the song's ecstatic core.
But far removed were clangour, storm and feud;
For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude."

What little philosophy the book reveals resembles strongly that of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The critical analysis of the other poets he writes about is unusually discriminating, for poetry. Here and there is an exquisite bit of description, such as this:

"The moon in Rydal Mere
Is unwooed, when the breathless night hangs blue."

And on the whole, the verse is such as we would expect from such a mind, sonorous, dignified, and conveying the impression of much reserve power. Nor does it lack emotion; it is in places full of feeling, but always in perfect control. These lines, written on his recovery from his unfortunate malady, represent him at his best, both in technique and in real feeling:

VITA NUOVA.

"Me the spring,
Me, also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit, a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string bow jarred
And all but broken!—of that harp of life
Where on himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
For one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world."

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What's the use of striving to conventionalize Kipling,* the unconventional and uncritical, by criticism? One thing is true, however, and that is if, as Mr. Howells says, "the fate of a book is made by woman," Rudyard Kipling, as poet and story-teller, is an absolute failure. But is he right? Is Mr. Howells right and Kipling a failure, or is he mistaken and Kipling a success? It seems to me that Mr. Howells' remark needs qualification. It is an interesting question. In this collection the poet himself is no woman hater:

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*"Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co., New York and London.)

> "They passed one resolution—your sub-committee believe
> You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve—
> But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,
> We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever—Amen."

This is a candid statement, avowing the selfishness of man and his love of woman. Moreover, it is vigorous. Perhaps it is here the trouble lies. His poetry has not enough of the supreme insincerity and concealed regard which mark the proper attitude of civilized men to civilized man and woman. Perhaps after all he is not too rough and unrefined, but society is too conventional; it has too many different motives; at the same time it does and thinks anything; it is all glossed and glamoured over; individuality is a monster and originality in a groove; has, in fact, become innocuous and effete; and yet, wherever the misfortune, Kipling is a man who says what he thinks and thinks what he thinks, nor does he think anything that anybody else thinks unless he thinks it. This is high praise. But his verse certainly lacks grace and charm and gentleness and ease and those other things both Englishmen and Americans think they have a right to look for when they read poetry. Yet even here some of his deportmental ditties are surprising. But for vigorous rhythm, poetry with a wild raving swing, with a melody of commotion filled with the snap of cocked rifles, the march of troops, shouts in the air, the winds of the world, love and death, India-rubber idiot phrases, the soul's welfare, cells, missionaries, soldiers, rivers, infantry and more, all mixed together so incongruously and driven along with irreverence for both God and society, yet always with a candor and force that is violent in the extreme, Kipling stands by himself and is Kipling. No more, no less. He has his merits and faults; he has his phase of life; he is original. This is a good collection, containing most of the old ones, like "Danny Deever," and nearly a dozen new poems worth the reading.

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No adequate idea of the merits of such a book as "Rachel Stanwood"* can be given by a mere outline of the story. The value lies not so much in the plot, which is simple in the extreme, as it does in the style in which the book is written. It is indeed refreshing, after the perusal of so many of our so-called modern novels, which are packed from cover to cover with the stories of sin and folly, portrayed in distorted and exaggerated characters, to find a book which is entirely without sensationalism, and, although treating of comparatively commonplace events, yet holds the reader's attention by much the same style of writing for which Miss L. M. Alcott was so justly famous.

The scene of "Rachel Stanwood" is laid among the Quakers in New York City just before the war, and the plot hinges upon the opposition which the Abolitionists had to face from those who were unwilling to ally themselves to the cause until certain that it was to be successful. The characters are very strongly drawn, and are contrasted so as to set each other off to the best advantage, and the book is full of "manly" men and "womanly" women. The only adverse criticism which could be made is the somewhat unnecessary length of the story. It would seem that it might have been condensed a little without injury. But this is a very minor point and does not detract from the decided merits of the book.

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*"Rachel Stanwood." By Lucy Gibbons Morse. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Barabbas,"* by Marie Corelli, is full of interest, and the first few chapters, culminating in the question which has come ringing down to us through the ages, "What is truth?" are remarkable for their dramatic intensity. The hero, and his love for Judith Iscariot, sister of Judas, are the threads around which the authoress weaves the history of the trial, crucifixion and ascension of Christ. Barabbas is taken as a type of the untaught, erring soul, which is not without some nobleness—a type of human Doubt aspiring unto Truth.

His stormy, passionate love is his only guiding star until he comes under the influence of the Christ, and then the robber and murderer is transformed into the meek and loving disciple. The characters are well drawn and stand out distinctly. One can almost see the hypocritical High Priest Cephas and the superstitious Pilate, so deftly does the authoress picture the scenes. A strong religious influence permeates the whole story, and barring a few trifling inaccuracies concerning the Bible narrative, the book is worthy of the writer of "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "The Soul of Lilith."

Blanche Willis Howard scarcely needs an introduction to those Americans who read the short stories and the best of the lighter fiction of the day. "Guenn" and "One Summer," to say nothing of her other books, have already secured her fame. And "No Heroes"† only strengthens her reputation as a writer, for though unequal in merit to some of her longer works, it shows that she possesses that important thing, a versatility, and this versatility gives a promise for the future. "No Heroes" is "a story for boys," and a more healthy and entertaining bit of juvenile fiction it would be hard to find. And though we find a lesson in the book and that dangerous thing in fiction of this class, a moral, yet the lesson and the moral are not the kind to which we were treated in those days when the editors of this magazine were among the regular weekly borrowers from the Sunday-school library. For though it's a case of virtue rewarded, yet the preacher of the sermon is such a blunt, rough-and-tumble, good-hearted little fellow that we only wish the sermon were longer. The writer shows all her old characteristics—

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*"Barabbas. A Dream of the World's Tragedy;" By Marie Correlli. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

†"No Heroes." By Blanche Willis Howard. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

fun, clever dialect, vivid pictures of homely scenes, and though it is but a juvenile story, it possesses much of that indescribable charm which we find in her longer works.

"For Life and Love,"* is a wildly sensational novel, dealing with events occurring soon after the late unpleasantness. Jack Manson, the hero, goes through numberless perils in his efforts to win Si Leavenworth's daughter, his rival for her hand being a Creole, one Ranson Maxan. Maxan is killed and the hero marries Miss Leavenworth "amid great joy." The book is well written, leaving out one or two errors in regard to the making of English law, and the author shows an intimate acqaintance with border life.

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There is always a suggestion of sternness about the phrase, "the old colony times." The expression too often recalls to us only the old "blue-laws," early privations and struggles against hostile Indians, or, a little later, solemn conventions and rallying against British oppression. Now and then we do catch glimpses of John Aldens wooing Priscillas, or we read of some stately assemblage where the ladies of the colony paid their respects to the lady of his excellency, the governor. But we altogether forget the lighter side of colonial life and the gay scenes which were occurring at the very darkest hours of the Revolution. And back of the grim severity of New England or the stately manners and speech of all the colonies, we fail to recognize men and women like ourselves. The historians, for the most part, have been too busy dealing with such tea parties as the one in Boston harbor to describe gatherings like those at the house of Dr. Wistar. And we sometimes forget that there were other arts than those of war and oratory. And yet there was a distinct and a high civilization in those early American times and an art and a society whose peculiar constitution was the result of bringing English precedents to conform with American necessities. Lately, there has been a great revival of colonial architecture, and we know that for its grace, symmetry, and strength it is unsurpassed. We are glad of a peep "Through Colonial Doorways."† For the Critic has just laid aside a book which made him believe that he was actually living a hundred years ago, attending the "Meschianza" in Philadelphia or hearing Ben Franklin at the American Philosophical Society. And never was a title more aptly chosen. There is something colonial even in the yellow and white cover of the little volume, with its representation of an old colonial entrance. And the contents also convince us that the writer must have had the *entreé* through all the finest doorways in Boston and New York and Philadelphia. The authoress must have had access to a rare assortment of old documents, and she has gossiped most entertainingly of the balls and flirtations, the dress and the manners, the art and the culture, of those early days. She has told many humorous anecdotes: "Of Judge Peters' clever sayings we find numerous records. As he grew older, his sharp nose and chin approached each other closely. A friend observed to him one day that his nose and chin would soon be at loggerheads. 'Very likely,' he replied, 'for hard words often pass between them.' Once, while he was Speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet and fell flat. The House burst into laughter, while the judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, 'Order, order, gentlemen! Do you not see that a member is on the floor?'"

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*"For Life and Love: A Story of the Rio Grande." By Richard Henry Savage. (New York and Chicago: F. T Neely.)

†"Through Colonial Doorways." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

We have heard a great deal of the men of this early time, and one of the chief attractions of "Through Colonial Doorways" is that it tells us so much of the women. Altogether, this is one of the most delightful books of the year.

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Until recently, there was no country of whose manners and customs the average man was more ignorant than of Japan. This arose partly from the geographical position of the empire and partly from the exclusion of all foreigners, which, until comparatively late times, was the policy of the government. Any book, therefore, which treats of the national life of that country and gives a true idea of the people is to be welcomed and read with interest. Especially is this the case when the information is given in such an attractive way as in the volume entitled "A Japanese Interior." * A more entertaining way of treating the subject cannot well be imagined. It is a collection of letters from Miss Alice M. Bacon to her family while teaching in the Peeress' School, at Tokyo, and the informal style in which they are written is one of the most attractive features of the book. Many of the civil and court functions are described in a very fresh and easy manner. From her position in the school, Miss Bacon was enabled to gain access to many of the familes of the nobility, and even to the Court itself, and through her we are able to catch a glimpse of that most exclusive of all circles, Japanese high-life; a thing usually impossible to the foreigner. The book gives us no superficial view of the Japanese, but is written by one who is so thoroughly in sympathy with the race that, while writing as an American, she does so from almost the standpoint of a Jap, and the result is an entire lack of foreign prejudice.

A most amusing custom which is mentioned is that according to which the Emperor confers honor after honor upon anyone of the nobility who is sick. And as the illness becomes more serious the honors become proportionately greater, until, after death, the greatest honor in the nation is awarded to the deceased. We cannot refrain from asking ourselves, what would be the result should the man unexpectedly recover?

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* "A Japanese Interior." By Alice Mabel Bacon. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

As the book is short and free from a single dull page, anyone, with a few moments to spare, may be certain of some delightful, as well as instructive reading.

* * * * *

To every thoughtful student of history the period of the Reformation is one of absorbing interest, and as Henry of Navarre played no mean part in the events of that time, any history of his life, such as the one before us,* is sure to be read with great interest. Although the book is by no means an exhaustive work on the subject, it is yet full enough to give a very good idea of the causes which led up to the great religio-political upheaval which played so important a part in the history of Church and State. The book covers a period of about a hundred years —that is, from 1512 to 1612—and no one can fail to gain a very complete insight into the history of the period. Like all of the other books in this series, this volume is written in a most entertaining style, and turns history into a story of absorbing interest. We realize as never before what an enormous influence Henry IV had upon the growth and maintenance of Protestantism in France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The early chapters of the book are devoted chiefly to a discussion of the social and religious conditions of the times and the early life and training of the man who was afterward to be termed "The Protector of the Churches." Henry of Navarre has long been held as one of the ideal characters in French history, and the editor of the series has done well in including him among the Heroes of the Nations.

* * * * *

Canoeing is a sport which is becoming every day more and more popular in this country, and the demand for literature on this subject is always urgent. "Canoeing and Camping Out,"† the latest of "Bohn's Library of Sports and Games," will give the aspiring canoeist all the necessary information on the subject of building his canoe, paddling, sailing, and will even tell him how to manage when he has been unfortunate enough to capsize. The book is in two parts: the first being devoted to canoeing, while the second, by another author, gives some very valuable hints to anyone intending a camping expedition. Although both parts of the book are written by Englishmen, they are as well adapted to an American as an English canoeist or traveler, and no one contemplating either pursuit should fail to read the book.

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* Henry of Navarre. By P. F. Willert. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

† "Hand-book of Athletic Sports: Canoeing and Camping Out." By John D. Hayward, M.D., and Arthur A. Macdowell, M.A., Ph.D. Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A. (London and New York: George Bell & Sons.)

A book has been on our table for some time, by M. J. Savage,* who is a preacher in the Unitarian Church. This being the case it will hardly meet with sympathy from those who hold views other than those of its author, while to those who believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, it may even be repellant. Mr. Savage does not hesitate to say, in the collections of sermons that make up his book, that he does not believe that the Gospels were inspired or that they are infallible or even that they are accurate. He claims that they were not written by the men whose names they bear, that Jesus was born in Nazareth and not in Bethlehem, and freely criticises his sayings and teachings. The doctrine and aim of the book is well summed up in its last paragraph. " When the religion of Jesus, then like the leaven, shall have permeated and wrought into its own likeness all that has arrogated to itself the name 'Christian' and has claimed to speak for him, it will ultimate at last in a condition of perfect human love and perfect human brotherhood; and this will appear to be the true religion and the only service of God." Although opposed in many things to the principles of which this institution is more or less of an exponent, yet there is in these sermons much good, sensible religion, and much that will elevate and instruct.

---

*"Jesus and Modern Life." By M. J. Savage. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

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CONQUESTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BAIRD PRIZE ORATION.

THE glory of Roman civilization had departed. Against the darkness of that Pagan night, which was fast settling down over that doomed and degraded city, the last dull rays of a once brilliant sun were faintly struggling. While ever and anon from some solitary soul dim gleams of truth would flash, yet with the multitude, from Cæsar to the slave, the pristine virtue of earlier days was but a memory. A heartless, heedless secularism had so laid hold upon the life of that ancient world that, under its baneful sway, moral activity had died and sensuality, fostered by art and cherished by religion, paraded in public without a blush. The leaders of society, fascinated at first by the witless freedom of infidelity, turned back again in hopeless sorrow or cynical contempt, while a passionate rabble, believing man an orphan in a tangled, puzzling universe, peopled the whole sphere of existence with relentless deities and became viciously superstitious.

Language fails us in giving expression to the utter lawlessness of a dying Paganism, and into those seething abysses of vice we may not look.

The legitimate results of that heathen civilization were a sensual religion, a prostituted art and a corrupted society, for external refinement and glittering show formed but the cloaks that covered unutterable infamy. A flaunted scepticism could not hide its sad despair, nor could ghastly gladiatorial combats compel forgetfulness of its dreadful woe. Before the onrush of lust and avarice and gluttony Philosophy lost heart, Morality covered her face in shame, and cold Idealism retreated in dismay. Strange and sombre misgivings filled the helpless hearts of men, and the instinct of approaching calamity drove them deeper into foul and fell excess. As the low mutterings of distant thunder betoken the coming storm, so to them the omens which canopied the sky foretold some great disaster. Squadrons trampled the heavens; blood dropped from the clouds, and on the winged winds the angel of death came riding. The Romanized world was at the point of dissolution, and weary watchers waited for something—they knew not what, nor whether for their weal or woe. Christianity's time had come, and to the sweet and solemn music of an angel chant it softly stole into the world.

In that ancient capital almost every phase of religion and philosophy had its temple, but against that impetuous flood of vice pouring in from every quarter their protest had been in vain and their efforts impotent. Christianity came, having no altar and without a shrine. The only weapon which it bore was a blood-red cross, and its only charm was Truth. Undismayed by the terrific forces which opposed it on every hand, it presented an inflexible front to every foe and proclaimed itself to be an ultimate and absolute religion. It declared that from the spirit world it bore the last and final message to the soul of man, and that its invincible purpose was the redemption of the race and the reconstruction of the social fabric. Laying hold upon all existing agencies that tended toward reformation, and becoming their organizing and synthetic principle, it clothed them in its own effulgence and set out on a conquering career, shedding afar eternal truth and scattering wide earth's mists and gloom. Appearing in the darkness of that dreadful age, it focused every glimmering light of prophecy or promise, and believing that the future would vindicate so grand a faith, it breathed new life into the prostrate and mutilated forms of Religion, Philosophy, Literature and Art, honouring them with its great commission—"Go ye into all the world and herald this gospel in every nation."

Not by armed force or political intrigue did Christianity hope to carve its way to recognition; not by the swift volcanic eruption of a revolution, nor the dark devices a later-day Inquisition, but by the potentiality of its matchless system embedded in the hearts of men and realized among the haunts of vice. For three hundred years the outcast Faith engaged in mortal combat with an enraged Paganism, and no weapon remained in the armament of heathendom which was not used against the new religion. The old systems in their dying agonies made desperate efforts to sieze it in the vise-like grip of death, and passed away regretful only that Christianity still lived. Held up to scorn and made the butt of wit; detested for its purity and hated for its love, neither the treachery of its adherents nor the misconceptions of its opponents could obstruct its progress. Though Nero might turn night into noonday by the light of blazing victims, or Diocletian grow sick at the sight of his legalized carnage, the spirit of the rising power remained untamed. Tried in the crucible of doubt and in the fiery furnace of persecution, never was it found wanting; and under its spell the dungeon became a palace, the rack a place of singing, and the burning stake the very gate of heaven.

Against such an indomitable, unquenchable force in vain did Paganism lash itself like waves upon a rock-bound coast, and with energy spent sank back in despair and gave up the struggle. Then it was that Christianity took possession of the temples and shrines of heathendom, and the proclamation of its saving power was heralded from the shores of Britain to the deserts of Africa, and from the Pillars of Hercules to the plains of the Euphrates. Then it was that the despised religion came forth from catacombs and caves, when mid the waving of legionary standards the banner of the Cross rose above the Roman eagle, and on Cæsar's mighty throne, with universal acclamation, Christianity was crowned king.

But still other conquests than the overthrow of Paganism and the subjugation of haughty Rome were yet to come. For away beyond the pale of Cæsar's dominion many millions lived in bondage to ignorance and superstition, and Christianity had a message for them. The thundering tramp of Gothic legions and Vandal hosts sounded from the distant north, and along those splendid Roman roads Death and Devastation hurried on to work their will upon a decayed and dying civilization. The literary, artistic and social product of ancient thought and life seemed in imminent peril of utter destruction, and the ruthless hand of a savage people was stretched out to grasp and squander the wealth of ages. Universal was the cry for help, but Scipio was dead, and Germanicus could not hear. In that inevitable disintegration Christianity perceived a magnificent opportunity, and while every other energy was paralyzed it preserved for us the archives of that ancient world, and led captive those warrior bands back to their forest homes. Those woods and hills soon echoed to the chant of morning hymn and evening prayer, and into the rude and simple hearts of those unfettered men there stole the power which laid the foundations of modern nationality, and developed into European civilization.

Throughout the formative period following the final dissolution of the Roman Empire, with untiring zeal Christianity carried on its redemptive and cultivating work, while within its own ranks mutiny arose, and a more subtle and vital attack was being made upon it. A cold and leaden formalism laid its heavy hand upon the new life and thought to suppress them; and the irony of fate was seen in the spectacle of a religion which had conquered by its spiritual principles, buried beneath forms and ceremonies and weighed down with popes and prelates. That beacon which was destined to shed the clear, warm light of Truth, shaded by priestly hands, cast only puzzling shadows into the life of those dull days. But the inherent force of Christianity was too strong to forever brook restraint, and in response to the call of Calvin and of Luther it burst the bars of that sepulchre in which a corrupted church, seduced by temporal power, had sealed it, and came forth triumphant and to triumph. At its resurrection the whole wide world rebelled; threw off the winding sheet in which it was enshrouded; turned its back upon the past, and in newness of life began the modern era.

Time would fail us in telling the story of all the victories of this wonderful Faith. Wherever its sway has been recognized, there have beneficent results been manifest in a more refined and ennobling civilization. It has made childhood sacred; elevated woman; abolished slavery, and reformed the lot of the outcast and the guilty. Amid all the agonizing voices that reach us from that distant past, the most plaintive is an infant's cry. More eloquent than Cicero's passion, and more hopeless than Marius' plea, was the helpless wail of a deserted childhood appealing in vain to the flinty feelings of a heartless Paganism. But when Christianity cast around the cradle the sacred glory of the other world, and a heavenly host sang sweet melodies there, that moment saw the coronation of Infancy and the recognition of its prophetic power.

Its message to woman the world at length has learned and now applauds; but in those days of her wrong and shame the rejected religion was well-nigh her only champion. A new era began in the realm of thought when it was shown that the love which gives and suffers is more magnificent than the might which makes right. Before power Christianity placed purity, heart in league with intellect, and with affection, will—unceasingly striving in her cause, till at the present hour woman's exaltation is the measure of a nation's greatness.

The third factor in the triune curse of heathendom was the enslavement of man by his fellow-men. The pathetic pleading of the bondman, which for centuries had been heard in bitterest tones of woe, was not in vain; for with the voice of his agony there went forth the proclamation of man's equality and his kinship with the All-Father. Against this awful social plague Christianity relentlessly struggled, banished it from the Roman

Empire, and, when no manacle was found in European lands, the battle was renewed and won on the soil of the great western Republic.

Thus has this supernatural religion added conquest to victory in one long campaign for the restoration of man. Three hundred years of Pagan persecution, followed by the insidious attack of a traitorous church, in league with temporal power, could not keep it back; neither the darkness of the Middle Ages nor the false lights of the Renaissance could cause it to stumble; but disregarding the divine right of kings, and repudiating the narrowness of Puritanism, "trailing clouds of glory," has it come to us, and its "stately steppings" can still be heard throughout the nations. Buddhism is Asiatic, Mohammedanism is Arabic, Confucianism Mongolian, but Christianity is universal. Into the strongholds of every rival religion it has fought its way, and in this very generation louder than ever is the sound of falling temples and tottering shrines, and the triumphant tramp of Christianity's hosts as they march on to victory. In this sunrise age, with our faces flushed as in eager expectation we watch the dawn of a new century, upon no force can we count with such confidence for magnificent endeavour in the service of man as on this splendid religion. Though it mean the rehabilitation of the church and the entire reconstruction of denominatial creeds, Christianity must and will be free. Its work in the world is still far from being completed, and its vitality is not by any means abated. By no intellectual flight in his most inspired moments can man transcend this religion, nor by any debasing of his nature can he fall beyond the reach of its redeeming power. Its career has been one of glorious victory, and no energy exists which can permanently check or hinder its forward march. Clothed in the simple garb of earlier days, and untrammeled by any fetters that held it, in its accomplishments prophecy shall become fact; the kingdoms of the earth shall own its dominion; the universal rule shall be the sway of immortal love, and the cry of Julian the Apostate on the field of battle shall be the shout of assembled worlds, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

Alexander McGaffin.

JAMES TOMPKINS.

THE room was on the fifth floor of the college dormitory. It was a small room, with but scanty furniture. The stained and torn wallpaper, loosened with age, hung down from the ceiling in long festoons, and was here and there patched with colored prints, to give it an air of respectability. In a rickety, padded armchair sat the crouching figure of a long-legged, long-haired student. He had a pile of loose papers upon his lap, and was busily writing by the dingy light of a badly-smoked lamp. Every now and then he would raise his tousled, shaggy head from his hand, and would stare wildly round about the ceiling. As he went on the pauses became more and more frequent. At last he sprang up in anger, and hurling his bunch of papers across the room, he cried: "No; it's no use! I can't write. I'll be forgotten like all the rest of the fools, and—Oh! I had such hopes!"

James Tompkins, to look at, was not a remarkable man. He was tall, thin and rather ungainly. Terribly sensitive in his nature, he had always enough tact to know when he was being laughed at, but at times not a sufficient amount to be able to tell exactly why. In turn, few people that met him ever understood him. His awkward super-sensitiveness was looked upon as an entire lack of brains, and he was usually classified as more or less of a harmless fool. Entering college as he had in his Sophomore year, he was just enough of a grind to keep himself shut off and to be unknown to most of his class, and yet not a great enough scholar to make him famous. He was scarcely ever seen except at chapel or at recitations, and when at rare intervals he did appear, he was usually walking alone, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his head moodily bowed, looking very lonely.

Tompkins had come from the West. In the little Freshwater University of Oklahoma Hills, with its preparatory department attached, he had passed in greatest glory his Freshman year. As a boy he had grown and matured in mind faster than any of his Western cotemporaries. He had thus become more than their equal, and was looked upon as the leading light of the University, was the prime mover of all literary and debating clubs and societies, the managing editor of the monthly paper, in short the intellectual nerve and prodigy of the institution. He had come East with his eyes blinded in a mist of glory. Surprised at first when his arrival had not caused the expected stir, he was simply enraged when he found that even the University of Oklahoma Hill's foot-ball team had never been heard of. He regarded the big Eastern University as exceedingly snobbish and *blasé*. Men seemed to him to be more or less cynical in their ways of looking at life, and the writers of essays for the University monthlies were not heralded abroad, as in the West, for infant prodidges and future promises of Carlyles and Emersons.

With his fresh naive conceit he attributed this state of affairs to the men themselves, and he hoped, that when he had really gotten to work and had become known, matters would be different. And so he smiled to himself as he thought how he would usher in this new benign era.

Carefully, very carefully, had he prepared an essay for the Sophomore prize. He had been told by one of his late professors, who was himself a rising literary man, and wrote word etchings for numerous brief-storied magazines, that he had a true touch of Carlylese style, and with this new adaptation at its best Tompkins had already assured himself of success. Imagine his surprise and rage when the name announced was not his. He at first attributed this to his being a stranger, for the echos of his late triumphs and the plaudits of the audience when, in the June before, he had retired from the stage of his Prize Oration, was still in his ears.

But, once more failure awaited him. Poor Tompkins' eyes had commenced to open. Ah! The horror that perhaps he was but mediocre after all! His idols had been firm and their first tottering went hard with him. Again failure followed failure. He had found himself gradually sinking—not buoyed up by the praises of others; his own estimation of himself was at last giving away; and yet, all at once, the dear old dreams could not be relinquished forever. He had tasted writing and it was like blood to the cub of a lion. The horror of being forgotten and of oblivion had worn deep into his nature, and so, up in his little room, once more he was trying verses, in the vain hope that at last he might succeed.

But his efforts were of no avail, and carefully picking up the papers which, in his rage and anger, he had scattered over the floor, he slowly tore them up and, with a curse, flung them in the fire. The moonlight was streaming into the room, hardly deadened in its brilliancy by the dim light of his lamp. James Tompkins walked to his window and gazed down in sadness upon the moving shadows of the trees in the campus. The old College Belfry was softened in the light, and the stifled voices of the night seemed far below. He rested his arm upon the window-sill and stood and dreamed. His spirit had grown quiet and subdued. He thought again of his burned and torn verses and then looked into the flooding moonlight—"Surely," he murmured, "I've some of the poet spirit in me, at least, and even if I can't write, thank God," he cried, "I can enjoy!"

Theodore F. Humphrey.

AT NIGHT.

THERE'S a jeweled cross in the southern sky,
  And a jeweled cross on the turning tide;
A light breeze falls o'er the land to die
  'Mid the shadows deep by the water side;
And it scatters the jewels far and wide
  From the cross on the stream, as it hurries by.

And now as the moon's first light is felt,
  The shivering shadows quickly shrink
To meet on the western sky, and melt.
  And I see from my boat by the river's brink
In the stream beneath me slowly sink
  The three bright stars in Orion's belt.

Frank McDonald.

DIARY OF A DUEL.

DEC. 10. The happiest day of my life, yet life itself was never more uncertain. Called on Eleanor Gladwin and—she made the day what it was—the happiest. Left her at eleven o'clock and strolled into "The Austerlitz" for a little supper before going home. Took the same little table near the window with the palms, and fell into a blissful trance of some kind, for I was awakened by somebody striking against my foot and falling heavily on the floor. Jumped up and saw a well-dressed Frenchman playing tag with a silk hat. He happened to stumble over my foot, which had, unknown to me, wandered out into the aisle. Apologized profusely but evidently something was against me, for he doubted the sincerity of my excuses and thought I had done it intentionally. He glared at me without a word, drew a card from his upper vest-pocket, and handed it to me. Was not particularly anxious to know his name but on looking at the card saw that he was M. Emile D'Aubrey Braugeon, of 328 Wellington street. Emile had made life what it was—uncertain.

DEC. 11. Rather a novel sensation for one like myself—the prospect of a duel, at the same time engaged to the sweetest girl on earth. I always considered my life rather prosaic, but it seems to have suddenly blossomed out into a most poetic one. Never was much on the etiquette of a duel, so sent around for Tom Merwin and Fred Austin. They arrived at the room shortly after lunch, and we talked it over. I never intended to get into any such thing as this, and would have laid quietly away on the shelf but for the fact that I had given Emile a card of mine in return for his. Messengers from his seconds, kindly offering me choice of weapons, appeared on the scene, and he also seemed terribly hurried to settle details for this highly entertaining but rather unwelcome episode. He looks as if he meant business, and I never was more in earnest myself—to get out of it. Made several suggestions in the way of pillows, toothpicks or putty blowers, at various paces, for weapons, which, unfortunately, didn't improve matters with the messengers, who are French, and his nibs' seconds. They seemed to feel insulted. Was not anxious to know their names or go into the dueling business, so satisfied their curiosity and errand by naming pistols at twenty paces. Seeing that I was fairly launched, I made an appointment for six o'clock Wednesday morning. They seemed much satisfied and said I was a man of honour. I thanked them out of the door and then wondered how I could get out of the business.

DEC. 12. I had often thought that if anything like this ever occurred to me that it could easily be turned off into a good joke. I am beginning to think differently. Kept awake almost all night thinking of some plan to turn the affair into one of those "jokes."

Have finally found a loop-hole for escape. Shall insist on only one revolver being loaded, the contestants not to know who holds the loaded one—with the exception of myself. Wrote Tom the scheme, and told him to scratch a mark on either side of the butt of the loaded one. Of course I shall not shoot to kill or even wound. I couldn't do either anyhow. My hopes that M. Braugeon would not accede to the plan, in order that I might cast him aside as a coward not worthy of fighting, were not realized. Tom tells me his Frenchness thought the idea a good one, as it was novel. However, the scratch was to be on the butt of the deadly weapon, and I could yet get safely out of it. Called on Eleanor again to-night, but said nothing to the little girl about this affair. Did not stop at "The Austerlitz" on the way home. Found Fred and Tom in my room on my return, but I didn't feel like doing much more than telling them how my affairs stood, so that they could settle things in case there should be any slip and I could not settle them myself. Retired at ten o'clock.

DEC. 13.—Slept like a brick last night. Never realized before what a scratch on the butt of a revolver could do for a man's confidence. Tom woke me up at four-thirty, and after dressing and a light breakfast took a cab for "the Grove," the place of meeting. Emile D' Aubrey Braugeon was at the scratch and bowed most politely, at the same time complimenting me on my originality in duel affairs. Felt extremely flattered, but did not tell him that I'd like to drop pistols and get his head in chancery and break it. After a little preliminary talk the seconds called us together to choose our weapons. They were lying in the velveteen box, and I plainly saw the scratch that I was anxiously looking for. It took a big burden off my mind and heart, for I felt that perhaps I might not be able to find it. I was merrily walking up to lay violent hold on it, when his nibs' seconds informed us that as the suggestion had been mine, it was therefore Emile D' Aubrey Braugeon's first choice of weapons. Sweet Lavender! I felt like falling through the sod-covered turf. What if he took the marked revolver? It was a desperate strait. I watched Mons. E. D'A. Braugeon walk toward the case. My heart stopped beating. He gazed intently at the odious instruments of death. My knees and limbs were shaking. Stretched out his hand and—took the marked revolver. I was going to cry, help! But I recovered myself in time. M. Braugeon had walked calmly away and placed himself in position. It seemed like a farce to do the same. I could just as well take a pencil I had in my pocket and shoot at him with it for all the harm it would do. All seemed impatient for me to get into my place. Slowly I picked up the pistol and got into position. Great Scott! what a place I was in. The second commenced to count, one—two— "Hold on!" came from me. I had thought of another loophole. I said I had something to say to Mr. Braugeon before I killed him, so, drawing him aside, I said, "M'sieur, one of us is in the right the other in the wrong. *N'est ce pas*? Well, one of us has a loaded revolver the other has not. Now, instead of shooting and making a muss, let us open the revolvers and see who is in the right!" Before he could say no I had taken his revolver from his hand and both were opened in a second. "Well, well, Mons. Emile," I cried, "I congratulate you. You were in the right, sir. Come down and have a dinner with me, you and your seconds, at the Austerlitz, at eight o'clock to-night."

Franklin B. Morse.

THE REVERIES OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

THE Philadelphian was just over, and I was seated in my easy chair before the fire, with my feet on the fender. After musing a few moments over the curiously-worded editorials and literary notes of the *Princetonian*, I picked up *Edinburgh*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, under which was Andrew Lang's *Oxford*, to get a glimpse of that great university and to learn something of its attractions. My orange and black bookmark told me I was at the fourth chapter. Let me see—yes:

"The character of a place is often most perfectly expressed in its associations. An event strikes not and grows into a legend when it has happened amongst congenial surroundings."

I glanced over at the fire. The blue flame was flickering over the black coals. I wondered how many men had occupied my room—perhaps some far back in the thirties. How many had put their feet upon this same old stove? The same carpet, at least, belonged to an '83 man. How many had room-mates, and how many had preceded me in a solitary existence? Then I counted those names that I knew. Some were of worthy note. If I could get the names of all, I would carve them on the door—but the mantel would do better, or perhaps the bed-room door. Then—

But just then the sharp, keen shout of the college cheer rang out below the window, as a gathering of friends greeted a returning prodigal. What a thrill that old cheer gives to one—"that best of college cheers"—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger! Siss! Boom! Ah! Princeton!" How often the slow, measured intonation of the seventies and eighties—"the alumni cheer"—and the short, inspiring shout of to-day have been defiantly yelled in the vicinity of Nassau Hall, or the neighborhood of Berkeley Oval, or Manhattan, one can scarcely contemplate.

But it is not only the "best of college cheers," it is of historic significance, suggested by and the embodiment of the meaning of the old cannon. The hiss of the lighted fuse, the deafening report and reaction the Siss! Boom! Ah! at present comprise; so that our revered relic, though itself silent, still speaks by proxy, and continues to stimulate its defenders and instill terror into the opposing ranks.

In the Revolution, however, the opposing ranks were the ancestors of its more immediate champions. But Colonial grit was bound to win, and the British abandoned it on the battlefield of Princeton (one of "The Seven Wonders of Princeton," according to the designer of the Murray Hall map of Japan), and it is still here, mouth downward, firmly imbedded in cement in the centre of "the old quadrangle."

In connection with the surrounding circle of stones, it has been aptly termed "the hub of the college world"—a hub which, by the way, has been recently turned into a "hot box." Around it the Seniors sing their last songs together, and smoke and break their farewell pipes. For decades past it has been the scene of the annual midnight "rushes," now so happily abolished, and that, also, of the not infrequent nocturnal gatherings of hilarious alumni or Bacchanalian undergraduates, when the convivial proclivities too often lead to a repetition of that delightful experience of the Pickwick Club when they "were heard to sing, with great feeling and emphasis, the beautiful and pathetic national air of

"We won't go home 'till morning,
We won't go home 'till morning,
We won't go home 'till morning,
'Till daylight doth appear."

But its smaller sister, "the college pet," is also a relic of the battle. What tales it could tell! It could reveal the so-called secrets of each Hall, or tell the names of the "fraternal" Sophomores that hail snowy onslaughts against the unfortunate Freshmen in their endeavors to "go to Hall" on wintry afternoons. It has shuddered at those strange, awful howls which issue therefrom at initiations, giving anything but a pleasant intimation as to the reception of the neophytes or, possibly, has caught an inkling of applause at some rehearsal for the Lynde Debate or Junior Oratorical Contest, or the peculiar manifestations of disapproval at an unpopular measure in a special session. The new marble Halls, patterned after the Greek temples, the only buildings of their kind in America, whose six pillars apiece are at present the largest single pieces of marble ever quarried, are in the full swing of history. It has beheld the rites of each dedication, it knows the "mysteries" and will certainly, with interest, watch their progress. But it never tells and always reposes in silent mysteriousness, the confidant of each.

Mr. George Wallace, '91, thinks the sounds which emanate from these Halls and thence echo and re-echo throughout the campus, resemble the rumblings of the ninepins of Hendrick Hudson and his followers. But I would not press this point too strongly. It is to be hoped, at least, that the similarity does not extend to the appearance of the *clientéle.* But how could it, when Whig brings to mind such a man as James Madison, and Clio such men as Oliver Ellsworth and William Patterson?

We have not kept our cannons without struggles, however, and in the contest with Rutgers over the possession of the smaller one Dr. McCosh was moved to liken even unto the Trojan war.

And the colours, too, are of historic association. The striking orange of the tiger, tiger lily and chrysanthemum is in reminiscence of William of Orange. "Our *tolerabiles ineptiæ* are significant." And it has been said even that "we write history on our blazers."

But have you ever been drawn to the fascinating appearance of "the old quadrangle" on a winter night? The light from the lamps at the four corners sheds its flickering rays fantastically through the falling flakes as the wind wildly and bewilderingly blows them to and fro; the big elms make dark, gaunt, crooked, mottled shadows on the white snow; the ghost-like pillars of Whig and Clio let great, uncanny sable-bands fall on the pale walls, forming a peculiarly wierd grotesqueness which at once charms the mind of the captivated beholder, while the dazzling windows of East and West peer out into the darkness like huge eyes, and the distant lights of Brown strangely recall the glow of the coke ovens we see in far-off obscurity when rushing and speeding through the Alleghenies. Ah, as Matthew Arnold sang of Oxford—

> "That sweet city with her dreaming spires,
> She needs not June for beauty's heightening,
> Lovely all times she lies,—lovely to-night!"

When one thinks of the sway of "the old quadrangle" on this country's history, how the influence of Princeton men has been so national and far-reaching, how each graduate is in himself a little centre of reflected stimulus, one can but—

The book slipped from my hands and fell to the floor. As I picked it up and started to turn the leaves, with the

> "Let me see; let me see; is not the leaf turned down where I left reading?"

of Brutus on my tongue, the glance of the eye fell on these words:

> "For every place is a centre to the earth whence highways radiate or ships set sail for foreign ports; the limit of a parish is not more imaginary than the frontier of an empire; and as a man sitting at home in his cabinet and swiftly writing books, so a city sends abroad an influence and a portrait of herself."

I glanced at the page. Why, this was the one hundred and eighty-first and mine the fifty-ninth.

But the fire must be replenished.

Paul Griswold Huston.

FRANCE, RUSSIA AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

AN ORATION.

IN THE present position of European politics a strange spectacle is presented to the civilized world. Diplomacy makes curious friendships, but assuredly it has never made a more unnatural coalition than in the present strange alliance of France and Russia. Men are yet living in Russia who have felt the terror of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, and who have themselves seen the flames of Moscow red in the winter sky; in France, desolate homes still mourn the Crimea, and the bones of six hundred thousand Frenchmen whiten the Russian plain. To-day a Russian fleet is welcomed at Toulon; Paris receives a Russian prince with hysterical joy; holiday is proclaimed; the nation puts on its best attire; and forgetting the lessons of history, forgetting the inborn and persistent hostility of a hundred years, forgetting that their natures are as alien to one another as are night and day, France and Russia fly to a fast embrace, and the past dies forever in the kiss of peace.

Such is the alliance that now seeks to control the destiny of Europe—an alliance without a single common principle—an alliance without so much as the foundation of a common race or even a common religion—an alliance dictated by nothing save motives of present military expediency, and which, so soon as there arises a clash of interests, will lose all that now holds it together, and, deprived of all moral support, will fall as falls the house of cards at the breath of the child that built it.

For as far as the East is from the West, as far as the bond is from the free, as far as the eternal Aye is from the everlasting No, so far are the thoughts and ideals and aspirations of Russia from the thoughts and ideals and aspirations of France. For France is the land of the future, the land of strong hope and high endeavour, the land that more than any other in Europe is led by an idea. Time after time, when cruel and selfish wars have seemed to undo all that men had done, when an ignorant and corrupt commune has flouted liberty in the market-place and made democracy a reproach, when men's hearts have grown weary with waiting, and liberty and universal peace have seemed the baseless fabric of a vision, so often has France still led the wavering fight and to the faint-hearted cried, "Press on." When Europe was sunk in the corruption of the eighteenth century, it was in France that men saw the first faint glimmer of the dawn. It was from France that the mad Rousseau shouted his defiance at the powers that had arrogated to themselves the functions of God. It was to France that America turned her eyes when she was struggling for a principle mightier than kings, and from France the answer came swift and sure. To-day it is France that is teaching Europe that democracy can live; and when patriot and reformer are ready to fall by the way, it is by France that their wearied hearts are cheered and France that leads them on like the oriflamme of war. France is the nation of ideals.

And now in an evil moment she is joined for good or ill with the nation that stands before Europe as the very antithesis of all the ideals and all the aspirations that have made France a power for good. France and Russia! What a meeting! After a hundred glorious years of fighting for the right, at the close of the century France yields to her tempter and enters a bond of shame.

Alexander Romanoff, Czar of all the Russias, thy name is a terror to thy people, and thy empire a reproach to the civilized world. Like the Giant Despair, whose castle lay hard upon the highway, so thy domain stretches forth into the heart of Europe like a mighty arm. The other nations of Europe do recognize themselves as subject to the moral law. They dare not openly violate it, and in the exercise of their unquestioned and self-determined sovereignty they must justify their actions to a Christian world. For as there is a conscience in every individual, and a conscience in every nation, so is there a universal conscience of the Christian world. And this world-conscience Russia ignores, and Russia alone. What other Christian nation would have dared, in this century, to offer such an affront to common humanity as Russia has offered in her heartless expulsion of the Jews? What other Christian nation would have dared, without trial, without counsel, without jury, without opportunity of defense, to condemn hundreds of her subjects to imprisonment and death? What other Christian nation would have dared to outrage the moral sense of mankind as Russia has outraged it by the cruel and inhuman punishment, for political offences, of the fearful doom of perpetual exile in the abandoned and desolate wastes of Siberia? Like a pestilence her influence is spread upon the earth. It incites a young and foolish emperor in Germany to clutch at a power beyond his grasp. It infuses a semblance of life into the tottering, decrepit monarchy of Spain. By its very reaction it forces its exiled subjects to sow the seeds of anarchy in every capital in Europe; and, gathering strength by its long repression, the hateful influence of nihilism crosses the free waters of the ocean; it has found a home in America, and spoke at Chicago in the murders of Haymarket Square. But the universal conscience, the conscience of the nations, slumbers not nor sleeps. Though a thousand years of war crush it to the earth, its voice is ever heard demanding justice between man and man and the emancipation of the human soul. It spoke at Marathon, and the hosts of Persia were hurled back upon the sea; it steeled the arm of Constantine, and paganism fell before it; impelled by its resistless law, Martin Luther defied the power of the Church, and again the human soul was free; it nerved the slumbering Englishmen, and the Stuart dynasty fell from its throne; to the blind and bigoted George III it cried "Thou shalt not!" and when its cry was left unheeded it sped quick through the veins and fibres of the American colonies, and a mighty nation appeared upon the earth. To-day it bids monarch and people pause and listen to its command, and rend the fetters that cramp and bind the soul of man, until the injustice of society and the oppression of the weak shall forever pass away, and the nations are led by Justice, Love and Truth. This is its command; this the nations hear, and this they would fain obey, but far in the East they behold a power whose rulers acknowledge not the law of God or man, and Europe, beholding this, dares not follow out her destiny nor fulfill her mission. The nations are advancing, but Russia blocks the way.

Yet this is the nation with which France is now joined heart and hand. She is joined for peace and joined for war, and for war it must be. Shut our eyes as we will to the horrid phantom of a European war, it rises ever before us and will not down. Let us not deceive ourselves with the alluring vision of perpetual peace. As Bismarck cried in the Reichstag, "No generation has ever lived in Germany that has not been obliged to draw the sword against France." The statue of the lost Alsace is still draped in black, nor can all the honeyed words of peace wipe out the memory of Sedan. And when the conflict comes, as come it must and will, rejoicing in the strength of her new-found ally, France will be found prepared.

The success of France might bring with it no menace to the future of Europe, nor interfere with the progress of the world. But for Russia—Russia the despotism—Russia the moral octopus among the nations—for Russia to triumph now in a general European war would be the worst calamity to Europe, and the fearfulest setback to civilization, since the invasion of the Moguls, when

> "Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls."

Russia threatens the future of Europe; what champion comes forth to guard the right? The defender of Europe is at hand, and as France and Russia look out upon the field they are confronted by a power that threatens to keep them far apart, and between them and the alluring vision they have created rise the frowning guns of the Triple Alliance.

By their strategic position, Germany, Austria and Italy will offer an effective check which all the powers of France and Russia will find it hard to overcome. Where shall Russia break in upon her foe? How shall France effect an entrance, and how shall they join hands across the hostile territories that lie between? Let France advance upon Germany's western frontier, and two million Prussians will rise in a night to guard the Rhine. Let her seek to pass the rugged barrier of the Alps, and Germany and Italy, joined in common cause, will present an unbroken front from the glistening peaks of the Hautes-Alpes to the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. She calls to Russia, and Russia cannot come. Disunited they must attack their common foe. From the frozen waters of the White Sea down for a thousand miles through the breastworks that guard the German and Austrian frontier, even to the shores of Greece, stretches a gleaming line of battlements ready to repel the forces of the Czar. Let them invoke in their behalf the kindly sea, and the navies of three nations will guard the straits of Sicily. The Triple Alliance is the strength of Europe.

And so, in the workings of a mighty Providence, when a semi-barbarous despotism blocks the progress of Europe and threatens the future of the world, when, in an evil moment, a nation that for a century has been fighting the battle of liberty, equality and fraternity, is seduced and joins with Ahriman, in that moment a champion is raised up in freedom's cause. For when the military power of Russia is shattered, as shattered it must be when she meets the Triple Alliance, then will there come to Russia, and from Russia swift to the rest of Europe, some measure of that freedom for which her little band of patriots has toiled so long. The despotism of Russia rests on military force, and on nothing else, and when that is broken the dawn of liberty is nigh.

The nations of the Triple Alliance, which are thus to prove the harbingers of freedom, may be all unconscious of the work which they shall do. Thus it has ever been. The Greek that fought at Marathon was fighting for his home, and his vision could not pierce the long procession of the centuries that should rise to bless his name. The wild German that fought the Roman legions was fighting for his native forest; he little knew that on that bloody day he was striking a blow for a civilization which he should never see, and of which he had never dreamed. Such are the instruments which God raises up to work his will. And now, little love may Germany have for freedom; little may Austria care for democracy's triumph; small concern may it be to Italy whether the human soul be bound or free. But they are moved by a Power mightier than they, and are acting out a sublime drama of which they know not the beginning nor the end, and the rhythm of whose ascending scale they cannot hear.

"It is the will of God!" Thus cried the Crusaders when, with a fierce impulse, they swept over Europe and rushed to fight for the holy sepulchre. Fruitless, fruitless their fatuous attempt. They never won the promised land, and Europe lay stricken and bleeding beneath the fierce tumult of war, and pestilence and famine followed close in its train. Wearied and disheartened, Europe slowly recovered from the fearful shock, and then to have called the Crusades the will of God must have sounded as blasphemy in her ears. But the hand of God was there, and now, in the calm perspective of the centuries, we behold in the Crusades the bond that knit Europe together fast and firm, and across the blackened battle-fields, across the misery of war and the horrid work of pestilence and death, we reverently cry, "It was the will of God!"

Let us, then, not turn away from the fearful prospect of the inevitable European war. Hideous it will be in the act, frightful and devastating beyond compare. Bitter, bitter will Europe's salvation be. But beyond the horror that it needs must bring, beyond the ruin and the desolation, beyond the fertile fields laid bare, beyond the burning cities and the stricken homes, rises the vision of liberty and peace. We shall behold the crash of mighty systems rushing to their fall, "eternal process moving on," and then, then beyond the battle and the waste of war—

> "from the ashes
> Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
> Civilization, on her luminous wings,
> Soars phœnix-like to Jove."

It is the will of God.

M'Cready Sykes.

CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB.

IN PRAISE OF LOVE.

Where'er he went, on brave deed bent,
By drear and lonely journey,
Or when perchance, with couched lance
He strove in gallant tourney,
In ease, in toil, 'mid friends, 'mid foes,
That one sweet face before him rose.

Though now keen words, and not bright swords,
Enthrone the Right victorious,
Yet still they fight, with subtlest might,
Their names are still most glorious,
Who strive and toil, and do, and dare,
Each for some lady sweet and fair.

Edward J. Russell.

A PULLMAN TRAGEDY.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty miles out of Denver, the westward traveler on the "Denver Express," if he be an early riser, will notice a station called Dead-Man's Crossing. It is scarcely worthy the name of a station, for no sign of habitation distinguishes it from the surrounding monotony of level prairie. The cause of the halt is explained, however, when you observe a transverse railroad intersecting yours, and recall that all trains are required by law to come to a stop at such intersections. How the place acquired its ghastly name is often matter of wonder to the traveler unacquainted with the locality; this curiosity is invariably relieved by the loquacious porter or more loquacious drummer. It is simply the tale of the finding of the bleached bones of an unknown man, supposed to have been a wayfaring peddler, who had fallen a prey to a gang of highwaymen that in former years had infested the region, making life a thing of extreme uncertainty to him who dared venture unattended within the territory over which they were wont to commit their depredations. When the railroads advanced into the locality and formed an intersection at this particular point, with that keen faculty of comparison often so highly developed in the denizen of the western plains, the place had been dubbed by the inhabitants "Dead-Man's Crossing."

Such was Harold Augustus Van Clifton's destination. It was a hot day in the middle of August. All day long they had rolled on and on over an endless waste of sagebrush and buffalo grass, and as evening approached a heavy rain began falling, which almost hissed into the great fissures in the soil parched by long-continued drought. Comfortable it was to sit inside the cosy Pullman and listen to the driving rain beating upon the roof and splashing against the window; not so comfortable to Harold Van Clifton, the reflection that the early morning would find him at his destination, with never a roof to cover his head, should his relatives fail to meet him—or, to be precise, his relative—for Uncle Hadley had written that Cousin Clara would drive to the crossing and expect him on that very train. Re-assured by this he determined to retire. The occupant of the upper berth was an extremely large man with an effeminate air, a double chin and a peevish tone of voice, together with a hirsute wealth of extremely reddish hue.

He complained of the hot weather of the day, and was equally dissatisfied when the cooling rain began falling in the evening. He sat for a long time gazing at the water as it drained down the window pane, shuddering with apprehension lest the dampness should steal through, and chill his plenteous person. At the story of the waylaid peddler he winced visibly, and was greatly relieved when he learned that they should pass "Dead-Man's Crossing" while he was yet asleep. With difficulty he squeezed his huge form into the limited space allotted him, and long ere Van Clifton closed his eyes, was giving abundant vocal evidence of peaceful slumber.

"Yessah, yessah, Cap'n, I'll see dat you is waked early in de mawnin', shuah," was the porter's response to Harold's instructions to call him in time to get off at "Dead-Man's Crossing."

"And if I don't wake readily," said Harold, "don't let up on me. I am naturally a very heavy sleeper, and it is frequently necessary to pull me clear out of bed before I awake. At home, nothing short of a derrick will get me up. So if I don't get out of my berth the moment you call me, don't hesitate to haul me out bodily and put me off the train. Get me off at all hazard. I must be left at Dead-Man's Crossing. Hear?"—and he further emphasized these instructions in a liberal pecuniary manner.

"Now, looky' heah, Cap'n, yo' is goin' to stop at Dead-Man's Crossing, shuah as dis heah train gets dah," and his big eyes rolled with a gleam of satisfaction as he looked at the denomination of the coin. Yessah, Cap'n, if I hes to frow yoo off wif yoah night-cap on."

Re-assured by the extreme earnestness of his words and manner, Harold Augustus Van Clifton dismissed the whole subject from his mind and turned in. The rain had now ceased, and he began to look forward to meeting his fair cousin with no little pleasure. In that sweet half-consciousness that comes with approaching sleep, he fell to speculating on the probable charms of Cousin Clara. He had not seen her since childhood, yet he felt quite sure that she would prove interesting, for she was of the family stock, and no one, to Harold Augustus Van Clifton's mind, who could boast that stock could be otherwise than iteresting. And Cousin Clara was critical, they said, and even hypercritical with respect to personal appearance. This was a pleasant reflection to Harold Augustus Van Clifton, for on this point he felt certain of his cousin's approval. Next to his membership in the grand family of Van Clifton, Harold Augustus prided himself above all else on his personal appearance—and it was sometimes a question in his mind which point had the precedence. And he *was* a fine looking fellow. It was no little flattery to his personal vanity that all the little and big fops at the club modeled their styles after his as after a fashion plate. And now, as he was nearing his fair cousin, on whom he especially desired to make a good impression, it was but natural that he should recount all his charms and search again for a defect. Yes, he reflected, there was one. Of late years he had shown a slight tendency to an increase of adipose tissue; but discreet dieting had kept his flesh down, and—well, he hoped Cousin Clara would not notice it—it really was but slight—for of all men, a fat man was the abomination of the critical Clara.

What a pleasant land is the land of dreams! Harold Augustus VanClifton must have wandered far within its borders, for when he returned old Sol had finished half his morning's work, and was well on his way to the zenith; and this fact was brought forcibly to Harold's mind when he opened his eyes and caught a bright ray full in the face as it streamed through by the curtain's edge. He looks about him. Yes, he is still on the train. Alas! and alack! Dead-Man's Crossing must have been long since left behind. Wild with rage, he rang for the porter, and a dark figure appeared at the opening of the curtains in answer to his call.

"Hold on dah, Cap'n; what's de mattah?"

Harold Augustus Van Clifton looked at him silently, and his hair began to rise. The figure was probably of the *genus homo*, though its countenance would scarce be *prima facie* evidence of the statement. His big eyes were swollen almost shut. His nose was flattened to a shadow, and his mouth was enlarged to such length as to give it the appearance of a perpetual, sad, sad smile. His elegant blue uniform was no longer a thing of beauty. Pockets dog-eared; dirt, grime and blood everywhere over his whole disheveled person.

Harold had plenty of time to note these details ere he recovered himself from his fright. Then remembering his disappointment, he demanded the whereabouts of the porter.

"Come now, Cap'n, don't take on so. What's de mattah? Shall I send foah de doctor?"

"Doctor? Doctor? I'll doctor you, if you don't send me that porter, and that quicker than—"

"Wh'—? Look heah, Cap'n, I'se de portah, shuah I is."

"*You* the porter, you scoundrel! Then why didn't you obey my instructions, and call me for Dead-Man's Crossing?"

The porter stared dumbfounded. His knees smote together. His voice shook as he said:

"Come now, Cap'n, yoo is jokin', shuah yoo is. I done put yoo—"

"Joking? I'll show you," and Harold made a sudden movement which caused the porter to retire swiftly from his vicinity.

"Say, Cap'n," he said, returning cautiously, "what's de numbah of yoah berth?"

"Why, four, of course, you driveling idiot. Didn't I tell you to call number four for Dead-Man's Crossing?"

"Numbah foah? Yes, dat's de numbah," and he mechanically parted the curtains and peered into the upper berth. Then an expression of half intelligence seemed to come over his face as he continued, "Shuah dat's de numbah, I jes' knowed I put *some* pass'ngah off at dat Dead-Man's Cross'n'. Now, Cap'n, yoo see it was jes' dis way, dat *fat fellah* w'at was in the uppah berth—" his face wore a rueful expression; he rubbed his sore joints. He had put the wrong man off at Dead-Man's Crossing.

When this stupendous fact dawned on the excited mind of Harold Augustus VanClifton, the effect was anything but soothing. First he stared at the porter steadily, blankly, for a full minute, then he shifted his gaze to the window; the swimming, swirling sweep of prairie said forty miles an hour. A sickly grin overspread his face, which immediately turned to one of fierceness, and he clutched the bed-clothes, ground his teeth, sat straight up and turned again to the porter with a look—but that individual had discreetly taken himself out of harms' way.

Left to himself, Harold fell to cogitating. Instead of his tall, stately figure stepping from the car with all the dignity of a VanClifton, and with elegant and easy courtesy overpowering the critical Clara in gallant, graceful, and withal affectionate greeting—instead of this pleasing spectacle, he pictured that fat, fussy, old creature, thrown from the platform like a tramp from the bumpers, right before the eyes of the astonished Clara. If she were a VanClifton, she would wait for no explanations, but fortwith turn her back upon her suppositious cousin in supreme contempt and sweep away over the prairie for home.

Harold Augustus Clifton resolved to return to Dead-Man's Crossing with all speed and give the lie to this miserable counterfeit of his proud person. But he didn't. A half hour later, as he stepped into the Denver depot and inquired for a return train, an old college friend slapped him on the back. Nothing short of a weeks' visit would satisfy him, so Harold sent explanatory telegrams to father and cousin—to the latter that "Owing to misconduct of porter" he had been "unable to present himself," but had "come on to Denver" and "would return shortly," etc., —and graciously accepted the invitation. The next day came a telegram from father to return home at once, which he did, leaving Cousin Clara in a state of constant fear less her fat kinsman, whom she had so unceremonioully refused to recognize at Dead-Man's Crossing, should keep his promise.

Edwin M. Norris.

A NEW YEAR'S RECONCILIATION.

THE congregation at Potter's Corners, over which the Rev. Josiah Teechum presided, was not a large one, still less was it energetic, and often could his people be seen refreshing their tired natures during the long sermons, lulled to sleep by the worthy dominie's droning voice. Early in the sermon those thus disposed could be easily recognized, for they would be the last to raise their heads after the prayer, and stood up for the hymn before the sermon without any book. Apparently almost half the congregration were preparing for their weekly nap one Sunday in January when the Rev. Josiah opened his sermon and gave out his text. One after another his audience settled down in their seats, and, with heads bent back, prepared to derive bodily, if not spiritual, comfort from the discourse. But fate had ordered it otherwise. Having settled his MS., after two or three preliminary hems and haws, the Rev. Teechum commenced, "My friends, you will find the text of my sermon in two verses. The first from the Book of Proverbs, chapter twenty-two, verse ten, 'Cast out the scorner and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease;' and the second from Romans, chapter thirteen, verse thirteen, 'Let us walk honestly, * * * not in strife and envying.'" At the reading of the first verse every eye opened, and a slight movement of surprise could be noticed all over the church, but at the second the slumber-inclined roused themselves and sat up with a jerk, while every eye was turned to a certain pew, where two old men, ensconced at each end, sat bolt upright, stiff as ramrods, without moving a muscle, and only by nervous movements of the eyes betraying the fact that they were conscious of the scrutiny of the congregation, and were, consequently, the two most uncomfortable people in it. For long years a bitter feud had existed between the two old men. Although next-door neighbors and honoured members of the community, they were bitter enemies, and had been ever since the time when Andrew Wright, then a young man, had settled in Hopewell and wounded Mark Everet's aristocratic sensibilities by opening a butcher-shop next door to his residence. But that was long ago. The butcher-shop had long since disappeared, and Andrew Wright was now an honoured and respected resident. Mark Everet, however, still held to his ancient prejudice.

But that was years ago. The butcher shop had long since passed into other hands, and "Pete" was now received by all the best families in the town. Mark Everet, however, still held to his ancient prejudice, and always maintained that he never went by his neighbor's house without smelling fresh meat, and the farther away such a man was from him the better he felt. On his side Wright paid no attention to such slanders, but made it his aim in life to worry Everet as much as possible, and to this end constantly brought suit against him on one pretext or another but generally on some such charge as "tresspass by live stock" or "damage to fences by cattle." During the last month Wright had been especially active, and scarcely a week went by that Everet did not receive a visit from the constable from the neighboring town citing him to appear and answer some fresh charge. Only a few days before he had been ordered to pay $100 damages in order to reclaim one of his cows which Wright had captured and corraled. In his anger Everet had refused to pay the sum, and so Wright rejoiced in another cow.

While we have been making this somewhat long digression, the sermon has been progressing. Never, in the memory of any of his hearers, had the Rev. Josiah preached such a sermon before. No one went to sleep during that service, and, consequently, it long remained a memorable one in the minds of his congregation. The minister had commenced by an enumeration of the different kinds of pride, and the eyes of all the congregation were fixed upon the old man whose sixty years had not served to teach him the lesson of humility.

During all this trying ordeal Everet never moved, but sat with the same stolid expression on his face, as if he did not even hear what the minister was saying. But meanwhile Wright's face was a study. A slight smile quivered about his lips when any remark especially applicable to his enemy was made. But he was reckoning before his time, for now the Rev. Josiah turned his attention to the second part of his sermon. He rebuked envy in no measured terms, and now Wright became the centre of observation for all eyes.

It was Everet's turn now; and when strife, the outgrowth of envy, was commented upon and reproved, not content with smiling only, he turned and looked his enemy square in the face. This was too much for Wright, and rising slowly he turned and walked down the aisle and out the door.

The minister was thunderstruck. So this was to be the result of his special effort in sermonizing. Well, he would never try it again; that much was certain.

Meanwhile Pete was walking home cursing his own folly. "I might just as well have stayed," he muttered to himself, "and not let that conceited donkey stare me out of countenance. Well, it can't be helped now; but I'll pay him off some of these days."

On reaching home, he began making his preparations for a trip to the city in order to make some needed purchases for the farm. So he set to work to grease his best boots and get his new suit of clothes ready; for a trip to the city was an occasion which must be met with all the dignity possible.

So then behold Mr. Andrew Wright, Esq., standing on the platform of the Potter's Corners station at a very early hour next morning waiting for the New York train. He had almost forgotten about his anger of the day before, and it was only just as he was stepping aboard the train that it was recalled to him by the sight of a well-known though hated face. "So you're going to the city too, are you? you blue-nosed sabbatarian," thought Pete. The term was one which he had heard somewhere, and the whole expression sounded so destructive that, although he hadn't the least idea of its meaning, he had adopted it and used it on occasions when he felt particularly vindictive. However, these unpleasant thoughts were again driven from his mind when he reached New York. It was his first trip to the city, and he was almost stupefied by the noise and bustle around him as he made his way slowly up the long walk which led from the train to the exit from the station. He was very careful to keep as near as possible in the centre of the platform, for the thought suggested by the large red signs, "Danger!!! Keep off the tracks," was not a pleasant one, especially if the throng about him should commence to push.

As soon as he reached the end of the platform and stepped out into Forty-second street he stopped for a minute to collect himself and get his bearings. He knew that he had to take the elevated at Sixth avenue, but what the elevated was or where Sixth avenue might be he had not the remotest idea. To settle the question he approached a man who was standing near him: "Would you please tell me where Sixth avenue is?" he asked cautiously.

"Certainly," answered the man, pointing along the street, "it's the third avenue from here, where you can see the elevated road," then noticing Wright's appearance more closely he added, "Are you a stranger in the city?"

Pete had heard of confidence men, and the full horror of his position was at once borne in upon him. He was evidently in the hands of a sharper.

"Never mind," thought he, "I'll fool him yet; and that's more than that squash Everet could do if he were in my place." Then putting on an expression which was intended to be most forbidding he said, "Young man, you are altogether mistaken, I've been to the city at least seven times; most likely I was here before you were born. I only asked you about the elevated road because I thought they might have moved it some since I was here." Then he added, with a knowing smile, "And I've met sharpers before. Good day, sir." With that he walked on.

The other looked after him in surprise, and then whistled softly to himself, "The first time I was ever taken for a crook," he said in amusement.

Meanwhile Wright continued his way down town. After he was once on board the elevated, he had no further trouble, for the guard kept his eye on him and saw that he got safely off at Courtlandt street. As he stepped from the train and looked down towards the ferry his eye rested on the large sign of Henderson Brothers which stretched out over the sidewalk.

Then he knew that his trials were over, for this was his destination. He hurried down the steps and along the street and with his eyes fastened on the sign so that he should not lose sight of it. He scarcely noticed the crowd about him.

He had walked perhaps half way to the store, when, happening to look down for an instant, he stopped in amazement. There at his feet, crawling out from under a large dry-goods box, was an immense flat-headed adder.

He had seen just such, only not quite so large, on his farm at home, and he knew how to deal with them. With a cry to the crowd about to keep out of danger, he jumped high in the air, and came down square with both heels right on the head of the snake.

Pete looked down, expecting to see the snake writhing in its death-struggle at his feet. But no such sight met his eyes. The snake lay there, it is true, but in just the same position in which he had seen him when he jumped into the air; and in place of the blood and brains which should have been scattered about, he saw only some shreds of torn paper and a few bits of broken tin.

What he did see plainly, though, was a very irate little German jumping about in front of him and shaking one fist defiantly in his face, while in the other he carried a box in which lay countless others of the same family as the defunct snake.

"Wot for you spoil mine snake?" he asked in a voice trembling with anger; "I haf you 'rested," following this exclamation with a string of epithets not exactly complimentary to Wright.

That individual looked at the angry little German in astonishment, and then a light seemed to break in upon him. He tried to explain, but the more he talked the angrier the peddler became; until a policeman, without waiting to hear the story, put his hand on Wright's arm and led him away. Wright hung his head in despair. To be led through the streets of New York like the commonest criminal exceeded his blackest ideas of disgrace. But there was nothing for him to do but to obey; resistance was, of course, useless. However, even in his humiliation, there was one comforting thought: he had no friends in the city to recognize him. But stop—there was Mark Everet in town that very day. What would he do if he should meet him in his present plight? His blood ran cold at the very thought. He would be in his power sure enough then. What wouldn't his enemy give to meet Everet in such a position? He knew what good use he could make of such knowledge.

Then a thought worthy of a Machiavelli came into his brain. When he was asked his name at the station-house he said, "Mark R. Everet, Potter's Corners, N. Y." From the office he was taken down-stairs and thrust into a cell. The door clanged harshly behind him, and he was left to his own thoughts.

His slumbers during the night were broken by horrible dreams of snakes and dragons.

Next morning, pale and disheveled, he was brought into court and charged with disorderly conduct.

The men among whom he found himself were such a degraded, besotted looking set that Wright really felt disgraced, more by being in such company than by the mere fact of being arrested, though that was bad enough.

He was sitting with his head bowed in his hands thinking of all these things and wondering how he could ever look his friends in the face again, when suddenly he was aroused by hearing the clerk call in stentorian tones, "Andrew Wright."

He stood up in amazement. "His name, how had they learned his name?" He was about to get up and answer, when happening to glance over at the other end of the room he saw an old man slowly rise and turn toward the judge.

Wright's eyes almost started from their sockets in astonishment, for as the man's face was turned toward him he recognized the familiar features of Mark Everet.

He heard as in a dream that Everet was charged, like himself, with disorderly conduct, saw him pay his fine, and walk to the end of the room and stand waiting. Then Wright's cup of bitterness was full, for he knew that Mark had seen and recognized him. Oh, if he had not been such a fool as to give Everet's name, what a hold he would have over him now. However, it was done and couldn't be helped. His mortification was complete when the clerk called out again, "Mark R. Everet."

As he rose Wright looked at Everet and saw first, a start of surprise at hearing his name, and then a smile of relief crossed his face. Wright turned and found his friend the "sharper" of the morning before seated on the judge's bench.

The Justice made no sign of recognition, but only looked at him with rather a quizzical expression as he heard the case and imposed the same fine upon him as upon the others. Then as Wright paid it and was turning away he added, "And the eighth time, Mr. Everet, you come to the city, I hope that we may meet under happier circumstances." Wright bowed his head in mortification and walked out.

At the door he found Everet waiting for him. For a moment neither of the old men spoke a word. Then Everet broke the painful silence.

"Andrew," he said, "we've both made 'tarnal fools of ourselves, and we're both disgraced just the same if anyone ever hears of this. I think we'd better form one of these 'ere protective leagues, and see that no one ever does. What d'ye think?"

Wright stood for a moment in silence. "I think so too," he said at length.

* * * * * * * *

Next day Wright might have been seen emerging from his yard leading an old red cow. He walked slowly down the road and disappeared through Mark Everet's gateway. From that time on the constable paid no more visits to Everet, and the good people of Hopewell, as they see Mark and Andrew walking together down the main street, congratulate themselves that they have among them a minister who, by a single sermon, could reconcile the two bitterest enemies in town.

Howard White.

JUST HIS LUCK.

In that part of the State of Vermont where the Green Mountains slope toward its southern boundary, and among those numerous hills and smaller mountains of Massachusetts which encircle many a valley dotted with farmhouses, one may catch passing glimpses here and there of tall red chimneys belching forth thick black smoke, and listen to the dull roar of machinery which breaks the mountain solitude. All through this part of New England scarce a river of any size but has its cotton or gingham mill, and in many places the once peaceful mountain brook is transformed into a turgid, swollen stream as it dashes headlong over a huge dam and turns the wheels of the mill by its side. Close to the mill, almost touching it sometimes, the houses of the factory hands are clustered in little groups or built in long regular rows, each house the exact counterpart of its neighbor. With this as a nucleus, many a thriving town has grown up until the very cause of that town's existence occupies but an out-of-the-way corner in it. In the distance, beyond the town, long, rambling farm-houses appear amid waving fields of grain, and far away the mountains rise in one continuous chain, seeming to imprison the quiet valley in their embrace.

In one of such valleys—no matter which—a little village had grown up. Like all the other towns, so was this one. The mill by the stream lifted up its blackened chimneys, and was surrounded by its clusters of workmen's houses, just like its neighbor, five miles away. Those who took the trouble to visit the place found it almost reproduced a few miles further on. This particular town itself was thriving, to be sure, but seldom among the outlying farms was prosperity any too abundantly showered. In many places were the marks of an almost hopeless struggle for existence; yet in those same places the people seemed to have lost the ambition to be any better than they had always been, they or their fathers before them.

One in particular—Davy Burtin by name—was among the most unfortunate. He was one of those easy-going men whom people call "shiftless;" whose every mistake and whose every ill is unhesitatingly pronounced to be the inevitable result of this innate quality of "shiftlessness." Davy's appearance was not prepossessing. He was little and round and somewhat corpulent in shape, and as he waddled off on his short legs his back view in general suggested a love of personal comfort which must be purchased at any cost. He seldom ventured a remark of his own accord, but when he did, it was in a voice squeaky and cracked and inclined to be wheezy at times. When he roused himself from his habitual leathargy long enough to express his opinions vigorously, his voice raised itself to such a high pitch, and the words rolled off his tongue so utterly regardless of all rules of grammar, and his fat little face became so red, and the general appearance of old Davy so irresistibly amusing to his listeners, that they nearly split their sides with laughter. But it was seldom this happened, for his energies were usually devoted to the one object of finding a comfortable place to sit down, and having found it, to industriously whittle a stick—out of which stick he never made anything; *that* would have required far too much labour and thought.

Davy lived out beyond the village. His little house was built on the side of one of the mountains which rose behind the town. It was kept scrupulously clean—for a good housekeeper was Davy's wife. She was long and thin and angular, and spoke through her nose with a sharp twang; but as for keeping things clean—that was her pride and greatest joy. She firmly believed that everything should have its own particular place, from which it should never be moved under any considerations, and she was in a continual state of anxiety lest this chair or that table be six inches out of its proper position. Such ideas of law and order she had unwearyingly tried to ingraft into Davy's brain—but only to result in a most dismal failure. No one knew what would have become of Davy had he not had Mrs. B. forever behind him spurring him on to do something—which something he invariably failed to finish as soon as he was left to himself.

So they struggled along, much in doubt as to how both ends could be made to meet, when winter again set in—a winter so bitterly cold and accompanied with so much snow that the "oldest inhabitant" felt himself bound to inform the loungers at the store that it was by far the worst *he* had ever seen. As usual, Davy caught cold. He always did catch cold every winter, and he had expected to do so this time as a matter of course. It was never *his* fault that he caught cold—so he said—because he always knew precisely to whose carelessness it was owing that he caught it at all. This time he had been exposed to a heavy draught as he sat before the fire, because his wife had left the door open when she went outside to bring in wood. Day by day Davy grew worse, and day by day he berated his wife more severely than the last for having been so thoughtless as to leave that door open. It was well on toward spring before he was entirely well, and in the meantime his place in the mill had been filled by another man. One evening, after a deal of thought and after hopelessly tangling his hair with his fingers, Davy had figured up how much he owed the different townspeople, and had finally flung down his pencil in utter desperation, as he gloomily pictured to himself whole days in the broiling sun—for so it must be, if he would have that money.

And thus it happened that he hired himself out to a certain farmer in the neighborhood. For a day or two all went well, but by degrees he became very tired of the work—not that this particular kind of work was distasteful to him, but that work of any kind, in the abstract sense, was like so much torture. Little by little he began to take rests during the day. Sitting on a fence in the far corner of the field, he would carefully whittle a stick into a pile of shavings, and then cast about for another and more promising one. These rests slowly but surely lengthened as the days went by, and he finally spent at least a quarter of the time growling silently over the amount of work yet to be done, accentuating his mutterings by savage hacks at the unoffending piece of wood. And in the end it turned out that his employer found it convenient to discharge him—all of which Davy thought most unreasonable. "Luck was agin him," he said.

The only thing which remained to be done was to sell his only cow—a cow which he had owned so long, and one which had become so antiquated from scanty food that the possibility of selling her had never entered Davy's brain. Yet, compared to working, anything was preferable, and the old cow had to go. So, a few days later, Davy somewhat mournfully shuffled down to the village and disposed of the cow much to his dissatisfaction, for the price paid him was far less than he had confidently expected. Fully twenty-five dollars yet remained to be paid, and he started despondently homeward with pictures continually arising before him of dreary hours of work still necessary to be done. He had almost reached home, and was resting at the foot of a hill preparatory to making a final effort to regain his door. It was a very steep hill, and it was a long time before he could muster courage to climb it. While he was staring rather vacantly around him his eye caught something lying in the middle of the road. To his intense surprise and elation it was a pocket-book. Yes, there was no doubt of it. There it was right before him, and he had only to go ten feet to get it.

Davy bounced off the stone upon which he was sitting and fairly tore to the spot. Tremblingly he picked up the pocket-book, while great beads of perspiration rolled down his face. Did he find the coveted twenty-five dollars snugly tucked away within? No, he did not. "Just my luck that it's empty!" he growled, and with an exclamation of rage he began to climb the steep and dusty hill to the little house at the top.

To him the future bore an aspect of the most melancholy uncertainty; yet, when once he had comfortably seated himself on his door-step, with his back braced against a post, he proceeded to whittle a stick as complacently as if he had been used to such a gloomy outlook all the days of his life.

Andrew C. Imbrie.

A WINTER INCIDENT.

It was a winter's night. The narrow winding river stretched for miles wrapped in an icy sheathing that lay as hard and firm as a vein of black marble. On either side the thick-growing woods leaned over the mirror of ice below and strove by aid of the moonlight to catch some reflection of their own dim vistas. The moon was riding grandly up the aerial steep, spreading a silvery covering over the expanse of forest and river. The wind breathed gently, but with an occasional keener note along the frozen stream.

It was indeed a night to be remembered, and to Kyle Hallar, as he knelt on the ice and pushed down the lever of his skates, the gods themselves seemed to smile on his undertaking. And why should they not? Was he not about to see the one he loved, and who, he fondly hoped, loved him in return? He had known and loved Gertrude Dean for years, yet her feelings toward himself he had never been able to define satisfactorily, so on this most glorious night he had at length determined to declare his love and to ask her to be his wife.

Gertrude lived some distance down the river, and Kyle, buttoning his coat close about him, started toward her home with a long, steady stroke that carried him rapidly on. For a while, as he glided along, he almost forgot his mission in the wintry beauty of the scene about him, and this night seemed like any other of the many evenings on which he had gone over the same course.

The moonlight pierced through the pines and darted bright lances across the ice. An occasional gust of wind hurled a miniature snowstorm from the laden boughs. Kyle thought of Gertrude. He thought of their games together as children and of his sudden awakening to her beauty and goodness in later years. What jolly times they had had that present winter! What pleasant skating excursions, with the wind caressing her soft brown hair!

He started as he thought that now he was about to win or lose it all. He recalled a rumour he had heard of her doings at the seaside the preceding summer. What was that story of one who was so devoted to her there and to whom it was commonly reported she was——Bah! it was all nonsense. And yet—yet it was possible she might refuse him. He resolved what to do in that case—he would not even return to his home, but would skate on down the river to the nearest city and from there go—that would be decided when the occasion arose.

He looked up. A radiant star high above seemed to move, and, as he watched, the meteor slipped from among its brethren and flashed swiftly downward toward where Kyle knew the object of his dreams was even then awaiting him. It was an auspicious omen, and he swung happily on.

Soon the lights of her father's house appeared, and in a moment Gertrude and Kyle were gliding side by side down the river.

They talked of many things, but the subject which rested nearest his heart refused to declare itself. Over a mile they skated, but the more he watched her dainty grace and was thrilled with her sweetness, the more he feared to speak. At last, rounding a bend in the stream, they came upon a spot where the forest, receding from either bank, permitted the moonlight to spread over the ice, not in checkered shadows, but in a broad white belt. Kyle stopped short; his chance was come. Since he dared not express his love by speaking it aloud he could do so in another manner.

"Gertrude," he began, "Gertrude, I ——," but he broke down, and with a hasty "look, look at me!" he moved quickly forward and instantly was twisting and turning in mystic outlines before Gertrude's astonished eyes. In a moment he was back and led her eagerly up to view his work. In tall letters, cut deep in the ice by the sharp skates, were the words, "I love you." She slowly read them aloud. "Yes," cried Kyle, "I love you. Oh, Gertrude, you know I would die to call you my wife! May I, some day? Just one word will ruin or save me now, but one——," he could say no more and ceased, brokenly.

While he was speaking Gertrude listened with a slowly deeping blush and with her eyes bent on the words graven in the ice, but when he paused she gently raised her head and said, "Kyle, you have told me of your love for me and have asked me to be your wife; it will, perhaps, be best for us if I answer you in your own way."

She spoke, and turning quickly about, sprang away up the river, and before Kyle realized her purpose was a hundred yards distant, floating along as lightly as a wind-blown thistle. Then Kyle, too, sped after her with mighty strokes, but she was almost as good a skater as he, and he knew it would be no easy race.

On they flew, she far ahead, the gleaming crystals leaping from the runners of her skates in a rainbow curve; her long fur tippet streaming from her shoulders, her daintily-flushed cheek occasionly turned toward her pursuer as if to invite him to new exertion. He needed no spur, but filled with admiration and hope, slowly, surely gained in the race. And yet what did this wild flight portend? He would not permit himself to think, but skated fiercely, determinedly.

A great white owl gazed in wide-eyed wonder at the flying pair then flapped away among the pines, its dismal cry echoing through the woody dells like the moan of a lost spirit. A stealthy gray fox stepped out from a tangled thicket, looked sharply at the strangers, trotted across the ice and disappeared.

On sped the skaters, and now little by little Kyle drew nearer. Even in the dimness of the overhanging forest he could see the poise of the lovely head and the flush in the glowing cheek. Nearer still, so near he seemed to hear the quick catching of breath between parted lips. Another twenty strokes and he would reach her.

Suddenly from the shadow of the trees they flashed out into an open space which, like the one they had recently left, was brilliantly bathed in the moonlight. In the centre of this opening the fleeing girl stopped. In an instant the winged feet had formed a single word in the ice, and had borne their mistress into the opposite shadow barely in time to escape the grasp of her pursuer.

At the spot where she had just stood Kyle too halted. He need go no further; his fate for good or ill was there. A slight flurry of snow blown from the neighboring branches just then obscured the word carved by Gertrude, and Kyle let it lie for a moment, hesitating to see what might be below. Then hope urged him on, and drawing a deep breath he stooped to brush away the snow, when the capricious wind again seized the fleecy covering it had left but now and hurried it off, disclosing the letters beneath. There, graven clearly in the ice, scintillating in the rays of the moon and seeming fairly to laugh in jetty sparkles, lay the word which was to decide his life.

A dense cloud, which for some time had been gathering, at that instant eclipsed the moon; when it again shone forth miles down the river, its light fell upon the figure of a man skating swiftly, silently toward the distant city.

David Potter.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the February Lit. are due February 1st. The work to be done by the Junior Class from now till the close of the volume is of peculiar importance, and contributions are especially requested for this number.

SOME misunderstanding having arisen as to the time of the Lit. sketch prize for under-classmen, we have decided to keep the same open until next month. Contributions for this prize must be submitted by February 1st, and as this prize is limited to the Freshmen and Sophomore Classes, we hope there will be active competition. The sketches already submitted will be entered in the competition without further notice.

ORIGINAL RESEARCH IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

THE function of the modern college is two-fold. In the first place, the college is the training school for young men—a school in which study is the ostensible instrument, but in which by a natural and healthy process so many other elements have entered that a man who comes to college and does nothing but study is rightly considered to have wasted a great many opportunities. Athletics, college associations, the two Halls, the personal influence of the Professors, and a hundred other things that make up the life of the under-graduate, all enter into the training and development that a college is supposed to give. In fact, there seems to be at the present time a disposition to overestimate the relative importance of these latter elements and to forget the primary demand for mental training; but however this may be, we must recognize the fact that all of these elements have a place in the modern college.

This, as we observed at the beginning, is one of the functions of the college or university, and this has been, in America at least, the chief object in the foundation of most of our colleges; Harvard was founded chiefly for the "training of godly youth for the ministry;" most of the older colleges had the same object in view; their sphere of operations has so widened that prospective clergymen now make but a small part of the undergraduate body, but the training of youth is still their most conspicuous function and the one by which they are best known to the world at large.

But the university has another and very different function—a function which in a comparatively new country like ours must of necessity develop late. It is quite possible that it is along another line than the training of youth that colleges acquire a more than national reputation. For the college is not only a great school, but it is the scientific and philosophical centre. It is at the colleges that most of the scientific and historical investigation is being carried on, and to this work the presence of the student body, in this country at least, hardly more than an incident. It is by the measure and standard of this work more than by its student curriculum that the standing of a university must sooner or later be fixed.

In England the persistence of certain traditions and the indefinite ecclesiastical and scholastic atmosphere that still pervades Oxford and Cambridge have retarded the development of this process. There are probably in England more lay scientists and historians, if we may use the term (meaning scientists unconnected with a university), than in any other country.

In the United States, on the other hand, as in France and Germany, we rely upon most of our work, in the way of science, philosophy, history, etc., being done in connection with our universities, and it sometimes seems as if less attention were paid to this aspect of university life than should be the case. Of course, the governing bodies of our colleges are in no danger of losing sight of this department, but among the undergraduates and the general public the importance of this work is sometimes dwarfed by the undue prominence given the other and older branch, viz., the training of youth.

The facility with which "universities" are made in this country has long been a matter of public comment, yet it is difficult to see how there can be any adequate development of the university without an enormous equipment that is really at present beyond the resources of most American colleges. Technical schools and courses leading to the professions do not necessarily make a university, although a great many seem to think so. To fulfill the European conception of a university there must be such an extensive "plant" in the shape of laboratories, libraries, documents and apparatus as to make it possible for the professors to assume the work of original research at home. Nothing is gained, but, on the contrary, a great deal is wasted if this equipment is scattered over a great many points. England gets along very well with but two great centres of original research, with, of course, the added advantage of such a capital as London, and it is possible that in this country the centers of scientific activity will eventually be concentrated in not more than four or five great universities.

We should naturally expect to find Harvard in the front rank of American universities, using the term in the definite sense which we have attached to it. Yet even Harvard would hardly be selected by a European as the typical American university, the reason being that Harvard's activities have been so largely directed to the "transmission of learning" that her great and powerful work as an original contributor to science and thought is, in the public mind, largely overshadowed. Johns Hopkins University approaches perhaps more nearly than any other American institution to the European standard, and is undoubtedly often regarded in England and Germany as almost the only real American university.

Yet Harvard possesses a great many advantages which are, in the nature of things, beyond the reach of Johns Hopkins or of any other American college. She has the oldest foundation, the greatest domestic *prestige*, and the inestimable advantage of proximity to such a centre as Boston, although in this last respect she is excelled by Columbia, which has the far greater advantage of being located in New York. Harvard has, in addition, a library which, in some respects, is equalled by none other, and which has been not inaptly termed the American Bodleian. It is believed by many who have observed her development that Harvard is becoming more and more a centre for original research, and that with the raising of her standard of admission, and the quiet but potent forces now operating, most of her energies must, in the course of time, be inevitably turned to the higher branches.

This seems to us to be the probable destiny of the four or five leading universities of the East. The distinction between the college and the university will be more sharply drawn, and our faculties and trustees will hesitate to waste the splendid equipment and outfit on merely academic work that can be done by a small college just as well as by a large one.

When our colleges shall have advanced to this point a greater or less degree of specialization will have become inevitable, and the leading universities will undoubtedly develop along slightly different lines. Princeton's comparatively secluded position will probably hamper her in some directions, while in others this very position will be of enormous value. With our fine chemical laboratory, one of the best in the country, it would seem as though in chemistry and the kindred sciences we were in a fair way to stand at the head. In the department of mental science, Princeton will be false to her history and traditions if she does not maintain her present high position. This has always been Princeton's stronghold, and it is likely to continue so for many years.

Along the line of history and social science it must be confessed that our present equipment is inadequate, and yet it is along this line, more than any other, except, perhaps, mental science, that Princeton's resources should lie. We have had far more than our proportional share of men in public life; our halls occupy a position in America similar to that of the Oxford Union in England; and Princeton is so closely bound up with the history of our country that here, if nowhere else, the fullest equipment should be provided for historical work. There is plenty for us to do in other directions, but we must especially keep in full vigour those departments in which we are naturally strong. It matters little whether or not we have at present schools of law and medicine, or whether we print "University" on our letter heads; in the growth of the library, the increase of equipment, the acquisition of professors, and above all in the opportunity afforded for original research, we are making the development of American universities an assured fact.

GOSSIP.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."
—*King Richard III.*

"Forsake not an old Friend!"
—*Proverb.*

"An old Friend of Great Value."
—*Diogenes Laertius.*

SO with hearts more or less heavy, greetings most cordial, one by one we come back after the Christmas vacation, and walk the streets of re-awakened Princeton in our best creased clothes. All in town is joyful. The sleighs of our most élite burghers pass jingling up and down the avenue; the curtains of the store windows have arisen before new and tempting wares; everybody looks bright—but you. You, of course, have returned a whole day earlier than was necessary. One always forgets which is the proper day to register, and the Catalogue, doubtless instituted expressly for the slow man from the far West, brings you before closed and comfortless doors, and for one whole day, such is the irony of fate, you are deprived of even the small luxury of signing your own name. You turn away in disgust and anger. The campus is quite deserted, and save for the blue coat-tails of Johnny Degnan, as they disappear around the corner of Old North, nobody is to be seen. Retiring to your empty and lonely room, you sink down in your easy chair, and in sorrow gaze through the window upon the ground as it lies covered in its desert waste of snow. Everything is damp and bleak, and the trees stand gloomy in the hanging fog. Again you rail upon your luck, and avow that another year you will not be caught in the same trap. Then, if you are a Senior, you suddenly recollect that indeed the trap has been set for the last time, and that never again will you have need of precaution. Somehow, after this thought, the campus does not look so gloomy as it did; the sunlight has perhaps fallen, and the tower of Old North shines out quite clear through its misty covering. After all, Princeton, even when deserted, is a pretty glorious old place, and perhaps it is only when you are alone that you really see it. In term time, when you look from your window it is simply the crowds of students that you notice, as they hurry hither and thither, going to and from lectures and Chapel. But now that all is deserted, it is Princeton you see—plain, bare Princeton. You have gotten it down to its own very self. You are almost its only son in all those rooms and entries—somehow your Alma Mater grows nearer to you, and though it may be for the first time in your life, you fully realize how great and strong are the ties that bind you to her. And then, as you sit there, and look and dream, perhaps you are not so lonely after all. Out in the mist and fog older

Princeton friends crowd in and take the places of your absent classmates. Old Broke and Lamar and Snakie Ames walk the walks, and kick or bat the ball, though all the while the snow does lie some three inches deep on the campus, and athletic sports are quite out of season.

Ever since there was a Gossip on the LIT. Board, that Gossip has had a friend called Sportner, or Sporty. Of late years, except on the campus, nothing has been seen or heard of him. Well, the other day he dropped into the sanctum. He was very blue. His hands were thrust deep into his trowsers pockets, and his old-time, self-satisfied, happy smile had completely faded from his countenance. The examinations were hanging heavy on his head. Everything seemed to be going to wreck and ruin. For fully half an hour he sat in perfect silence, leaning back in the office chair, with his feet cocked on the table, staring up at the ceiling. Suddenly he leaned forward: "Do you know," he cried, "I've sworn off with the new year! I had to. Times are not what they were, and everything's turned and changed. I don't like your new Inns and things, and there is nobody in the old haunts. Grill-rooms are very pretty, and all that, but they're not like old Princeton. Somehow, when you go there, you feel so new and formal and stiff, and corduroys are quite out of place. You must sit up straight and behave as if you were on exhibition. Then, where, I'd like to know, are your tables carved with the names of the past, and the memories of all the good fellows that are gone? Where are the echoes of the songs and glees, and wondrous records of bottles downed in a single night?" When Sportner had gotten as far as bottles, never had the Gossip seen his friend so aroused and excited. His eyes shone, and his hands quite trembled in his eloquence. "No," he went on, "they're all gone. Princeton's herself no longer! A mug of beer is one thing; but a mug of beer with a song is another. And," he continued, slowly, pounding the table with his fist, "until singing comes back, I'm not drinking."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

> The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
> Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring.
> —*Byron.*

ONE of the most delightful features of our great magazines of the day, forming, as they do, so large a part of our very best contemporary literature, is the beauty and good taste of the illustrations that fill their pages.

These illustrations are confined, in our American magazines, to no one class of literature, but serve to increase the interest alike of historical sketches, stories, essays, autobiographies and the whole collection of attractive miscellany that makes up our periodical literature.

What a contrast there is, too, between our illustrations of the present day and those of a half century ago. Rude and uncouth wood-cuts most of them were then, while now the photogravure and the etching appear in their stead, and they are truly artistic productions, recognized as such by their critics even. In a great degree this is due to the care taken in regard to them at present. One of the best histories of France that the *Table* has ever seen was quite spoiled by its illustrations having been thrown in regardless of the page they should have faced, so that the reader was made most uncomfortable thereby. But pick up this month's *Century* or *Scribner's* and note how the articles on foreign architecture are illustrated by the camera, how the painter's work is reproduced by T. Cole, and how the crises in the stories are most appropriately depicted by Metcalf, Wentzell, Remington—that master of Western out-door life —or Gibson, the artist of the drawing-room. We become so familiar with the work of these men that we can tell the artists at a glance, and Remington's horses and Gibson's girls have become household words. By the way, Mr. Remington's best work, in the *Table's* opinion, may be found in Davis' "The West from a Car Window," while Mr. Gibson's latest, the illustrations in "Out of Her Class," in the January *Century*, are as perfect as anything he has done.

That this is so, that our *fin de siécle* illustrations are of their acknowledged high rank seems to the *Table* to augur very well for the average American reading public. These illustrations are proof in themselves that those who read the periodicals of the day are both a literary and an artistic class, keen of intellect and eye.

What a pleasure it is to note, too, that America easily takes the first place in this work. England is far behind us; for instance, compare the *London News* or *The Graphic* with *Harper's Weekly*, or their most progressive periodial, the *English Magazine*, with our *Century*—Germany equally so, while France alone approaches our rank. Even in this case, to an American eye at least, the work on the French illustrations is not as good as that on our own, though the life and scenes be as accurately drawn.

Illustrations in the highest grade of college magazines, too, while very unusual, are not absolutely unknown, as witness the *Lit.* for June, '88, which contained phototypes of Dr. McCosh and Dr. Patton, and the jubilee number of the *Williams Lit.*, published during this last year, and containing a photogravure frontispiece of scenery around Williamstown. But it may not be long before the illustrated college literary magazine will be as common as it is rare now, and when that time does come may it find the *Lit.* still in the van of progress.

MAGAZINES.

The approach of the mid-year vacation seems to have had an ill effect on the *literati* of our colleges, for very few of our exchanges, while in brilliant Christmas covers, have come up to their usual standard in their December editions.

The *Amherst Lit.* is one of the few exceptions, containing a very good little sketch, "Sin—The Commoner," by D. W. Morrow; a pretty poem, "The First Day of Winter," by E. W. Lyman, and a two-part sketch, "The Point of View," by Chas. A. Andrews. In the "Sketch Book," W. J. Boardman and Thornton Jenkins have interesting pen-pictures, while the editorials, in their able defense against the charge of professionalism in Amherst foot-ball, are very good, indeed.

The *Williams Lit.* had a careful article on "Realism," by Elnathan Sweet, another on "Montesquieu's Esprit des Lois and its Influence on the American Constitution," by N. H. Dutcher, and a poem on "Mahomet Abdallah," that would be very satisfactory if it were anonymous.

Ralph D. Paine has a very interesting article called "Some Remarks on College Slang," in the *Yale Lit.*, which is particularly good this month, with Lindsay Denison's short essay on "The Lesson of Macaulay's University Life," C. C. Hyde's "La Mothe Cadillac" and Paine's "By the Sea," a quaint bit of poetry.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* is a special illustrated Christmas number, two of its illustrations, portraits of alumni, being excellent. The rest of the number is so good that the pen and ink sketches detract from instead of adding to the interest, because they are not quite up to grade.

The *University Review*, a magazine which made its *début* last fall, has evidently come to stay. This excellent journal is filled with able and interesting articles from cover to cover, and the paper, type and illustrations are of high character. We notice an interesting article this month by Post Wheeler, '91, on the Latin Quarter of Paris. Prof. Raymond has a short poem, and Chauncey M. Depew's Cornell address is printed in full.

We observe among our exchanges the *Connoisseur*, a Boston magazine, made, we are told, for those who enjoy the good things of life. This magazine is edited by Martin Saxe, '93. It is well printed and contains several articles of merit, one of the best being the opening article on old Boston (England).

POETRY.

MY EASY CHAIR.

The gracious Gods smile down upon
  Our easy chair, our glowing hearth;
And fancy leads us on and on
  To gayer lands of ease and mirth.
The glowing embers slowly part
  In shadowy designs, and pass
Like somber changes o'er the heart,
  Or cloud-land on a lake of glass.
Though conjured forms in myriad folds
  Grow with our mind in easy chair,
And Spanish castles stored with gold,
  Like dulcet forms, fade in the air,
Though all intangible doth seem,
  As the gay things our minds create,
Who loves not oft to idly dream
  Before the genial winter's grate.

—*Columbia Spectator.*

CHRISTMAS.

Ye children of earth! ye children of men!
Come, cease from your toil, and gather again
To shout in glad praise and joyfully sing
The glories of Christ, your heavenly King!

Let praise to your God and praise to His son
Ascend from the heart of each grateful one!
Repeat your glad songs, so cheerful the lay;
Rejoice and be glad, 'tis Christmas to-day!

—*Tuftonian*

RONDEAU.

I stole a kiss! what could I do?
Before the door we stood, we two,
  About to say a plain good-bye;
  She seemed so innocent and shy.
But what she thought, I thought I knew.

  Ah, swift the blissful moments flew,
  And when at last, I said adieu
(Perhaps you think me bold) but I—
    I stole a kiss.

The tale is told; perhaps it's true,
Perhaps it was a deed to rue;
  But when that look came in her eye
  I thought she wished to have me try—
I don't know how 'twould have been with you—
    I stole a kiss.

—*Amherst Lit.*

BOOK TALK.

"Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
* * * with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."
—*The Tempest.*

One of the most characteristic features of nineteenth century American literature is the short story. It is a direct offspring of the growth and popularity of our periodicals, and due more indirectly to the lack of leisure which our busy, hurrying civilization of to-day necessitates. For, to the men and women of the present to whom the reading of a serial story is an abomination and the perusal of a long novel an impossibility, the most delightful companion for an occasional idle hour after dinner or on the train is the short story. And our best magazines are full of these short, bright tales, whose only rightful object is to amuse. In fact, we may seriously question not only whether here in America we do not read too much fiction—this is undeniable—but whether, among the various sorts of fiction, the short story is not gaining an undue prominence. But at any rate there is the demand, and, as the great showman had it, "the people must be amused," and moreover, there are the writers ready to do the supplying and the amusing, and thus it is that we have short stories without limit.

And however we may deplore the modern tendency, we must admit that the short story is an important form of literary art, and that it is an art form quite distinct from any other kind of fiction; that it differs from the novel in matters other than those of length. For one thing it seems to demand a greater unity and more symmetry. It is all to be told in a limited space, and there must be no episodes or digressions nor is there any chance for such moralizing as that with which the great novelist Thackeray was prone to treat us. It demands a greater finish on the same principle by which we pardon defects in a long poem while we criticise them in the shorter forms of verse. Moreover, space is so limited that there is a great scope for art in implying what there is not space to say. Very often the characters must tell what the author has not space to describe. The short story also admits of a greater variety, in kind and also in the actual subject and in the settings and scenes. And there is one refreshing thing about it—its subject is not incessantly love, love, love.

We have on our table this month several volumes of short stories, for it is decidedly the fashion in these last days to collect productions of this sort into a bound volume. "The Delectable Duchy"* well illustrates the charm which a very strong local colour may give to a short story, where in a longer tale the effect would be unbearably monotonous. The author, who signs himself by the mysterous letter "Q," has also made some very clever pen portraits. In fact, his pictures of Cornish life, character and customs strongly remind us at times of Mr. Barrie's sketches in Thrums. Yet we think that in some ways "Q" overrates his subject, that he has a sentimental fondness for his neighbours and surroundings which his readers cannot appreciate. Still, his stories are very readable, they are told with something of a climax, they are artistic, and he lets his characters do the talking.

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*"The Delectable Duchy." By "Q." (New York: MacMillan & Co.)

This can hardly be said of another book of stories which is before us. In "A Native of Wimbay"* the authoress tells us altogether too much—a great deal more than the stories demand—and the characters have altogether too little to say. In fact she seems to utterly lack the art of insinuation. Besides she has an unfortunate way of telling a moral instead of illustrating it. And because of all this her stories are strung out to an unnecessary length, and, furthermore, all is on too much of a dead level, there is too little perspective and not enough climax. But while we cannot say much for the art with which Miss Jewett writes, she has much to say worth saying. The book largely is a reflection of New England village life, a theme which has tempted many greater writers. Yet Miss Jewett manages to present some new aspects. She sees things with no distorted eye, and if the canker has ever gnawed about her heart, nothing in this book reveals it.

Properly coming under this discussion of the short story is a little volume entitled "In Green and White,"† and which gives us bound the sketches and stories which are found in the Christmas number of the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*. This little publication gives partial expression to an idea which the Critic has long had in mind—that a collection might be made in all our larger colleges from the best stories which have appeared from time to time in the college literary magazine. Such a collection would certainly be of interest to the students and graduates of the institution, and might have considerable sale outside. Moreover, it would furnish an additional incentive for the exertion of the best literary talent in college. A kindred idea has been carried out this year in the shape of a collection of college poetry, "Cap and Gown," though this is a compilation made not from any one institution but from colleges all over the country.

Of course it is unfair to compare these short stories of "In Green and White" with those of noted writers. These are the first attempts of amateur beginners. But compared even with the general run of college stories, those which we find in the Dartmouth book seem far below the average. This comes, we believe, not from any inferiority or lack of literary talent at Dartmouth, but from an unwise selection, from a mistaken attempt to make the collection from a single issue of the *Lit.* instead of searching more carefully through the back numbers. Yet on the whole we can but commend this evidence of enterprise on the part of the Dartmouth editors.

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* "A Native of Wimbay." By S. O. Jewett. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

†"In Green and White." Vol I. Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover. (Concord, N. H, Republican Press Association.)

* * * * *

Mr. Paynton Jacks, a gentleman whose original name stands sponsor for a character quite as original, is the hero of a new novel by Marian Bower.*

Mr. Jacks is an individual upon whom the ordinary man cannot look without awe and admiration. But still we are inclined to feel a little injured, if not hurt, at the wilful manner in which he upsets all our favored beliefs and prejudices in regard to novel-heroes and heroines.

It has always been an accepted theory among novelists and novel-readers that "extremes meet" in love-making. The gentle "clinging vine" mates not with the willow, but seeks the stronger support of the sturdy oak; on the other hand the strong willed heroine is generally found to be partial to a husband whom she can lead around by the nose.

When we lay down the biography of Mr. Paynton Jacks do we add one more argument to this orthodox theory of love-making? Not so. Mr. Jacks may be classed among the "sturdy oak" variety already referred to. He has all the iron will, stern determination and perseverance that are supposed to characterize that species. But instead of hunting among secluded, shady dells, and upon mossy banks for his gentle violet, Mr. Jacks at once proceeds to outrage all preconceived notions and traditions by falling in love with a girl who has an extremely masculine will of her own, and what is more, shows an undisguised contempt for him quite early in the course of their mutual acquaintance. But naught does that discourage the doughty Paynton. He sets about to storm the stronghold of her affections in a very determined manner, and eventually gains the citadel. Right here it is, perhaps, in place to notice the only prominent fault of the story. The author has a little overreached herself in her portrayal of "Ellise Hargraves," the heroine. In apparent anxiety to make her a strong character of the type intended, she has made her too strong, and when at last Miss Hargraves falls victim to love, the transition is too abrupt. In the author's own words, "contempt" is the only feeling she can entertain for Paynton, the man from the people, as long as she has social position and is mistress of Peele park, but when misfortune comes, and she is forced to earn her own bread, she accepts him. Yet, it is from no unworthy motive. She loves him, we are told. But, at any rate, she found it out very suddenly. Just when the reader is fairly anticipating at least a month of arduous love-making on Mr. Jacks' part, and a final shy, gradual yielding to love's advances, suddenly, without slightest warning, this bold Mr. Jacks puts his arm around the independent Miss Hargraves, performs the usual osculatory functions, and, presto! it is all over! It is hard to reconcile this *denouement* with our preconceived ideas of Miss Hargraves' character. It is ignominious.

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* "Paynton Jacks, Gentleman." By Marian Bower. (Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott Co.)

But after all is said, Paynton Jacks remains a story which we cannot fail to enjoy. It is written in a bright, vivacious style, which makes it interesting from start to finish.

* * * * *

The poetry of Miss Guiney is always fresh and spontaneous. There is a certain delightful newness about her verse, not only in her choice of subjects, though we note this in merely running our eye down the title page, but more particularly in her ideas upon the oldest of themes and the way in which she expresses the commonest notion. In fact, one certain attribute of her latest collection, "A Roadside Harp,"* is unique quaintness.

She has mastered the art of implying, in a pretty little stanza, a great deal more than the mere words might seem able to express. And from the long list of her vocabulary she chooses her words with a charming felicity. Observe how well the idea of the approaching thunder storm is pictured in the following lines:

" The mowers mark by Newbury
  How low the swallows fly,
They glance across the southern roads
  All white and fever dry,
And the river anxious at the bend
  Beneath a *thinking* sky."

She is a lover of nature, and a close observer, too, as might be illustrated many times over from her writings. What a pretty little description of the poet-worn topic of spring there is in the following:

" 'Tis the time of year the marsh is full of sound,
And good and glorious it is to smell the living ground,
The crimson-headed catkin shakes above the pasture bars,
The daisy takes the middle field and spangles it with stars,
And down the bank into the lane the primroses do crowd,
All colored like the twilight morn, and spreading like a cloud!"

The quaintness of thought and expression of which we spoke a moment ago is well seen in some of her sonnets. Of these there are a number in the book, in fact the sonnet appears to be her favorite structure. But this quaintness, which often manifests itself in the love of what is old and obsolete, the following poem, entitled "A Seventeenth Century Song," though in a sense artificial, yet admirably illustrates:

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*"A Roadside Harp." By Louise Imogene Guiney. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"She alone of Sheperdesses
With her blue distayning eyes
Wo'd not hark a Kyng that dresses
All his lute in sighs;
Yet to winne
Katheryn,
I elect for mine Emprise.

"None is like her, none above her,
Who so lifts my youth in me,
That a littel more to love her
Were to leave her free!
But to winne
Katheryn,
Is my utmost love's degree.

"Distaunce, cold, delay, and danger,
Build the four walls of her bower;
She's noe Sweete for any stranger,
She's noe valley flower;
And to winne
Katheryn,
To her height my heart can Tower!

"Uppe to Beautie's promontory
I will climb nor loudlie call
Perfect and escaping glory
Folly, if I fall:
Well to winne
Katheryn!
To be worth her is my all."

Miss Guiney's poetry is not the poetry of the profound imagination; it is the poetry of a delicate and subtle fancy. But the highest flights of imagination, or the most dainty fancy, even with utmost perfection of expression, of themselves do not constitute true poetry. For the Critic adheres to the school who hold that poetry is primarily "sensuous and passionate." Now Miss Guiney's verse is certainly not sensuous—of course we are using the word with its highest meaning—nor is there any deep note of passion. But while these qualities are lacking, it is not verse without a heart,—running all through these little poems is a simple tenderness, and what her feeling lacks in strength it makes up for in its ready sympathy and gentle affection for anything among men and in nature.

Poetry of quite a different sort is found in "Humours of the Court and Other Poems,"* a volume for the first time given to the public by Robert Bridges. "Humours of the Court," a play in three acts, is a comedy of considerable merit. It is not only a delightful little drama for ordinary reading, but, if the Critic may for once rise from his humble sphere to the rank of a dramatic critic, it is a play which will safely weather the test of a stage presentation. The plot is surprisingly intricate, considering the length of the play and the number of characters, but its threads are very cleverly knotted together in fact. The interest of the reader is sustained from the very first, not only by the regular progression of actual events, but because of the bright dialogue and clever situations which enliven the places where otherwise there might be a tendency to drag. In fact, the whole conception of the play displays considerable humour. There is also abundant scope for life and for action. The characters have all an individuality, but perhaps the most thoroughly constructed is that of Tristram, the villain of this horrible comedy, who presents the ludicrous combination of a treacherous knave and a cunning and witty fool. The play is written in the standard metre, and the form is in keeping with the content. Many passages, in fact, would bear quotation had we the space.

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*"Humours of the Court and Other Poems." By Robert Bridges. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

There are a few other short poems in the volume, as the title suggests. It is not verse of the grandest or most poetic type, but it is verse whose thought is agreeable and whose rhythm is harmonious. We find it at once simple, unaffected, blithe, with a good deal of poetic fancy and considerable feeling of the milder sort. Particularly refreshing is its draught of good out-of-door country atmosphere.

* * * * *

Probably very few men in this country are as well qualified to write on the subject of literary property as Mr. G. H. Putnam. As the head of a great publishing firm, and with the experience gained from his researches in the subject of copyright, the present volume* comes from him with added authority. As Mr. Putnam himself says, this book is intended to serve rather as a preface to a larger work which he intends publishing on the same subject, than as a volume complete in itself. The object of the book is to trace the gradual development of the literary art from the time of the Chaldeans and Egyptians down to the period of Greek and Roman literature, when literary property first began to be recognized. The subject of the book is not one to greatly interest the average reader. But to literary men and many others the book will be of great value and will well fulfill its purpose. The style of writing is clear, while the subject-matter shows an immense amount of research and study. The main portion of the book is given up to a discussion of Greek and Roman writers, and as these are the ancient authors with whose works we are most familiar we take special pleasure in learning of the conditions under which they wrote.

* * * * *

A new book on European travel,† just published, acquires additional interest in our eyes from the fact that the author is a Princeton alumnus, who took the Mental Science fellowship in '79, and went abroad for courses in Philosophy and Law. The present volume is the record of a subsequent pleasure trip, lasting over four months, in which time all of Europe worth seeing seems to have been visited.

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*"Authors and their Public in Ancient Times." By George Haven Putnam. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

†"Rambles in Historic Lands." By J. P. Hamilton. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The chief charm of "Rambles in Historic Lands" is the unique method of bringing in history as a supplement to the descriptions of places, and thus old things are touched on in a new way, effectually relieving the work of that tendency to "tiresomeness" so noticeable in ordinary descriptions of travel. To a Princeton man the accounts of German University life are replete with interest, and it is easy to detect that the writer is one who has gone through the experience. The chapter in which the return to the room occupied as a student is mentioned is particularly amusing. The descriptions of scenery, notably in the case of Switzerland, are praiseworthy efforts, and an occasional dash of humour adds much to the enjoyment in reading. We must also mention the fact that the book is illustrated, the photogravures being of the highest order. On the whole, we pronounce it a breezy and interesting account of a very delightful trip.

* * * * *

As the first history of English Romanticism, Prof. Phelps's book* is of peculiar value to the student of English literature. Although no startling conclusions are reached, there is much in the book that is new and instructive. The history of the Romantic movement includes the period from 1700 to 1765, and the chapter on the extraordinary Spenserian revival which tended to develop Romanticism gives evidence of wide research among the minor poets of the Augustan age. The period of the return to Gothic art and ballad literature, which, according to Heine, marks the revival of life and thought in the Middle Ages, is treated in an entirely new light. The chapter on Milton's influence as giving to literature that dreamy, melancholy coloring which harmonized with the sentimentalism of England and the continent, is full of interest and adds much to the value of the book. Two points are brought out clearly in the discussion—points of vital importance as showing the influence of the Romantic movement on our literature: First, that the spirit of Romanticism has never been wholly extinct in English literature; and second, that between 1625 and 1665 Romanticism was a real, even if quiet, force—a force which rose not in antagonism to Augustan classicism, but unconsciously in the form of an instinctive longing for "fresh woods and pastures new." Within these forty years are found those germs which sprang into full maturity in the poetry of Scott and Byron and all the romantic literature of the nineteenth century.

* * * * *

The old German philosopher, old because one could hardly conceive of Hegel's youth, has so identified himself with his thought that, as Prof.

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* "The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement." By W. L. Phelps, Ph. D. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

Sterrett expresses it, we never ask, "Who was Hegel?" but always "What is Hegel?" So deep that none but the most profound thinkers can fathom his thought, so complicated in diction that none but the most accomplished German linguists can pick their way through the ins and outs of his long periods and technical phrases, yet, insomuch as he is the fountain-head of philosophy since Kant, Hegel commands the attention of the thinking world of students. It is mainly with the laudable purpose of presenting part of Hegel's thought before the young student that Prof. Sterrett gives us this little book.*

After giving a short biographical sketch, he introduces the work by short treatises on the relation of Hegel to previous ethical thought. Then in three parts he translates portions from the German relating to "Abstract Right," "Morality" and "Ethicality." It is not his idea to give a well rounded treatment of Hegel's philosophy, but only what pertains to the province of ethics, and with this end in view he selects and translates literaly just such passages as would be helpful to the student of ethics. Well conceived and well written, the work fills a long-felt want.

* * * * *

"The Spiritual Life"† is the title of a collection of studies of devotion and worship which commend themselves as soon as the names of the various authors are known. In character and treatment the book is most unique, in that it presents, in a popular way, men and movements whose history, to the average reader, is but slightly known and yet is always a matter of charm and curiosity.

---

* "The Ethics of Hegel." By J. MacBride Sterrett, D.D. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

† "The Spiritual Life, or Studies of Devotion and Worship." (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

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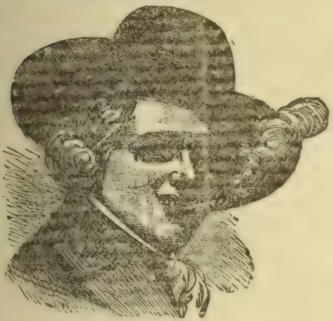

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AN IDOL OF THE STAGE.

IT WAS between the acts. Up and down the foyer hurried men clad in irreproachable evening dress, all hastening, now to one box, now to another, eager to pay their respects to the occupants. Incidentally, of course, they wanted to show to Tom and Dick down there in the parquet or to Harry up in the "peanut gallery" on what intimate terms they were with the people down below.

Every shrine had one or more devotees except Box No. 12, and during the entire *entr'acte* no one entered the door. Ask the business manager who owns it, and he shakes his head meditatively. He don't know. One day, he says, a young man came to the office and engaged the box for the entire season. He would give no name. "But," concludes the manager, "his money is as good as anyone's, and that's what counts after all."

Box No. 12 directly overlooked the stage. Turned so as to face the actors, an occupant sitting well back could remain unseen by the audience. On the night in question, as indeed on every night since the opera appeared, Donald Carlton occupied such a position. Beside him on the floor lay his overcoat, which he had forgotten to hang up. On a chair near by was an enormous bunch of roses, the fac-simile of those which had come each night from Box No. 12 and fallen at the prima donna's feet. Carlton knew the opera by heart now, and, as he waited for her to come on the stage, he gave himself up to dreaming.

And to-night of all nights he told himself he must make up his mind. An orphan, rich beyond all his needs, a guardian who paid no attention to him save to give him his princely allowance, his experience of life had indeed begun early. He remembered how only a year ago he was left alone in the world, and the father and mother who had shielded him from the very knowledge of evil were gone. Then he recalled how he had first seen her—his queen. He had strayed into the theatre one night, when she was acting, and Donald wondered whether it was then that he first commenced to love her. Now she was part of his very life itself. He had never been able to speak to her, and yet each night as he sat in his box he felt that as she turned toward him and he looked into her noble face, so womanly even in its youthful beauty, that he had talked with her.

He knew she was not like many actressess. How could she be? No, she was one in a thousand, and even now his mind was almost made up. She must have read the notes he had sent with the flowers each night, else why should she look so kindly at him. He had no ties or connections who would be shocked at his marrying an actress, and he told himself proudly that *he* was above the popular prejudices against such a marriage. No; to-night he would settle it, and he leaned over and wrote. As he completed the message and fastened it to the roses a thunder of applause announced the entrance of the prima donna, Maud Melton.

Carlton always flushed with pleasure when he heard that sound. It showed that others appreciated her as well as he—his idol. She advanced to the front of the stage and commenced singing. Carlton listened with a degree of attention which was almost painful in its intensity. Not a note escaped him.

The song was a prayer for her father's life, and Maud Melton sang it superbly, now singing out clear and loud as the triumphant tones of an organ in denunciation of her father's murderer, now in supplication for his life soft and low as the notes of a violin played by a master hand.

When she finished there was a moment's silence, more eloquent than any applause could have been; then it burst forth, fairly making the air quiver. Carlton leaned forward and threw his roses at her feet, carrying with them the note he had just penned.

She picked them up, and as she turned to respond to the encore she let her eyes meet his for an instant. She did not smile, and Donald did not wonder, for so completely had she forgotten herself that he fancied he could still see upon her cheeks the tears of anquish wrung from her heart by her earnestness and her sympathy for the girl she portrayed.

It was this absolute self-abandon which had first charmed him. Surely she who could so entirely merge herself in the personality of a noble woman could not be anything but noble herself.

The play wore on. It was almost the end of the last act, when, for the first time in the evening, someone knocked at the door of the box. Carlton stepped forward and opened it. It was only an attendant, who handed him a small, daintily directed note. His hand trembled with eagerness as he sat down and read—

"Miss Melville will receive Mr. Carlton to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, at her home, West Forty-seventh street."

He could hardly believe his senses. What was there in him to attract this beautiful, talented girl? Why, she had even answered under her real name, Miss Melville, not Maud Melton. He did not wait to-night for the end of the piece, but went quickly home, and commenced counting the hours until he should see her. How would he ever tell her he loved her and wanted to marry her, she who had so much admiration. He could not hope to impress her by any eloquence or wit; he could only tell her how he loved her and trust that she would understand. She would probably refuse him; he must prepare for that, but she might—but that was too good to think of; only he couldn't help a vision flitting across his brain of the time when, after he had persuaded her to leave the stage, they should be married, and she should be Mrs. Carlton, not Maud Melton.

It was with beating heart the next afternoon that he went up to the steps of her home and rang the bell. A neat-looking maid came to the door, and, evidently expecting him, ushered him, without a word, into the parlor, while she went to announce his arrival.

There was a cheerful wood fire burning in the large fire-place as he entered, and a path of light seemed to stretch from it to his feet across the highly polished dark wood of the floor, only broken by the black bearskin rugs which lay here and there. The light was turned partly down, and the old oak chairs and tables also reflected the blaze of the logs.

If he did not stop to notice all this then, he did at least know that the room was furnished in perfect taste, and he smiled happily to himself at another proof of the divinity of his goddess.

He had only a moment to think of these things, for there was a rustle of skirts on the stairway, the curtains parted and Miss Melville stood between them in the flickering crimson firelight. For an instant only she hesitated, then she stepped quickly forward and held out her hand to him graciously.

"Mr. Carlton, I believe," she said in a low, sweet voice.

Donald stammered out something, he hardly knew what, and then, as he got more and more embarrassed and involved, he suddenly lost control of himself, and the next instant he was telling her of his love and asking her to marry him.

She listened patiently enough as he told his story of his secluded life, his wealth and his plans, if she would accept him. She did not interrupt him as he was speaking, but kept her eyes fastened upon his face as if it had a sort of fascination for her. Donald was so moved himself that he hardly noticed the effect it was having upon the woman opposite him. Her breath came in short gasps, and her little foot beat rapidly upon the polished brass of the fender. When Carlton finished, she sat a moment as if in hesitation, and then, seemingly powerless to resist, she roused herself and turned toward him.

"Mr. Carlton," she said, "how old are you?"

Donald told her.

"Eighteen, you say," she continued, "and I am thirty-six. Just twice your age, and yet you would marry me. Let me tell you a story." She had risen now and was standing by the mantle.

"Twenty years ago I had never seen the city. My home was in Vermont, and, a country girl, I lived there happily enough. There was someone else there too, besides my mother, whom I loved, and I thought then that my future life was to be spent with him. One summer a man came from the city to board with us. I had never seen a really educated man before, and, perhaps, I was, on that account, more easily deceived. He stayed there all summer, and when at last he returned to the city, he asked me to go with him. He said that we would be married as soon as we reached Boston. I asked him to tell mother, but he said no; she might object, and, deluded fool that I was, I at last consented. When we reached Boston he said we must hurry on to New York, and that we would be married there. I begged and entreated him, but he was determined, and so we came here. Then it was that I found out the full depth of the man's villainy, for the day we reached the city he deserted me, and I have never seen him since. I wandered about all day, and finally, because of my pretty face, I suppose, I got employment at one of the theatres as a chorus girl, and I have gradually become what you see me to-day."

Carlton started to speak, but she interrupted him.

"Don't speak till I finish. I have one more thing to say. Do you know," she continued fiercely, "why I tell you this instead of treating you as I do most men—get all the money I can from you, and then turn you adrift as I would a tramp? I'll tell you why. The first night I ever saw you, you reminded me of the boy I used to know at home; that's why I spare you."

Her voice was shrill and piercing now, and Carlton even in his own agony could see that she was under a terrible strain.

"You think the stage world is as you see it," she went on, taking a step towards him. "You don't know that the jester is eating his heart out with sorrow and despair. You don't realize that the man who acts as my father, and over whose death I see the whole audience weep each night, is the one man among all others whom I loathe and detest most, and that night after night I must act a lie. But never mind,"—and she laughed harshly,—"that's my business—lying and deception. Do you wonder,—even you, who are so innocent or else so deluded,—do you wonder that I am what I am, after my life history?" Then she stepped forward with a menacing gesture. "Why have you come into my life to call back memories like this and to torment me? I am very happy as I am." Then her mood changed and she gave a little, quick, dry sob. "Happy?—No, not that—I can never be happy again. But if I could only see the one you remind me of to tell him I loved"—then she regained control of herself again. All the old fire had come back to her face.

"I've just been fooling you," she said,—"yes, that is it, just fooling you. Love him? No, I hate him. I hate all memory of the past. I believe I even hate the memory of my mother. I hate you for recalling it to me by your innocent face. Now go, before I ring for the servant to put you out. Never dare to come where I can see you again. Go, say that you have seen Maud Melton in tears, and the man you tell it to will laugh at you. Tell him she told her story to you and he'll say you lie. Go at once." Then she sank in the chair back of her, and spent by her own emotions covered her face with her hand.

The fire gave a last flickering gleam, the log burned in two and fell, and the room was left almost in darkness. Carlton stood a moment waiting.

"Why don't you go?" she said fiercely. "Do you want to see me break down again? Well, you won't." Then as she saw his face, haggard and drawn with the struggle to control himself, she came up to him and put her hand gently on his arm.

"We've both had a bad hour," she said. "Poor boy, you were pretty much deceived, weren't you? Well, never mind; you'll get over it soon enough. Only, when you hear them say that Maud Melton never did a good act, just remember that she did. She saved you once from yourself and—and from her. Now, good-bye."

Donald groped his way to the door and out into the cold, icy street.

Howard White.

SUNSETS.

I.

THE winter's sky was leadlike, smooth and gray,
  Against the clouds the rugged hills looked bold,
In patches brown and white the rough fields lay,
  The naked trees seemed shivering in the cold.

II.

But the setting sun when the day was done
  Peeped forth o'er the mountain's rim,
With his rosy light he touches the height,
  He reddens the valley dim.
In the West afar there's a golden bar
  Which prisons his face from sight,
But his crimson glow on the ice and snow
  Makes old Winter warm and the dull day bright.

The sun is light, woman's eyes are bright,
  And bright and light is her smile,
And sun can lighten and eyes can brighten
  And her smile and her eyes can beguile.
Like the sun's rosy glow on the snow below
  Love touches this life with a tint from above;
Love is warm like the sun, and the two are one,—
  All the sun shines forth in a woman's love.

III.

The sun's red lips no longer smiling pressed
  Their kisses on the chill and gloomy day,
And her sweet love, like sunlight journeying west,
  Beyond my life's bleak hills had sunk away.

Edward James Patterson.

PRINCETON AND AMERICAN COSMOPOLITANISM.

I HAPPENED to pick up an old number of *The Forum* * the other day, and, as my eye glanced down the first page of a reminiscent essay by Freeman, these words fell upon me strikingly:

> "I suppose that each man has some special powers and gifts, and that the particular direction which those powers and gifts take in each man's case is a good deal fixed by his general surroundings, by his teachers, by his friends, by the books he reads, by a thousand mere accidents of life over which he may have no control."

Of course, "every college man" is thoroughly familiar with Freeman's books, and few, I suppose, will question the wisdom of his remark above. To a large extent the environment *does* make the man. Someone has said that such a genius as Spurgeon would have been benefitted little by a university education. Perhaps it is so. But nowhere is the soundness of Freeman's words more strikingly evinced than in the lives of university men. It is in his college days, if at any time, that the individual gifts of "the average man" are sure to be developed.

I suppose, though, that college life is largely the same. The several local "environments" give a certain stamp to men of the various colleges. But from the glimpses we get of other institutions, the experience of the American college man seems to be, in a sense, practically one. And when we cross the water we recognize the undergraduate life of even the University of Paris. The dead custom of German universities has been tentatively introduced to American soil, and as the college man of Athens, on his arrival, placed himself as a *protegé* of some one professor for his whole course, so in our terse college phrase we have modernized it into "boot-licking." Mr. Barrie, too, might easily have written *An Edinburgh Eleven* (with the names changed) under the shadow of Dickinson as well as in reminiscence of his own Alma Mater. And as the Roman collegian completed his refinement at Rhodes or Athens, so we have simply changed the geography to Germany and call him a "P. G." Each college seems to be a microcosm.

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* *The Forum,* April, 1892. A Review of My Opinions. By Edward A. Freeman. Page 145

But each college is a little world in another sense. Each dormitory is an essential public constituent, and the student's room his *castellum*, his "city of refuge." Dormitory life, the gregarious period of life, is where we best learn that greatest of complexities, human character.

A man's room always reflects, to a degree, his individuality. Some rooms are veritable curios. The walls are ornamented with banners, swords, pipes, daggers, signs of every description and significance, the most miscellaneous photographs, oars, fans, dance-cards, programs, etchings, class and 'Varsity pictures, and anything that fancy or ingenuity can suggest. The frame of every picture is variegated with pretensions to social favour, *mènus*, invitations, cards, and everything else. On the table or book-case is always to be found a box of the latest and best "mixture" and a briarwood or meerschaum to test. Guitar or mandolin are ever ready to pass a pleasant hour before supper, and every one always is willing for a talk or a good book.

Some students (or men, if you prefer it) have an advantage in Dod, Brown or Edwards. They can "sport the oak" and read their favourite authors unmolested. But in the others the would-be visitor will quietly look through the slide and frankly inform the occupant that, if he refuse to open, he will have no door—to forthwith enter.

There is something in college life that makes us listless and intensely critical, often unjustly so. There is something that makes us desultory and thoughtless. There is, too, notwithstanding our culture, something in the unrestraint and freedom that is vulgarizing in its tendency, something that blunts the finer sensibilities of our moral and spiritual natures, so that what before seemed subtle violations of the Decalogue are now but lightly spoken of as the vagaries of that unrest incident to the curriculum. The bane of American colleges at present is that the undergraduate's life is not serious.

But an eminent New Yorker some time ago said that while Princeton as yet has not produced the thinkers that Yale and Harvard have, still, in most communities with which he had been associated, the men holding responsible positions of power and influence were largely Princeton men. Perhaps this was putting it rather strongly. But it at least shows the truth of Professor Wilson's remark that "Princeton develops that stern, hard stuff we call character."

One of Yale's representatives at the debate last year said that to him the most positive advantages that Princeton had in comparison with Yale and Harvard were the two features of college life peculiar to her, the non-fraternity spirit and the campus life. Fraternities certainly cut a college to pieces. It is no longer, properly speaking, college life, but fraternity life. They create prejudices and prevent and destroy that sense of freedom and equality so characteristic of Princeton men. It may be fairly questioned whether our traditional campus life could exist with the same all-pervasive congeniality and fellowship as now if the non-fraternity spirit were to be uprooted.

But there is, too, a more pronounced moral sentiment at Princeton than any other American college. College evangelists say so. Murray Hall and the respective class prayer meetings evince it and a strong, reserved undercurrent sustains them. The undergraduate body is distinctively Christian in "dogma" and life. "The Curriculum," writes Mr. Wallace, '91, "has always preserved a place for Bible study; the philosophical chairs, while taking a liberal attitude toward the new evolutionary metaphysics, and recognizing its valuable contributions to the world's thought, have stood firmly on the ground of Christian Theistic philosophy. Over half the members of the college are professing Christians and the undergraduate life is dominated by Christian men." Some years ago President Patton put it still more strongly. "We must submit," he said of Princeton, "to no ecclesiastical dictation in science or philosophy. We will not read Aquinas because the Pope says so, and we will not refuse to read Spencer when we please. We stand by the franchises of thought that Protestantism has given us. We believe in God. We believe in Christ. We believe, moreover, in surrounding men with Christian influences."

These are the causes of character. Princeton is Christian, and she stands, too, not for the narrowness of specialization, but for true breadth of scholarship and culture, with moral worth as the acme and goal of all education.

Merit is recognized, though, in every line from ethics to foot-ball, especially foot-ball. As Mr. Thomas W. Hotchkiss, Jr., has written, "The college gossip, the traveled man, the artist, the musician, the joker, the *littèrateur*, the athlete, the religious enthusiast, all are here," forming a combination in which a man must be truly isolated if he cannot find a sympathizing companion.

Some of us have heeded the advice of Horace Greely, and thought we would "Go West and grow up with *the* country." Some of us have felt the need of rising from the stifling Mississippi valley or of crossing it from the Rockies to get a whiff of the eastern sea. It was with regard to this latter class that President Patton, when speaking of the smaller western colleges, observed, "And, further, the boy who goes to one of your excellent colleges, when he reaches his Senior year is apt to say, 'I would like to go East.' He has read in his Testament that wise men came from the East. He would like to get near salt water. He remembers the shouts of the troops in Xenophon, 'The sea, the sea!' He wishes to prosecute special research—wishes to study philosophy at Princeton, or Volapük at Yale, or join the Browning Club at Harvard, and he will come East."

And so here we are, world representative, from the Antipodes the Indian Territory, and Occident and Orient clasp hands in the middle of Atlantic and Pacific to dance around this old "terrestrial hall," singing "Long life to Old Nassau!"

I look up at my books. On one of the backs is the title *An Edinburgh Eleven*, and I remember the words with which Mr. Barrie begins his portrait of Professor Masson: "Though a man might, to my mind, be better employed than in going to college, it is his own fault if he does not strike on some one there who sends his life off at a new angle."

Paul Griswold Huston.

LINES.

WHEN the leaves are gently falling, falling o'er the past forlorn,
And the evening shadows lengthen, and the stars delay the morn,

'Tis the time of all the seasons saddest to the heart of man
When he traces out his life's course from the time it first began.

Then he sees arrayed before him all the follies of the past,
All the hopes, and joys, and sorrows, anchors holding memory fast.

And there comes a longing o'er him that those days might live again,
Till a happier impulse prompts him to forget what they contain.

Ponder well then life's enigmas, never think thy task is done,
While the sands in Nature's hour-glass on to their completion run.

R. D. Hatch.

THE ANARCHIST.

THE red sun had sunk behind the stately Palisades, leaving the great city scorched by the fierceness of its summer heat. In a hot and suffocating garret in one of the East Side tenements, a dozen men were gathered. The door of the room was locked and bolted. Tattered blankets hung before the dusty windows, and no one saw the flickering candle light within the room, so carefully was every crevice covered. One of the men, a Frenchman, was talking in a low tone, and the others listened to him attentively, and now and then smiled grimly to each other and nodded, and were silent. There was something weird and unnatural in the attitude of these men. Not the faintest sound broke the stillness of the room save the half whispering voice of the speaker, and yet the terrible earnestness with which he uttered the words held the others spellbound. The little Frenchman's face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled like fire. Carried away with excitement he had risen from his seat at the table. As he drew near the close of his speech he lost all control of his feelings, and with an exultant cry of "Vive l'Anarchie!" he sank back into his chair exhausted.

A murmur of applause geeted the speaker as he finished. The effect was just as he had expected. Those who had been faint-hearted before, now took courage. They became enthusiastic, exultant, furious in the cause of social reform. Nothing but the fear of being discovered kept them from shouting for joy—joy in the belief that they were martyrs to that cause. The time had come for decisive action. A mass-meeting of the unemployed was to be held the following night in Union Square. Many of the capitalists and manufacturers would be present on the platform erected for the speakers. Several of them would address that immense crowd of strikers. Magnificent opportunity! said the anarchists; and they made their plans accordingly. Since, they reasoned, the wealth of the capitalists is the direct cause of the want among the poor, the fault lies with the capitalists. They must be destroyed; and the anarchists were ready to work their destruction. They would draw lots. They had sworn to abide by the result. The successful man must express the sentiment of his fellows by hurling a bomb upon the orators' platform. It was too late to withdraw. And so the lots were cast.

It was by a strange caprice of fortune that the one to whose lot it fell to do the deed was the only one among them all who was not in full spmpathy with the movement. Yet John Keppel dared not intimate to the others that he was unwilling to carry out their wishes. He had pledged to stand by the decision, and these men trusted him and expected him to strike a blow for them in the name of social reform. He well knew how these men would revenge themselves upon him should he fail to throw the bomb; for they would stop at nothing in order to prevent their plans from being frustrated. Yet he realized there was no possible escape for him if he did throw it, and he began to waver and dread the arrest which he saw to be inevitable.

The other men had gone and left him alone in the attic room. Their work was done. His had just commenced. It was with a feeling of desperation that he remembered the time when the future seemed bright to him and fortune smiled upon him and he was happy. He had been a skilled mechanic once—not so long ago after all, he thought—and he had saved from his wages almost enough to get married. But he had been ordered by his Union to strike, and he obeyed; and the long season during which he was out of work had swallowed up everything. He could not ask her to share with him a pauper's existence, and he told her so. In despair he joined a society whose purpose, he was told, was to discuss the political situation; but he soon found that their aim was not to reform the social order, but to destroy it. The awful reality of his position struck him with an overpowering force when Joe Pardell, one of the members of his society, was convicted of an attempt at bomb-throwing. Might not the same fate await *him* as had befallen Pardell? And if it did, would the other anarchists pity him? In the case of Pardell, they had been loud in their assertions that the convicted man was not guilty. He was only "rash" and "premature;" the "villainy of existing society" was the real criminal. And, imbued with this idea, they had redoubled their efforts which culminated in this secret meeting in the tenement on the East Side.

The solitary anarchist had been thinking over these things for some time, and it had grown late. A church-bell far over the city had just tolled the hour of two. The air in the garret was suffocating, and he arose and went to the open window. Removing the blanket which hung there, he sat down wearily and looked out upon the still deserted street. At length he bowed his head upon his outstretched arms, and the cool night wind blowing in from the sea breathed gently on his hot flushed face. It had become suddenly dark without. A dense black cloud drifted across the face of the moon, and the low rumbling of distant thunder gave warning of the coming storm. A few drops were already falling, and they rattled ominously against the dusty panes. The solitary candle flickered uncertainly, and, caught by a sudden gust of wind, sputtered feebly and went out, leaving the room enveloped in an atmosphere of impenetrable gloom.

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The day had come and gone and it was night again. Union Square was crowded with the strikers. The bright glare of the electric lights flashed coldly upon the pale faces of men and women who had stared poverty in the face for many a day because they needed the employment that was not given. Driven almost to desperation they had come to hear the speeches in a spirit of hostility. They knew they would go away as hopeless as they came, and yet they were willing to come. On the edge of the crowd an old man and a young girl were making unsuccessful attempts to get nearer the speaker's platform.

"It's no use, Nell," he was saying, "we can't get nearer. Perhaps we can hear 'em from here, though," and they sat down on a bench and waited for the speakers to begin. The crowd increased every moment and many were unable to make their way nearer the platform than these two. Suddenly the girl remarked:

"See, father, there's Jack—over by the fountain. I know he saw us, but he *will* look the other way. He always used to speak to us. I'll ask him to come and sit with us—may I?"

"All right, Nell."

She pressed through the crowd to the little fountain where the young man was sitting alone. "Jack," she said, "what's the matter with you? Why didn't you come over when you saw us?"

He seemed not to hear her, for he answered mechanically to her questions: "Why—I don't—know. You see I—but never mind."

"But I *do* mind." Then seeing a small satchel at his side she asked curiously, "what's this, Jack?" and she picked it up as she spoke.

"Drop that—no, don't drop it, for heaven's sake," he exclaimed. He tore it from her hands and laid it gingerly upon the bench beside him.

"What's in it?" she asked, wonderingly. She could not understand his actions, he seemed so excited. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Throw it on the platform," he replied laconically.

"What for?"

"Look here, Nell," he whispered leaning toward her, "you promise not to breathe a word of what I say? Well, then, I'll tell you. This satchel has a dynamite bomb in it—that's why I'm going to throw it on the platform. It will explode, of course, and blow up some of those capitalists, and—and d—— it, *they're* the ones that cut down wages and keep us poor people out of work and—it 'll be a good thing to kill 'em."

He was talking rapidly, desperately, almost incoherently, hardly knowing what he said, and he did not see the deathly pallor which overspread her face.

"Jack;" she cried, "don't; you'll be arrested."

"I know it. But I can't help it now. I've promised to do this. The others expect me to. Besides, all these people are against the speakers. They'll be glad to see 'em killed."

"But suppose they were in favour of the rich men—suppose they were all promised work—would you or any of those others want to blow them up? And then, Jack," she added hopefully, "if you did have work again, we could—that is, I mean you might save enough so that we could—could—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Nell. I wish I could think so. Don't speak of that now, for I must go—I have waited too long—it must be done." And seizing the satchel he abruptly left her and disappeared in the crowd. She would have gone after him and held him back, but already the surging throng had swallowed him up and she knew it was useless to search for him. She returned to where her father was sitting and there awaited the explosion she expected to occur at any moment. But no sound came to her ears save the restless movement of the crowd, the murmur of many voices, and the loud tones of the orator. Suddenly a cheer broke from the lips of the multitude which echoed and re-echoed from the tall buildings about the square. "Surely," thought Nell, "these people are not against the speakers. But Jack said they were and Jack knows. Perhaps those shouts mean that the manufacturers will agree to the demands of the strikers. Perhaps they will all have work again —and then—and then if that is so, Jack will not throw that bomb after all. Ah; I hope it is so." Her face was flushed with expectancy and her breath came fast as again the mighty crowd burst forth into a cheer which fairly shook the starry sky above. The wildest excitement prevailed. Men and women who had not known a happy day for weeks went about with faces wreathed in smiles. It meant work for them and their cup of joy was full, poor souls.

A few minutes later a man could have been seen to hurriedly leave the crowd about the speaker's platform and make his way out of the square and down a street toward the East Side. He carried a satchel at which he glanced furtively from time to time. It was a long walk to the river, but at last the twinkling lights on the opposite shore shone out brightly through the gloom. He made his way out on one of the piers where the dark river rolled swiftly and silently by, and he peered down into the black waters which lapped the edge of the dock. He looked anixously about him. No one was in sight. Only the hoarse whistle of a tug broke the stillness. Kneeling down, he held something over the side of the pier. There was a loud splash, and the inky black waters rolled on to the sea. The anarchist rose quickly and walked rapidly away.

Andrew C. Imbrie.

THE BRONZE-HILTED SWORD.

"THERE, Dot, kiss brother and run off to Susan and get ready for dinner, for father and mother will soon be home, and you must be neatly dressed to receive them."

The little girl threw her arms affectionately around her brother's neck, gave him a kiss, and darted from the room.

Arthur Burgess sank back in his thick leather covered, upholstered chair, puffed vigorously on his cigarette, which had become half extinguished, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

Young Burgess was a fellow who had had all the advantages which money and kind and loving parents could give. He had just passed his twenty-third birthday, having graduated from college two years previously. His last year at college had been to him one of constant anxiety and perplexity as to what vocation he would be best suited for in after life. He had never been a brilliant student. He had never even been what was termed at college a plodder. What he had was his own native brightness, his quick-wittedness, and with this he had gone through his college course not "*magna cum laude*," or "*cum laude*," but—what was the ordinary rate of standing—creditably.

After graduation, his father had sent him on a trip around the world, in company with a near neighbor's son who had been a constant friend and chum of young Burgess. After their return home Burgess had gone into a law office, where he was now at work preparing for a lawyer's vocation.

To look back on his trip was to the young man the living over of the past events, and it was his pleasure, when none were near with whom he could get into conversation, to quietly sink into his favourite chair before the great open fire-place, and let his thoughts wander back to the scenes of his travels.

The handsome room in which he was seated was decorated on all sides by souvenirs and relics which he had picked up on his rambles. Through the gathering gloom of the room, through which the bright flame of the burning logs in the fire-place softly penetrated, he could discern the outline of this or that thing, which vividly recalled to him the circumstance of its purchase and surroundings at the time. There, on top of the massive book-case, stood the quaint clogs worn by the Japanese people, and he remembered the dark, straight-haired, brown-eyed little Japanese beauty who had sold them to him, and his parting "sayonara" (one of the few words he had picked up) as he left.

Crossed, over the door, were two Alpenstocks which recalled to him his week's sojourn at the foot of the snow-crested Alps, and brought before him the face of a girl whom he had met at a dance, and whose card, bearing the legend "Miss Ethel Lockwood," now lay in his card-case. She was an English girl, and, since her return to that country, he had received two letters from her, which he had been prompt to answer. The great bear-skin mat at his feet and the set of sleigh-bells hanging over the great fire-place spoke eloquently to him of Russia, of his thrilling sleigh-ride behind three whirlwind steeds, and his visit to the Novogorod Fair. So one after another of the mementos led his imagination onward, until at last his eyes rested upon a large, heavy, old-fashioned sword, suspended among other things over the grate. The fire from the burning embers reflected it across the room to a mirror, then back again, gilding the edges of the old-time relic of war with a warm, blood-like hue. About four feet long, with a two-inch blade of steel, darkened by time and use, and a heavy, carved hilt of bronze, the warrior stood, grim and still, in bold relief from among an array of revolvers, daggers and pipes of all nations.

Far off to sunny Spain, the land of tinkling music and romantic maidens, the young man's fancy took its flight. Back to the tiny villa, with its little row of low, latticed houses, interspersed with flowering plants and graceful fruit trees. Back to the little shop of odds and ends, with its queer old native storekeeper and his wealth of fairy lore. It was here, in a nook of the little shop, that he had spied the old instrument of death, forgotten and unknown, the playground of the weaving spider and the resting-place of the dust of time.

Eager to talk, and having ready listeners, the patriarch was but too pleased to unfold the history of the sword. Belonging at a time, now long past, to one of the nobles of the land, it had, in his strong hand, oft cleaved its way to victory and to fame. He wooed and won the heart of a fair daughter of a knight of no mean name, yet he found no favour in the father's eyes. Stern decree forbade that he should meet the maiden of his heart, but love has laughed at obstacles from times ago, and the two fled, pursued by an unrelenting father. Overtaken, the younger man meets the elder face to face, who, drawing his sword, plunged it at the young man's breast. With a cry the maiden threw herself on her lover's breast, and the gleaming steel pierced them both. The elder man, seeing the rashness of his act, drew out the reeking sword, and placing the point upon his breast, fell on it and expired.

What tales of romance and of war that inanimate, yet living, piece of steel could tell. Its day is past and gone. Hanging there now on the chimney-place, harmless and unfeared, with its dim halo of red fire-light, it seems a silent story-teller of the days when it once was young and in its prime.

The young man's eyes have closed, as he sits close up to the hearth, with his feet resting on the massive iron fenders, the extinguished cigarette still between his fingers. Lost deep in sweet thought he knows naught of the crumbling of the treacherous plaster around the base of the nail supporting the heavy bronze-hilted sword. There is a sudden crash, as it comes tumbling down, the bronze hilt striking the dozing thinker square on the head. Then all is still.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The door of the room opens, and a little figure glides quietly up behind the young man's chair, suddenly throws her tiny arms around his neck, and prints two little kisses on his brow. "Come, Arty, papa and mamma are home and dinner's ready. Wake up, brother. Why don't you talk to little Dot?"

The old bronze-hilted sword had yet another tale to tell.

Franklin B. Morse.

DAS HERZ.

(Translated from the German of Neumann.)

TWO silent chambers hath the heart,
  Wherein there dwell
Sorrow and joy, lone and apart.

In one awakened joy doth hover,
  While slumbers still
Sad sorrow lightly in the other.

O joy, I pray thee, have a care
  And whisper low,
That sorrow wake not unaware.

Wilbur M. Urban.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MOONSHINE.

The moonbeams have unwilling slaves,
Shadows, grey, and grim, and tall.
From caverns dark, and gloomy caves,
In frantic rout they drive them out,
When the night begins to fall.

'Neath glittering swords of tyrants dread,
They fill the earth with phantoms grey.
The trees are ghosts with arms outspread.
Each spectred face mocks Nature's grace,
'Neath moonbeams' mystic sway.

C. Waldo Cherry.

A CASE OF IDENTITY.

It was a cold, cheerless night. The wind whistled shrilly among the giant trees now stripped of their summer foliage.

Straight through the heart of the forest, stretched the gleaming tracks of the railroad. Mile after mile extended the bright steel rails without curving so much as an inch. The stone road-bed gave out a hollow rumble as now and then a long train thundered by.

A bridge with a single arch spanned the forest stream, now flowing silently under its frozen surface.

A thick growth of willows and laurel covered the banks of the stream. Now they were leafless and dead. To-night beneath their friendly shadow a little group of men were gathered. Each one bore signs of poverty and want. They shivered in the icy wind. And yet on each gaunt, hungry face was painted desperation and courage. Their eyes had the fierce glare of the hungry wolf's, who leaves his mountain fastnesses and preys among the haunts of men. They had a leader. All men have when they are forced to deeds of courage or desperation. He was speaking in a low, guarded tone.

"It's almost time, boys. She's due in an hour. Tim, is the lantern ready?" Silently the man addressed brought forth a lantern from under his coat. It was turned so low that only a faint red glow was visible.

"Yes," he muttered, "she'll do her duty all right."

"Remember," continued the leader, "it's a state's prison job. We're goin' to hold up the Southern, an' there can't be no mistakes made now." And his revolver glittered in the cold moonlight.

"There she is, now," he exclaimed, listening intently, as a shrill note from a whistle was heard far in the distance.

The men all knew their positions. They separated and in couples took up their positions along the track. Far down the road gleamed a tiny speck of fire. It was the head-light of the approaching engine.

Slowly it grows, and the rails begin to tremble and quiver. The light is a fiery eye now casting its beams far ahead. The only object it meets is a solitary man standing between the rails, frantically waving the danger signal. Two short, sharp blasts of the whistle, a grinding of the powerful brakes, a lurch of the whole train, and the engine, with its darkened, spectral cars behind it, comes to a standstill just opposite the leader.

Two men spring upon the steps on either side of the engine, and confront the trainmen with revolvers.

"Don't move, or you're dead men," says the leader.

"Not quite yet," responded a voice from the tender.

The two men wheeled around and discovered one of the brakemen whom they had not noticed standing in the shadow. The engineer and fireman saw their opportunity, and, as the robbers turned, quick as a flash they sprang upon them, and after a brief struggle, had them lying on the floor of the cab securely bound.

One quick tug at the throttle, and the engine plunged forward again. Just then there was a rush of wind, a rattle and roar, and another train swept by on the track beside The leader called feebly to the engineer. "Say, pard, you've got me sure enough now, but would you mind telling me what train's that?"

The engineer looked at him in amazement. "That? Why, that's the Southern Express, tho' I'm blessed if I see why you want to know."

The man sat up. "Why, w-what train's this?" he exclaimed.

A light broke in on the engineer, and he smiled grimly. "Special, No. 11. Empty freight-cars for the yards at Phily," he answered.

Howard White.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

The efforts of a country to keep its people in ignorance of the light and civilization of the age is like the efforts of a hen-mother to keep her duckling foster children from the water, absurdly ineffectual as regards them and a source of amusement for others.

A barbarous nation, on finding out the benefits of civilized life, accepts new customs readily, from peasant to potentate, but with one exception. When the power of the ruler is dependent on the mental poverty of the ruled, light is excluded more rigidly from that country than are the Chinese from the United States. Such is the state of affairs in the Turkish Empire. To see a great power deliberately forbid its subjects to acquire the wisdom of the age, because it sees that their learning is its own downfall, is pitiable and exasperating. Instances of this policy of rigid censorship are so numerous that one hardly knows how to make a selection of some to serve as examples. To say that the daily press of the Turkish capital is under strict surveillance is to put it mildly. News from all quarters is subjected to official revision previous to publication, and all matter deemed "dangerous" is forbidden to appear. Thus the public is kept in as perfect ignorance as possible on such subjects as the Brazilian revolution, the bomb in the Paris Chamber of Deputies, attempts on the life of the Tsar and kindred topics. A struggle has been in progress for many months past in the country itself, between some down-trodden but over-zealous and foolhardy Armenians and the proud, pig-headed and inhuman soldiery of his majesty; but all reference to any conflict is strictly prohibited. A single instance of this prohibition will suffice. A pitched battle was fought some weeks ago in an interior town of Asia Minor, called Yozgat, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded. This was but one of several eruptions within a short space of time. But the account of it in the Turkish paper was as follows: "Thanks to the gracious and efficient rule of His Imperial Majesty, peace and prosperity reign throughout the empire. An investigating committee has been sent to see to matters in Yozgat." All references to the history of any nation, past or present, is prohibited in the newspapers, because it might rouse revolutionary thoughts in the Armenian minds. The Parliament of Religions at Chicago last summer was passed by without note or comment by any of the eight or nine daily papers of Constantinople, for the same reason that made the Mohammedan authorities forbid delegates to attend the Parliament.

Severe and senseless as this muzzling the mouth of the newspaper press seems to be, the treatment of books that are brought into the country is even more so, at times. No text-book on history or geography can be taken through the custom-house without losing the pages pertaining to Mohammedanism or to Turkey; this causes great inconvenience to the many schools and colleges where English is the language of the class-rooms. A short time ago an article on chemistry was detained at the censor's office so long that the owner went to see about it. He was told that the symbol H_2O would not be tolerated in print, as it was an insult to his majesty. On being assured that it was merely a symbol for water, the reply was made, "Oh! no, you can't fool us; you mean by it, Hamid II., zero!" A zealous censor was supervising the edition of a portion of the Scriptures some months since, when he came to the passage relating to the coming of our Lord "into the world to save sinners." He demanded that this be altered, as it did not refer to Mohammedans, and be made to read "to save Christian sinners." Fortunately the printing of the Bible is secured by treaty, and his demand was not enforced. The latest of the many books excluded by imperial edict from the dominions is Robinson Crusoe, the cause of its banishment being that the innocent Robinson had inadvertently named his dog "Turk."

One of the busiest and dirtiest of the business portions of Constantinople is that called Galata. Here an enterprising and pious Greek printer was at work earning his daily bread; and, as an advertisement of the work done within, printed a verse of Scripture as a specimen and posted it outside of his door. It read: "Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith—*Παῦλος Πρὸς Γαλατᾶς*." His door opened one day, and in walked some police officers, who inquired the meaning and origin of the quotation. Not being satisfied with his explanation, they hurried him to prison, where he was again asked who this man Paul was, and why he had written such a letter to the people of Galata. They laughed at his statement that Paul was long since dead, and it was only the arrival of a well-known priest, who showed the officers the text in the Galatians, that released the astonished printer from durance very vile.

The limits of the subject do not admit of our going into the question of the opening of letters and the suppression of telegrams, which have become matters of daily occurrence. Suffice it is to say that the writer had occasion to send a telegram recently a distance of 350 miles in that country and the message arrived at its destination intact; but it was thirty-one days en route. Most of these troubles, as well as many of the difficulties with regard to press censorship, arise from the incompetence of under-officials rather than from imperial orders; but still it is readily seen that one would hardly come to Turkey in order to publish a revolutionary newspaper or to edit a book on freedon.

P. A.

AN ECSTACY.

(Translation from the French of Victor Hugo.)

I sat by the waves on a star-lighted night,
No mist on the sea, and the heavens were bright.
  From the world of mere things I turned my eyes higher,
And the woods and the mountains and nature all
With their murmur confused seemed to question and call
  The ocean's waves, the heavens' fire.

And in unnumbered legions the stars of gold
In high tones and low tones harmoniously told,
  While bowing their fiery crowns with accord,
And the blue waves that nothing can rule or arrest
Gave answer, while bending the foam of their crest,
  "It is the Lord, 'tis the Lord God."

Edward James Patterson.

EDITORIAL.

AS already announced the LIT. offers a prize of ten dollars for the best story submitted on or before March 5th, 1894. It is unnecessary to call the attention of the Junior Class to the importance of this contest; while the contest is open to the whole college we especially expect the final and best effort of those men who are trying for next year's board, as the March issue will be the last number published before the elections.

Contributions, including stories submitted for this prize, will be due March 5th, 1894.

PAST AND PRESENT.

EVERYONE at one time or another seems bound to play the part of *laudator temporis actœ.* Wherever we look we find this true. Pre-Raphaelitism is as inevitable in art as classic revivals in fiction. Macaulay struck a note of realism in making his *raconteur* of the keeping of the bridge by Horatius bewail the degeneracy of his own time. *O tempora! O mores!* is a universal cry, and the chosen people in the desert, whom war and pestilence could not dishearten, wept at the lost leeks and onions of Egypt.

We see the same thing in our daily life. The statesmen of our time seem cast in a lesser mould than those who brought in the present century. Our clothes are made of flimsier cloth; our artisans have degenerated; our girls are frivolous, and our young men not much better. In college we find the same irresistible tendency. We say that the old customs and traditions are passing away; college life is becoming conventional, and many of us seem to have an undefined suspicion that when we come back ten years hence we shall hardly know the old college. Many people seem to have the impression that the modern college student is a sadly degenerate type of being; a stolid young man, entirely devoted to athletics, taking what little study he must as a necessary evil, and with no thought or aspiration beyond the success of his athletic team. Everyone knows that athletics have been carried a little too far ; but upon this natural and perfectly apparent fact is reared a spectre of frightful dimensions, the more gruesome because of the contrast with the studious and serious undergraduate of our fore-father's days, of the happy days when a Latin Salutatorian was pointed out to visitors as the college hero ; when the sophomores went to bed at nine o'clock to dream of Demosthenes, and when the horrid spectre of football had not intruded its odious face. This exaltation of the past and lamentations over our own degenerate days is natural, and, from a psychological point of view, extremely interesting ; and when it transcends the bounds of common sense and finds voice in such childish twaddle as the rhythmic editorials of the *Evening Post*, it becomes positively amusing, except that there is always danger that foreigners, ignorant of our country and of New York journalism, may take the *Evening Post* seriously.

But, while such cases as the *Evening Post* are a disease rather than a natural growth, yet none of us can escape the tendency to exalt the past ; and it is probable that we cast about it a halo that it hardly deserves. There is considerable truth in Owen Meredith's lines :

> "All acted time
> By that which succeeds it, is ever received
> As calmed, completer, and more sublime,
> Only because it is finished : because
> We only behold the thing it achieved ;
> We behold not the thing that it was.
> For while it stands whole and immutable,
> In the marble of memory,—we who have seen
> But the statue before us,—how can we tell
> What the men that have hewn at the block may have been ?
> Their passion is merged in its passionlessness ;
> Their strife in its stillness closed forever."

And yet, if we mistake not, there are changes still going on around us that must, in the long run, work a great revolution in the literary fashions of the coming generation. It may seem absurd to speak of changes marked in so short a period as five or six years. Yet it seems to us that a great proportion of the youth of our time—meaning the men now entering college, younger brothers in the preparatory schools, &c.—are growing up in a literary atmosphere different from what ours has been. The generation that will stamp its individuality upon the second and third decades of the twentieth century seems to be surrounded by an atmosphere different from any that have gone before. We often wonder how keenly they will appreciate Thackeray and our other friends. For when the traditions and influences that surrounded Thackeray and Tennyson and Hawthorne and those others that represent our time shall have wholly passed away, as they seem to be even now passing away, it is a matter of curious speculation as what the next generation shall find in their place. In the modern shifting of standards Shakespeare and Scott and all our old friends seem to have lost something of their old hold. It is probably true that Shakespeare was never so highly appreciated as now, but the point we wish to make is that Shakespeare and the others seem to have lost, with the incoming generation, that profound and familiar hold that they have had. The study of Shakespeare is becoming philological rather, and scientific; school boys no longer feel a personal grief when they come to the last page of Julius Cæsar, and Brutus falls on his sword; they do not shudder at the three witches, nor people the air with Macbeth's victims when they go out after dark. If they are familiar with these old friends at all, it is with the cold familiarity of criticism; they have learned without a pang the fact that to us was so painful, that much of Marc Antony's oration first saw the light in Shakespeare's room, and that the poet is guilty of the most frightful anachronisms.

The old books that we read in the seclusion of the hay-loft, or in the mysterious hours of the night until the lamp burned out and our hair showed a painful tendency to rise on end, are put in their hands as models of English style. Modern fiction aims at brilliancy, and prides itself on cutting loose from the past, and we confess that we do not altogether complain. We should rather take *Silas Lapham* on a railway journey than *Clarissa Harlowe.* Whether Tess Durbeyfield is better company than Beatrix Esmond is more of a question.

Perhaps we should not repine at this shifting process. It may be that a closer approach to reality, a keener analysis and a wider vision are the marks of a healthful advance. It may be that the Sunday newspaper and the giant magazine are outgrowths of a finer culture than any our fathers knew. But we can not help feeling now and then that the coming generation is bound to miss a great many pleasant acquaintances and never know a hundred splendid friends that filled our world, and that a man has lost a wonderfully pleasant experience who has never known the companionship of Brutus and Cassius, nor shuddered at Cæsar's ghost, nor peopled his boyish world with the Roman legions and Scott's Highlanders nor heard the twang of Locksley's arrow as it split the willow wand. Doubtless our contemporaries write better stories than Scott and understand history much better than Shakespeare ever could, but we prefer a preliminary illusion and think that the finer work of our own time shines all the brighter for those that have once lived in the reflected glory of the past.

THE PLACE OF THE SEMINAR IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

WE HAD occasion to refer last month to the increasing importance of original research in modern colleges. The unfortunate system of grading upon the basis of an examination, on a course of lectures or a text-book—a system which is so largely prevalent—removes what might be a great incentive to original research. This defect is obviated in the seminary method of instruction, in which the ability to memorize a syllabus or a series of notes counts for very little. We, accordingly, find a concurrence of testimony that is almost unanimous in making seminary work, when properly directed and faithfully carried out, far more satisfactory than ordinary curriculum work. But, from its very nature, the seminar can never have more than a limited application, though occasionally a professor is enabled to apply what is practically the same in its results as the seminary method in a large class, but, as a general rule, this cannot be the case. For the present, and until we have escaped from the bondage of index-learning, a small seminar in each department may reasonably be expected to supply all present demands. But, so far, we have not one in every department. They are provided in the historical department and in the department of mental science, and this, we believe, is all. This want we hope to see remedied within the near future, and especially in the department of literature and kindred branches. The professors in these subjects have their hands full as it is, and could ill afford the additional burden of seminary courses, but we hope that in some manner provision will be made so as to allow opportunity for adequate and intelligently-directed original research in all departments. Our retired position and limited library make extensive original research impossible in some departments, but there is no such obstacle in the way of a literary seminar. There is a vast amount of original work that can be done; for example, in the Elizabethan drama, and work that does not require such a very extensive equipment.

When the seminary method has once been fairly introduced we shall probably see the last of the old-fashioned system of grading on a basis of index-learning, and if honors have to be retained at all, they will probably be given for original work.

GOSSIP.

Who never worked the Night in Sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours,
Grinding and polling for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers!
(With apologies to Goethe, and the Faculty)

"George Washington's a gentleman of credit and renown."

IT is one of those early and prematurely springlike afternoons peculiar to late winter. The LIT. sanctum is hot and sunny. The Gossip sinks lazily into the office chair, quite exhausted from a slow shambling walk to the cage, and starts to meditate upon what he has read, seen or heard, appropriate to the month of February. Click goes the door slot. The postman has sent the LIT's portion scattering over the floor. The Gossip rises, collects and arranges the Treasurer's mail, carefully dusts the table, examines the exchanges from the *North American Review* to the *Princetonian*, and finally ends by resting his elbows upon the window-sill, and stands and stares sleepily through the iron gratings, out on to the campus.

Just coming around the corner of Old North from the Museum, is a girl with her Freshman brother and four of his Freshman friends. She is walking with one friend whilst the others bring up the rear. The girl, half turning, looks happy, and is talking vivaciously to all five at once. The Freshmen have stiff hats on, and city clothes, and are very self-conscious and seem to feel under the necessity of bowing to every one they pass. The group is fast becoming the centre of interest to a crowd of upper classmen about the corner of West, who are lounging and smoking and leaning against the lamp-post. As the girl approaches all simultaneously take their pipes from their mouths and hands from their pockets, and stare attentively up at the fifth floor of Reunion. When the small procession is safely by, back go the pipes and the gaze, until the girl, with her uneasy contingent, has disappeared down past Clio Hall. Little by little, as the Gossip stands there, the crowd lessens and diminishes—even loafing seems to go hard; the exams. are just over and the contrast is something quite disconcerting.

What a terrible thing examinations are anyway, and yet we, as well as professors, could not altogether get along without them. For one thing they're about the most intense and exciting part of college life, and their agony, like the agony of watchtng a foot-ball game, is never to be forgotten. Oh, the horror of those midnight hours, when the Syllabus grows dim, and the hands of your watch glide surely on, when you rise in your sleepy terror of the morrow, and dash cold water in your face or run to your window and let the cool night air blow down full upon you. Those are the times which try men's souls, when, as you grind there, you are entertained with the man who was too lazy to take notes during the term, and who forgot to buy a Syllabus, as he stands on the campus yelling to all his friends in the dormitory, canvasing each room for "Just a half hour's glance at the Ethics," and when, as the windows one after another bang shut, you hear his voice die away in the distance, "Hello, Smith! Hello, Small!"—and then, as in final desperation› "Hello, anybody!"

Once again you are at your table, and are down to work—faintly but clearly, way down by Brown, there's a cry of Fresh Fire! a horn begins to blow, and soon all Brown and then Dod are in an uproar. Slowly but surely the wave of noise has rolled on toward Edwards and to West. You are getting into a state of nervous delirium, Ethics fast fade away, and in a minute you are at your own window, and are leaning out, with the biggest horn in your possession, leading your dormitory gallantly to the fray. But at last the wave passes, the frantic yells of "cork up" are having their effect, and soon, save for a farewell toot now and then, silence reigns supreme.

Washington's Birthday marks a turning point in college life. To the eager Freshman and unsuppressible Sophomore, it is, or was in the good old days, the grand finale and winding up of hazing. It is the time of doughty deeds, when missing spans of water tower ladders are scaled in utter darkness, the time when the houses of our most respected burghers are wont, chameleon-like, to change their colors, and when banners are displayed from the dizzy heights of roofs and belfries. To Seniors it is also a day of horse play and revel, but of revel tinged and underlined with sadness. For the first time eyes are turned to retrospect, and the very tales and jokes of "Way back in Freshman Year" are told and heard with an inexpressible feeling of longing and of vain clinging to the past. Forgetting as well as remembering, we all come together in the Gym. in a good old noisy, happy Princeton way—shoulder to shoulder we sit on those long, hard benches, poller and sport and saint are side by side in good fellowship, and there we stamp and roar and laugh over how we nearly got dropped, or how we were caught by old Mat Goldie, and were brought quaking before the terrible tribunal of the Faculty. Old Mat. and Freshman life have long since gone. The very scrapes and their remorse and anguish time has turned to joke, and our awful terror, once so real, has become quite laughable. How earnest we were then! What excitements and wrangling accompanied even our temporary class elections, and now with all our honest might we can scarcely remember who it was that ran for the office, or whom we so noisily backed, and what the quarrel and the trouble were all about. Old enemies have become friends, old friends have drifted away. We have lived out nearly a college generation. and here, on this birthday, comes the beginning of the end.

The Senior orator is the hero of the day. He is undoubtedly of more interest than any other man in college, not only during the moments of his speech, but for one whole week beforehand. He is stopped and surrounded on the campus, threatened, entreated and exhorted about those terrible jokes and grinds. Among others the gossip's friend, little Danny Tillsbury, is in a state of high dudgeon and alarm. You, of course, know of that little scrape about Bill Legget and the keg,—the one which happened in Sophomore year? Well, Danny says that if that comes out on the Birthday, when mamma and two sisters are going to be there, he doesn't really see what he is going to do. Danny was so worked up about the matter that I'm told, he went to the orator and besought him on bended knee to cross out that portion of his speech. The orator replied that he would, indeed most naturally, inasmuch as he had never even heard of the famous keg. Danny went back to his room quieted and yet a little peaked. It was certainly very comforting to know that mamma would hear nothing, and yet—well it would have been rather nice after all to have appeared just a little tough.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Le genie n'a pas de sexe.
—*Mme. de Stael.*

"GENIUS is not bound by the limitations of sex." The aphorism of the famous Frenchwoman is indeed a hard saying, and few there are that can bear it. Make it your own criterion of true genius, and the *literati* who can stand the test can be counted on your fingers.

However, to no novelist of the English language does this saying apply so correctly as to George Eliot. Indeed, one of George Sand's characters says of her something to this effect, "Why, *she* was no woman. Nature sometimes makes mistakes and George Eliot was a man."

This peculiar feature of Eliot's skill that she could depict men and women alike, with an almost equal fidelty to the essentially mental characteristics of either sex, must appeal more forcibly—in the opinion of the *Table*—to her masculine than to her feminine readers. For a woman to portray other women with marvellous accuracy is talent indeed, but still a talent that is quite imaginable; but for an authoress to represent her male characters as thinking and feeling and being that which seems to every man to be possible to him only because his nature, his psychology, his every trait is *per se* absolutely unfeminine, this transcends mere talent and becomes genius of the very highest rank. In the case of George Eliot this is undoubtedly due to her power of putting herself in another's place, though that other differs from her as darkness does from light, a power that with her could overcome these fetters of sex that limit the range of ordinary minds, and that this power has been felt and appreciated by those most capable of judging it is shown by the fact that every one of her most careful and most elaborate critics have been men.

A single illustration will suffice. Those who have read "The Mill on the Floss" cannot but remember the passage descriptive of the scene between *Maggie* and *Stephen*, on the porch, and its allusion to the admiration ever aroused by the beautiful lines of a woman's arm. At first thought it may seem like a little thing to have been able to write thus, but on reflection it must be evident that none but a genius-inspired woman could have so reflected mental processes that seem characteristically masculine.

MAGAZINES.

Among the brightest and most representative magazines that come to the table each month is *The University Review*, a periodical devoted solely "to university and college interests," and whose editor, as many of the readers of the LIT. know, is Dr. Marion M. Miller, formerly connected with Princeton. The wide range of topics intimately connected with college life, from the classics to athletics, are treated within these pages with the greatest care and discussed in invariably interesting style, while the high class of illustrations which are offered and the monthly articles on one and another of our colleges make the volume most valuable and attractive. The number of this magazine for January contained a story by Jesse Lynch Williams, Princeton '92, "One of the Freshmen," reprinted from a LIT. of 1891; an elaborate article on "Vanderbilt and her Fraternities," by John H. Dewitt, *ΦΔΘ*; the second part of T. Mitchell Tyng's well-illustrated article on "The Temple," and an able defense of "Rebuttal Speeches" in "The College Debates" department, whose editor is V. Lansing Collins, Princeton '92. A poem on "The Serenade; Theocritus, Idyl III," by Dr. Miller, is also offered.

The Brown Magazine for January contains, as its first article, an essay on "Tennyson's Conception of Art," by Moore Fogg, Jr., that, while in some sentences it is crude, is still a thoughtful and comprehensive study, whose writer shows that, to him, the principles of art are no closed book, and that he has studied Tennyson with a sympathetic and more than a merely critical mind, indeed with one in full sympathy with his subject. An able defense of the necessarily limited range of "College Verse," in an article of that name, by A. A. Macurda, is very clear, very true and full of art illustrations.

The last number of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* has the most careful statistical essay we have ever seen in a college magazine in Frederick L. Knowles' "American Literature's Debt to the College." The writer quotes his authorities in a way that proves his conclusions and that evinces much study of his subject. The article is thus a valuable one, and its deductions may, perhaps, be summed up in its closing sentence, which tells us that "the college has done much for American literature, but the great days for our colleges are yet to come." "At the Feet of Rudyard Kipling," by Cornelius R. Berrien, well illustrates the charm that the great power of directing our human nature as possessed by Kipling has for his readers, but the article fails to show the faults of the young Englishman, whose pen at times evinces a desire to run away with him.

SONNET.

God's earth is hung with pearls to-day, Heaven bends
Close, close above, with tenderest caress,
And smiles her gray, soft smile. The fleecy dress
In which the fields are clad, in beauty blend
And Heaven's gray, where the horizon ends ;
And 'gainst the sky, in airy daintiness,
The feathery birches, pearl strung, thronging press.
The day, like God's own peace, all words transcends.

The noise and fret of life are wrapped so deep
Within the silence of the fallen snow,
That God's breath o'er the whole world seems to blow.
O, fair day, in thy beauty thou dost steep
My senses and my mind! I only know
Thy perfectness doth almost make me weep.
—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

Beyond the bend I hear the blue jays calling
With booming waves their shrilly cries they blend,
A richer flood of sunlight there is falling
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend are yellow shadows lying
That deepen as the day draws near its end;
But I must wait—though swift my heart is flying
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend are red, red maples flaming
And sea and sky and hill new beauty lend.
"A rich, sweet, earthly life," they are ploclaiming
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend—but hark! The church bells ringing
Afar and near their solemn message send.
Hush! for a wearied soul its way is winging
Beyond the bend.
—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

BOOK TALK.

"It is easy to accuse books and bad ones are easily found; the best are but records and not the things recorded."—*Emerson.*

The writings of great authors always create a distinct class of literature. Besides their own productions as a ground work, there will always appear a literature devoted solely to the interpretation of those works and the authors themselves. Thus we have not done everything after reading Shakespeare's dramas. The world has many opinions and interpretations thereof, and we must learn those opinions and compare them with our own, before we can be said to have really *read* Shakespeare.

We have an author in our own day and generation who is almost as widely discussed, and whose writings have caused almost as many conflicting opinions as the immortal writer of Hamlet. But, unfortunately, we cannot seek among the well-stocked shelves of a library, the views of the great men of the time concerning the works of Hendrick Ibsen.

Ibsen is a mystical writer. He writes upon the most trivial commonplaces of life. But when you have simply perused those seemingly trivial stories, you have not done all. You must read between the lines, and you must be a philosopher to do so, for the hand of a philosopher guided that pen, and underlying the simple plots there are deep motives for their development. The problems of life are Ibsen's theme, and the artist who can paint the varying tints of the clouds at sunset, condescends to picture the common things of life. Of course he becomes more or less an enigma, and the very fact of his being so, demands some interpreter—some kindred philosopher, who can translate his seeming vagaries and inconsistencies for us.

Prof. Boyesen has undertaken this difficult task and accomplished it in the most satisfactory manner. Prof. Boyesen has a special fitness for his theme. As a fellow countryman of Ibsen, he appreciates and understands that morbid spirit, that love of untrammeled freedom, that contempt of the petty ambitions and selfishness of life developed by the peculiar surroundings of the great Norwegian. The introduction to Prof. Boyesen's commentary* is a complete essay upon Ibsen. Prof. Boyesen's more rational spirit sees the weak places in that morbid philosophy, and points them out to us. The commentaries themselves are revelations. They open to the reader's mind a train of ideas, and give him a light he has not known before.

Particularly is this so of "The Doll's House." Every sentence almost, in this commentary on that famous drama, is a suggestion in itself. We feel, as we lay down Prof. Boyesen's book, that a great need to the present existing literature has been fulfilled. The writings of a great and modern author lie open to us now in all their hidden meanings.

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* Commentary on the writings of Ibsen, by H. H. Boyesen. (Macmillan & Co.)

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Quaint old Portsmouth, with its gabled roofs and mullioned windows, and wharves rotting in the June sun, has given inspiration to the most famous authors. Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne and many of lesser note than they have rendered its every locality immortal by their descriptions and stories. "An Old Town by the Sea"* once again brings before us this old New England seaport that, one day far gone in the annals of our history, bid fair to eclipse New York and Boston in its commercial importance.

But alas! the hopes of her citizens were never fulfilled. And to-day we can only sit in the "warm June sunlight on the old wharf gazing towards the river, "blue as the inside of a hare-bell," and think of the "portly old merchants in knee breeches and silver shoe-buckles and plum-colored coats with ruffles at the wrist" who used to "stand at the windows of these musty counting-houses waiting for their ships to come up the narrows."

We can think of no one more fitted to describe this quaint old town, where Governor Wentworth used to drive by in his pompous coach, and Martha Hilton carried her water bucket in which the sunbeams danced, and where the "Flying Stage" used to set down its load of passengers at the Stavers Inn, than Thomas Bailey Aldrich. His descriptions are really poetical in their delicacy and touch. "The soft June breeze," he says, "laden with the delicate breath of the wild flowers and the pungent odors of spruce and pine, ruffled the duplicate sky and water."

At the same time his pure sense of humour touches lightly on those grave old personalities and places. "A lightning rod," he says, "personally conducted by Benjamin Franklin ought to be an attractive object to even the least unsusceptible electricity."

"An Old Town by the Sea" is a book that will appeal to us in many ways, to our æsthetic sensibilities, to our patriotism and our humour, and to our love of what is colonial and quaint.

* * * * *

Bret Harte, with his illimitable Western *patois*, is with us again. He has returned from the sunny South where Sally Dows flourished and spoke in pretty Southern dialect, and in the present volume of short stories† he takes us again to the plains and mountains of the West, where he first made his fame in the depiction of those picturesque and rugged characters who form so important an element in our Western civilization.

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* "An Old Town by the Sea." By T. B. Aldrich. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"†A Protege of Jack Hamlin's." (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The present collection of stories illustrates his wonderful command of that humourous and suggestive Western dialect. Bret Harte's plots are very elusive. His heroes and heroines always do something, or develop into somebody, that is totally unexpected on your part. He depends a great deal upon this suddenness of climax to charm the reader, and it is very effective for a time, but it grows monotonous with too much repetition. In the reader's mind there is a natural inference, placed there by the almost universal concordance of plot in story-writing, that when you introduce a young girl as heroine and a corresponding character of the masculine gender that you intend to either marry them off or at least bring about a very good understanding between them at the close of the story. In the reader's mind, influenced by that grain of sentimentality common to all humanity, this happy climax brings about a feeling of satisfaction. Mr. Harte seldom allows him to gratify this feeling. As was the case with Mr. Jack Hamlin, the hero decamps leaving his protegé in a very uncomfortable position; or his heroine, as in "An Ingénue of the Sierras," turns out a female bandit, having no claim at all on the rough but honest sympathy of Yuba Bill, or the patronizing but sincere kindness of Judge Thompson. They are amusing situations and they interest undoubtedly, but at the end there is a feeling of vague dissatisfaction, of incompleteness. A writer cannot ignore sentiment altogether, especially in the field of short story.

* * * * *

The short-story writer of to-day is determined to be realistic if nothing else. The author of "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter,"* evidently considers realism a jewel to be striven for before everything else. Whether the public regard it as such is a much-mooted question.

But why the general public should be interested in the fact that "two of the rails" from the fence "had been taken away; and the people * * * climbed over or crawled under," is something to be pondered o'er.

The stories, themselves, particularly "A Theft Condoned," and "Colonial Paddington's Nurse" show traces of good literary merit. The descriptions are minute but crude. The characters are in some cases well drawn and natural. In others they do not realize the aim for which they were created.

* * * * *

We are interested in a "Fellowe and His Wife,"† particularly when the "Fellowe" is as noble and "His Wife" as charming, and at the same time as aggravating as our authors have succeeded in portraying them.

---

*"The Rousing of Mrs. Potter," and other stories. By Gertrude Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: New York and Boston).

*"A Fellowe and His Wife." By Blanche Willis Howard and Wm. Sharpe. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This novel is a return to that earlier form of English fiction that Richardson introduced in Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe.

The Count Von Jarourai, who is the "Fellowe" above referred, carries on a correspondence with his wife, who is at Rome. Rarely has a book of this character succeeded in maintaining the interest of the narrative throughout. But the letters are natural and gossipy, and embrace much excellent description of classic Rome, and the "Cold North Countree." Though these descriptions are at times intricate and involved, yet they do not detract from the general interest of the story.

The Count is a nature of that manly, ingenuous type who are often forced to tolerate without understanding the pretty feminine whims of their charming wives. "*Mariage de Convenience*" fully expresses the wife's relations to her husband. She is wilful and ambitious and her desire for perfect freedom can trample upon the true devotion of her husband.

The chief end and also charm of the story is the gradual realization in the wife of her husband's nobleness of character. Love follows realization and a happy reconciliation ends the story.

* * * * *

Mr. Laine, in his able, though cynical, estimate of Dickens as a novelist, has laid down the dictum that the most popular English writer is not great because he is too moral. Englishmen, he says, require their literature to be moral. We fear that if the demand of the English public to-day is for such novels as "Richard Escott,"* by Edward H. Cooper, the remark by Mr. Laine is no longer true. The plot is unutterably dull. Here and there a stray touch of art or fancy serves to relieve the monotony; but the occasional attempts to moralize only heighten the dreariness of the book. As Shakespeare would say, the author "draws out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument;" while he evidently hopes to fascinate his readers with brilliant descriptions of drinking and gambling, interspersed with oaths and doubtful allusions, he, no doubt, seeks to show, in the words of Dr. Chauring, "that amid follies and excesses, provoking laughter or scorn, the moral feelings do not wholly die"—but he utterly fails to do so. It is apparently an unsuccessful attempt to imitate that revolting "realism of the flesh," as evinced in the writings of Zola, Rousseau and and Renau. It exhibits most of the faults of the modern French schools of fiction, and has none of their virtues.

* * * * *

Education in America is developing along the same lines as in Germany, breaking away from English models in many respects.

The study of philosophy, both subjectively and objectively, has taken a prominent place in the curriculums of our leading educational centres.

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*"Richard Escott." By Edward H. Cooper. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Prof. Bascom has become widely known by his contributions to material as well as mental science, and this new historical treatise on philosophy cannot fail but place him a notch higher in the list of American writers of note.

It takes more than one lifetime to make an analysis of the thought of all the centuries. So comprehensive, so all-embracing is philosophy that without a guide the young student would be lost in its labyrinth.

Prof. Bascom's " Historical Interpretation of Philosophy"* is primarily intended to formulate the course of man's thought from the time of Pythagoras down to the present era, and point out the true lines for a questioning beginner. The diction of the book is delightful in directness and simplicity, and careful attention to expression is evident throughout. In this respect it is especially valuable as a time saver, for surely philosophical problems gain nothing by lying embalmed in a heterogeneous mass of intricate words and phrases.

* * * * *

Rousseau's writings exerted an immense influence upon the political destiny of France. Revolutions are always interesting to Americans. We like to investigate the causes which led to them. Thus a translation of Rousseau's " Social Contract,"† a book which has beeen termed the Bible of the French Jacobins, that proved one of the most potent forces in that terrible political upheaval of '75, that has exerted an influence more widespread than any political theory advanced since the famous one of Plato, and whose influence is seen even in the writings of our own revolutionary heroes, Washington, Adams and Jefferson, cannot fail to be of great interest to every American political student.

The introduction to the translation is written by Prof. Walter, of the University of Michigan, and is a concise statement of Rousseau's positions, the conditions surrounding and influencing him when he wrote his famous contract.

Rousseau's contract can be of value to us only as a side-light to history. Practical demonstration has long since proven those utopian theories impossible. The terrific results of the influence of that insane spirit of iconoclasm were shown in the French revolution.

* * * * *

We have grown so accustomed to turn our thoughts to Greece and Rome when the word ancient is mentioned, that it is difficult for us to realize that just beyond the great sea which borders our own land lies, possibly, the most ancient nation of the world, Japan. Unlike Greek and Latin the Japanese language is totally foreign to our own, and it is only within a comparatively short period that any histories of the countries have been written. It is like exploring new territory to peruse such a book as the present volume,* filled with the record of events as deeply fraught with historical importance as any which are chronicled in Greek or Roman History.

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* " An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy." By John Bascom. (New York: Putnam & Sons.)

† " The Social Contract." By J. J. Rousseau. (New York and London: Published by George P. Putnam's Sons.) Translated by Rose M. Harrington.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book gives an account of the attempt by the Jesuits to christianize the Empire in the 17th Century and its subsequent failure, owing to the hostility of Jeyasu, which was caused by the fear of foreign supremacy.

Mr. Murray has achieved a most difficult task in presenting such a clear and readable history of a nation whose part is so largely legendary and indistinct, and which has passed through so long a period of seclusion from foreign influences.

As giving a trustworthy account of a country which in the course of time is certain to become one of America's most important as well as nearest neighbor, the book is one which we cannot afford to neglect.

* * * * *

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*"Story of the Nations. Japan." By David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

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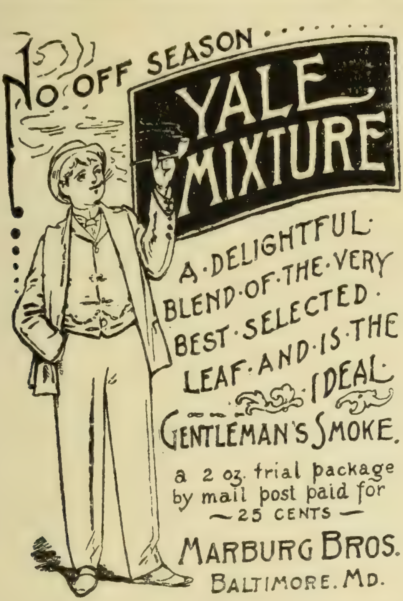
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AN AVENGING ANGEL.

LIT. PRIZE STORY.

IT WAS the afternoon of a long August day. In the western sky the dying sun was just sinking behind the distant range of hills, whose outline, even to the tall pines upon its summit, stood out in bold relief against the crimson field behind it.

The day had been intensely hot, and the summer visitors at the hotel had spent most of its hours quietly seated on one of the long piazzas, not energetic enough or indeed sufficiently reckless to take any violent exercise. But now that the cool of the evening had come, as they sat on the veranda after tea, two of the bolder were talking of tennis, and some of the others trying to arrange for a moonlight row on the little lake near by; for as Miss Elliot, one of the prime movers of the scheme, very aptly expressed it, "When the sun's away, the guests will play."

"What do you think of the scheme, Miss Windsor?" asked one of the men of his neighbor, a tall, thoughtful-looking girl, who, while the others had been laughing and gaily discussing the project, had sat quietly listening, without expressing any opinion.

"I'm afraid that I must beg off," she said in response; "pray, arrange your plans without me. I have been intending for several days to go and see a *protegée* of mine who lives about half a mile down the road. Her mother moved here this spring, rather on my advice, and I must go down and see how they are getting along."

A chorus of disapproval rose as she finished speaking.

"Why can't you wait until to-morrow, Jean?" asked Miss Elliot. "It won't do any good to go to-night, and your first evening here ought to be spent with us. I want to show you the lake and, O, lots of things to-night. It won't be half the fun if you don't go along."

"Nonsense, Lou," returned the other, "you will never think of me when you once get started, and I really must go to see those people to-night. If you only knew poor Katie's story, you wouldn't ask me to wait."

"What is it?" asked the young lady addressed as Lou, a lively and energetic as well as extremely pretty specimen of the genus "summer girl."

"Tell it to us before you go. I'm just dying to hear something exciting."

"It isn't anything very exciting," returned Jean, "except for poor Katie herself, and I believe it almost broke her heart. There isn't much to tell. Last summer Katie and her mother were living near New London, and Katie met one of the men who was spending the summer there. He used to come and see her quite often, and Katie was foolish enough to think that he was really in love with her, and meant all the pretty speeches he made. She was engaged to one of the village boys before the man came, but for love of him she broke the engagement, and all summer long considered herself engaged to the new comer. I don't blame her either, for the fellow certainly led her to believe it; he trifled with her in a way that was simply heartless. The consequence was that when one day Katie heard that he had gone away from New London without even saying good-bye, she was almost heartbroken, for I believe she really did love him tremendously. I don't suppose the man ever thought of her again," she concluded.

"He ought to have been whipped," exclaimed Lou impetuously. Then turning to the circle of men around her, each of whom was her devoted slave and, consequently, the sworn foe of every other one, she added, "that's the way you men treat us; just amuse yourself as long as it pleases you, and then think that you can get rid of us like an old glove when you get through with it. For my part, I wouldn't trust one of you."

At this there was a sort of subdued murmur audible around the circle.

"No, don't deny it," Lou continued. "I know it's true, and I won't be contradicted." The murmur ceased instantly.

"See, they can't deny it," she said triumphantly to the rest.

She had forgotten all about the original story now, and the next instant she started off again about the picnic.

Presently the group, under Lou's energetic prodding, separated; the girls to get ready for the row, and the men to see to the boats.

As they disappeared Jean stood for a minute watching the lengthening shadows.

"Miss Windsor," asked a voice at her elbow, "may I have the pleasure of walking down with you and waiting while you visit your friends?"

Jean turned and found the man who had been seated next to her standing by her side.

"Oh, no, Mr. Winthrop, I couldn't think of letting you miss the rowing party. Harry, my small brother, is going down with me; and besides, it will be stupid for you waiting."

"Why not let the 'small brother' take my oar and me assume his duties. I don't think he'll object to the row, and in all probability he will be more acceptable to Miss Eliot than I can be," he said, laughing. "I'm not meek enough to suit her."

"Well, do as you please," said Jean. "Of course I shall be very glad of your company, if you care to go."

Winthrop made his excuses to the rest, and the two started down the road together.

"Miss Windsor," he commenced as soon as they were started, "I wish you would let me help you in looking out for Katie, if there is anything I can do. What an awfully sad story you told of her."

"Yes," answered Jean, "I believe it has ruined her life. She does nothing but sit and think of him, and recall every word he ever said to her and every look he ever gave her. She is really trying to live on the ashes of the past, I believe. Why will you men think that country girls haven't as much heart as any city girl? Katie would never tell me the man's name, for she knows that if I ever met him I would tell him what I thought of him, and I really believe she loves him even now too much to have him suffer because of her."

"Poor girl," responded her companion, "she knows what a zealous champion you are."

Then the conversation turned upon other matters, until they reached the little cottage where Katie and her mother lived.

Winthrop waited outside while Jean paid her visit, which was not very long.

"They are even worse off than I thought," she said as she came out, "and I am going to get Katie a place up at the hotel, so that she can help out a little and save her mother all she can."

Perhaps love at first sight is indeed an impossibility. But it was something very much akin to it which possessed John Winthrop as he walked home with Jean along the moonlit road. The soft light shone all about her giving an unusual pallor to her face, and making it almost as white as the fleecy shawl about her shoulders, and as he looked into her calm, noble face, in which was just a trace of the emotion which her sympathy for the sad fortune of her *protégée* had roused, John Winthrop registered a vow that all the energy which he possessed was to be bent on winning her for his own.

Winthrop was expecting the arrival in a few days of a friend, and before his coming the days were given up to all sorts of expeditions.

The weather was cooler, and drives and picnics, rowing parties and walks, were the order of the day. In all these Winthrop managed to be constantly with Jean. He was accustomed to having his own way, and seeing no reason why he should not do so in this case, proceeded as most determined men do, to its accomplishment.

If Jean had thought to ask herself whether she liked this kind of appropriation she would probably have been at a loss to answer. Object to it, she certainly did not. Perhaps the very fact that she did not think to ask herself the question may be taken as evidence of the fact that it did not seem strange or distasteful to her to find this large-hearted, generous man constantly at her side.

There was an undefinable attraction in Winthrop which, when he chose to exert it, proved almost irresistible. If Jean were not in love, she was, if she only knew it, on the high road towards it.

At the end of the week Winthrop's friend, Clifford Marsh, arrived with two or three other late comers. The unforeseen only happened, and Miss Lou was thunderstruck to find that all her blandishments failed to attract him and that Marsh seemed entirely content to spend his time in the company of "that marble statue," as she pleasantly denominated her erstwhile friend Jean. Poor harmless Jean, she couldn't help it.

The day after Marsh's arrival a driving party was arranged to go to the quarries, some large deserted stone-works about fifteen miles across the mountains.

The road led past the little house where Jean had visited Katie and her mother. Higher and higher it wound, now up the mountain side, until finally it emerged upon the comparatively open space at the summit. An exclamation of delight broke from all as the view was spread out before them. In front the mountain sloped almost directly down, while the road continued along its summit. Below, the valley stretched for miles and miles, here and there dotted with little hamlets, each with its white steeple glistening in the sun, marking the centre of the village. Across the valley ran a shining silver band, now hidden for a mile or so in the thick woods, now emerging again and skirting some one of the little villages, only to be chained by the hand of man and compelled to turn his mill-wheel ere it could run on to the sea.

As the summer clouds drifted lazily across the sky they threw gigantic shadows over the valley, which, moving slowly across, now covered one of the villages with its dark shade and now dulled the silver of the river, and yet again turned the vivid emerald of the wood into a dark, dull green, only to make each appear the brighter by contrast when gone.

The expedition proved a great success, and Jean, as she went up-stairs on her return, stopped a moment to thank Winthrop and Clifford as they stood at the foot of the stairs.

As she reached her room she paused a moment at the door startled, fancying that she heard someone within. Then noticing no further sound she opened it and entered.

At the first glance she perceived Katie sitting by the window with her head buried in her hands. At the sound of her step the girl turned.

"Oh, Miss Jean, Miss Jean," she said, "I've been waiting so long for you, and I didn't dare go down-stairs again for fear you all might come back and he see me. Only I must go home, now that I have seen you, and tell mother I can't work here no more and we'd better go somewhere else."

"Why, Katie, are you crazy?" asked Jean. "Whom did you see that you're so frightened?"

"I'm not frightened, Miss," sobbed Katie; "only when I saw him this afternoon just as he used to look, and when I knew he'd never want to speak to me again, it was a'most more than I could stand," and the poor girl broke into weeping, the more violent she tried to restrain it.

"Where did you see him?" asked Jean, who now saw what was the matter.

"I wouldn't tell you, Miss Jean," answered the girl, "only you wouldn't have known why I went away."

"Why, of course; but tell me who he is."

"The gentleman you were with to-day," answered Katie.

A weight seemed to fall on Jean's heart.

"You mean Mr. Winthrop?" she asked, scarcely able to frame the words.

"No, no, Miss Jean, the other one."

"Mr. Marsh?"

The girl nodded. Jean sat a moment in thought, while the girl watched her anxiously.

"Miss Jean," she said at length, "you wouldn't go and say anything to him to let him know that I told you, would you? Promise me you won't," she cried in distress.

Katie was almost in hysterics now and Jean to quiet her gave the desired promise.

"And now Kate," she said, when the girl was a little calmer, "you had better get home as quickly as possible and wait till I see you. I'll try and find a place for you in Abbotsport, and you need never see him there."

"That's just it," sobbed the girl, "I want to see him, only he don't want nothing more to do with me. I wonder you didn't notice me as you passed the house this afternoon. I was out in front when you went by and I thought I would have died when I saw him. O, my God, my God, how I loved him!"

Seeing that there was danger of another outburst, Jean gently pushed the girl from the room and watched her as she went swiftly down the road, then she sat down to think.

"You coward," she muttered, clenching her little hands fiercely. "The idea of your coming here happy and contented, when that poor girl almost worships the ground you walk on and yet knows that you probably don't even remember her name!" Then she sat in thought for a few moments.

From the expression of her face it was easy to guess that she was undergoing some great struggle. Suddenly she stood up.

"And John," she murmured, "what will he think," and a softer light came into her eyes. "It can't be helped now. Perhaps he'll know some day why I did it and forgive me."

The summer wore on. Katie was established at Abbortsport, and once more away from Marsh, seemed almost herself again.

Meanwhile, affairs were in a most unsatisfactory state at the hotel. Lou had been heard to remark virtuously that for her part she didn't see how Jean Windsor could flirt so outrageously with Clifford Marsh and John Winthrop. "I think that any girl that treats men like that, ought to be ashamed of herself," she said.

If John Winthrop did not express himself so freely, he thought all of it, and his thoughts ran in pretty much the same channel as Lou's remarks, only he ended by shaking his head mournfully and remarking that the ways of women were indeed past finding out. Perhaps the only one of the four who was really satisfied was Clifford Marsh.

He had seldom seen a girl who had fascinated him as Jean had, and he had come to the same conclusion as that reached by John Winthrop, namely, that his fate was settled. He hardly knew whether Jean realized that he loved her or not. She was one day so distant and cold that he hardly dared speak to her, and yet the next she would be all sunshine and kindness itself, and he would take courage again. It was this capriciousness which charmed him, and every day saw him more and more determined to win her.

So time fled, and the summer was almost gone. Every day Marsh became more hopelessly in love, and Winthrop more despairing, while the rest of the party were whispering to one another that Jean Windsor, the belle of two seasons in New York, had found her match in this little country town.

It was about a week before the hotel closed and Clifford Marsh was to go away the next day. They were out on the lake for the last time and Marsh had managed to have Jean all to himself in a small canoe, while the others were in a larger boat.

He purposely let the little boat lag behind, and when the others were out of earshot he let his paddle hang listlessly in the clear water while the boat slowly drifted before the breeze.

"Miss Windsor, Jean," he said, after a moment's pause, "you must know why I am here today, why I schemed and planned to be your partner on this, our last row together. You must have seen that all through the summer, ever since I first met you, you have been what no one in this world has ever been to me before. You must have seen that I worshipped the very ground you trod, and that day after day when you seem to dislike me I was half in despair and almost resolved to make way with myself. Only to be re-assured when you were kind. Then the whole world seemed brighter. I know I'm not a perfect fellow. I've done a good many actions that I'm not proud of, but nothing that I'm afraid to tell you of."

A strange light came into Jean's eyes.

"And now, Jean haven't you a word of hope for me when you know that I would lay down my life for you this very instant if it would do you any good?"

Words failed him then and he stopped and looked at her wistfully as he watched the changing expression of her face.

"Stop, Mr. Marsh," said Jean at length; "there's no use of your going any farther. Let me answer you.

"You think you know my character. You think me incapable of leading a man on when I don't love him, dont you? But that's what I've been doing with you. I don't care as much for you as that," and she dipped her finger in the water and tossed a drop towards him. "Think I was flirting with you if you like, but now you know the truth. Does it make you any happier?"

Marsh sat with ashen face, hardly able to believe he was not in a dream.

Then all that was worst in his nature suddenly came to the surface and he commenced speaking angrily, accusing her of heartlessness and cruelty.

Jean listened for a moment in silence, only her face grew whiter and whiter.

Suddenly all her pent-up anger burst forth, and, forgetful of her promise and mindful only of his cruelty to the girl who loved him, she interrupted—

"I wonder how I listen to you," she said, "when I despise you so. You say you never did an action you are ashamed to tell me of. I know of one I should be ashamed to hear of.

"Perhaps you never knew this side of my character before. Neither did I. I didn't think I was capable of what I have been doing until I knew of that poor girl whom you had made love you and then forgotten all about.

"When she came to me and told me you were the man, all my contempt seemed to rise up against you, and I resolved to make you suffer as she has suffered. I fancy I have done it. Perhaps you think it has not cost me anything to be untrue to myself. But it has. Yet Katie could not avenge herself, and I had to do it for her."

While she had been speaking Marsh had been mechanically paddling towards the shore. Now the boat grated on the beach. He stepped slowly ashore and waited while she alighted.

"Miss Windsor," he said at length, "I suppose I have no right to blame you. I dare say I deserved it all. And yet I didn't think you could do such a thing," he said slowly. "I can't reproach you now that I know the whole story, for I can never cease loving you even now; but I'll never trouble you again." H turned and hurriedly disappeared in the woods.

Jean listened until the snapping of the twigs under his feet died away in the distance, and then she turned and slowly walked toward the hotel.

That evening Jean was seated alone on the veranda, musing sadly on the events of the day. She was wondering more bitterly than before, now that it was all over, what John had been thinking of her actions all summer. Some day, perhaps, he would know.

"He may despise me for it," she murmured, "and then I must bear it alone. Yet perhaps—but time only can tell."

Howard White.

MEMORY'S HARP.

EASTER lilies, tall and fair,
Shed sweet perfume on the air,
From their bell-formed throats so yellow,
Hark! I hear a music mellow.

For their fragrance softly brings
Gentle music to the strings
Of my memory's harp; I hear
Sweet vibrations echoing near.

As that music gently swells,
Tales of long ago it tells.
Life's sweet spring time it recalls;
Fallen are Time's barrier walls.

But the fragrance slowly wanes,
Dying are the memory strains.
Sweeter music ne'er was known
Than this music that hath flown.

John Hamilton Thacher.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

HE WAS wondering, now, that he had not spoken to her before. Now that the years that had flown so noiselessly by seemed to rise about him and float down the stream of consciousness and far away, he thought that he had been very stupid not to have seen it all long ago. But the whole current of his being had mingled so quietly and imperceptibly with hers that he had never asked himself whether he loved her or not. But now she was going away; and it had taken him a long time to realize what shadow it was that had risen against the background of his life, darkening it in a way that he had not understood. For though nothing had changed about him, he only knew that she was going away; and the drifting cloud that floated across the sky, and the bees in the old hive that never ceased their friendly hum, and the ships that showed tiny against the sky on the horizon of the distant sea, were only telling that she was going away. At night the flaring stars swung round the sky and seemed to repeat from the silence of infinite depth that she was going; and then Fletcher became aware that he had loved her all the time. He wondered whether, if she had never come into his life, he would have remained the apathetic, indifferent country boy that he had been. Then he knew that he would, and that his nature would have narrowed with the years that had come; and it seemed very strange that he should never have realized how she had been his inspiration and expanded his life and drawn it forth, and that without her he should never have known the richness and fullness of life. And now she was going to pass out of the current of his being, and he might never see her again, and it came over him with all the tumultuous fierceness of youth that he loved her, and had never told her so.

He wondered whether he might tell her now, when they were walking together for the last time; but she seemed so far above him that it seemed presumptuous to think of it. He was very young, and the world lay before him. He would wait until he had manfully cut out his way, and then, when under her inspiration he had shown the world what he could do, he would gather together all the honour and all the success and the name that he had won, and would fling them at her feet. But now he had nothing that was worthy of her, and so, out of his reverence for this woman, and because all that he had and all that he was, seemed so pitiful and weak, he would not speak to her now.

But they walked along together down the country road, with the trees wide branching above their heads, and the leaves now falling thick strewn along the ground and sinking beneath their feet. The gray sky fell low upon the hills behind, and far in the distance before them swept down and mingled with the sea; beneath them, there were the cliffs and the breakers that swept and fell upon their bases, so that the spray flew high in the air and was lost to sight in the gray of the sky, while the glistening drops of white below seemed, in the distance, to hang fixed in air, and gave no sign of motion; and the line of breakers stretched so far along the coast that its monotonous roar came like a dull undertone that could not be located anywhere, but only fell softly upon the ear like the subdued hum of the woods in June, or the churning of the water under a ship's counter.

Over the hill and high above the village some scattered birds were flying, but so high that they seemed to float motionless in the air, so that the gray sky and the ocean and all the world about seemed resting impassive in the quiescent peace of the October afternoon—the only perceptible motion being the shuffling leaves beneath their feet and the subdued tone of their voices as they walked, and the leaves of the maple falling.

"He was so foolish," she said, "to have acted in that absurd way. But then, I fancy that most of us act as foolishly as poor Mr. Rackstraw if we only knew. I wonder how many men struggle and strive and spend their lives in a feverish endeavour to obtain something or other, and then, when the fire and buoyancy of life is gone and they have worn themselves old, find that what would have made them happy was right at their hand after all. Don't you think so, Fletcher?"

Fletcher Barnes' eyes opened wider and he clenched his fingers in his hand so tight that he furrowed his palm with four deep red marks. "Do you mean, for instance," he asked very slowly, and thinking that his voice sounded cracked and dry, "do you mean that a man doesn't know when a woman loves him, and wastes his life and runs on in his lonely course when he might have spoken to her in the beginning? Do you mean that?"

"Why, yes;" not at all slowly and perfectly naturally, "sometimes."

"Oh, Ruth!" he began, but she seemed to think of something suddenly, and turned away and broke a twig from a low-hanging branch. "Oh, Fletcher; look at that sunset!"

Sunsets indeed! He looked at the girlish figure that stood against the background of the sky. He thought that she was blushing a rosy red, but she stood full in the brightness of the setting sun, so he could not tell. The glint of the slanting sunbeam in her hair threw a kind of glistening brightness about her form. They were just at the turn of the road, where the maples gave way to a spreading oak, and the grass was softer beneath their feet. The country sloped down to meet the bridge of light that the setting sun cast across the water. It flitted across his mind in a kind of subconscious way, that it was curious that at this time he should have nothing to say. Here, before him, with her face against the sky, was the woman that had meant for him so much ; she was going away ; she would be gone from him in less than ten minutes, and when he saw that sun again she would have passed out of his life, perhaps forever, yet here he was, with those ten minutes slipping away and he not knowing what to say. He wondered the next day why he had stood there so foolishly, instead of telling her that he had loved her all his life and drawing out her love by the impetuous fierceness of his own. But that seemed at the time the rash assurance of a fool, for as he had told himself over and over again that day that he had nothing to offer that was worthy of her. So all they did was to look at the sunset.

" Do you see how the shimmer of the waves shines between that schooner's sails ? " said the woman who had come into Fletcher's life like an inspiration, and who represented for him all the finer part of life.

" Do you mean that farther one, with the patch on the foresail ? " replied Fletcher, thinking that after five minutes he should never see this woman again.

" There, the sun is gone. Don't you think we had better go to the house ? "

" Yes," said Fletcher, " we certainly should."

" I am so sorry," she said, as they reached the house, " that you had to go to Welbrook to-night and could not see us off. Well, we've had the walk we promised ; I suppose we shan't see you again ? Should we say good-bye ? "

" Yes," said Fletcher, " we certainly should."

" Good-bye."

" Good-bye "

He walked fiercely along the road, not knowing what words he had been saying. He was not thinking of what he had said, nor of what she had said, nor of how she had looked at the gate. He was only thinking of a shining wreath of hair, a face half turned away, and a figure outlined against the sky.

That was all that he carried with him of her who had gone away, but the picture stayed before him after he had left the country town, and while he was struggling in his profession. It was before him when there came the first pleasant consciousness of success. It was before him as he hammered and beat out the way that is honoured among men, and it was the inspiration and guiding star of his indomitable will.

It was before him when men said that he had done so much more than most men of his age, but he laughed at that, and thought that he had done very little. For a while he would measure himself by that old inspiration and impulse to life that she had given him, and would mentally question if the very most that he could do would count for anything with her; he knew, of course, that she would have been pleased, but then, when he asked himself if it were anything really worthy of her, he knew that it was not, and despised himself, and began again.

Other women were not as she had been, so he kept away from them, so far as he could, except that he had an old-fashioned reverence for woman, for her sake and for his mother's. He did not mingle with them, for his life, so it seemed, had been cast in a different channel. And the truth came gradually borne in upon him, that woman, after all, represents the lighter side of life—the life, it may be, of the finer and subtler activities of the soul, but not of the deeper and higher aspirations of the race, not the life of the thoughts that shake mankind. And so for those basking in the sunshine of the day, for them was woman made. But life is more than sunshine, and back of the Beautiful lies the True, which is greater. And along those steep and rugged paths, which he must climb who labours for his kind, there woman can not go. So the man with a work to do on earth must forswear womankind; for only among men shall he find that clear atmosphere, that earnestness and that dogged persistency of effort that is the crowning glory of man.

Ay! woman is the lesser man, and man is sufficient unto man. Imperceptibly, therefore, Fletcher had let his old ideals and his old inspirations wither and die away, and the woman who had moulded his rising manhood and thrilled his veins with the fullness of the larger life passed from him, and he knew her impulse only as a memory. For now he was lifted to the broader inspiration of men, and the scales fell from his eyes.

Men said that Fletcher Barnes had applied himself to his work with the zeal of a devotee, and he had received the reward that signifies success—the approbation of earnest and capable men. Unselfishly and at the sacrifice of the pleasures of life that his talents might have brought him, he had applied himself arduously and unflinchingly and so effectively that at the end of seven years he had made a distinct and decided contribution to the progress of the world. And, although he had not sought it, yet there had come a reward of a more material kind, and Barnes found himself growing rich, his voice an authority and his name respected among men.

It was after those seven years had slipped away that they told him that She was coming back again, and he knew that he should see the woman lost to his youth so many years ago. He knew that he should see her, and then he fiercely declared to himself that he would not see her. For he thought of the years when they had grown up together, and of all that she had been to him; and he thought of how dark the world had grown when she had gone away, and then floating before his memory he saw her figure outlined against the sunset, and the glint of the sunbeam in her hair; he saw the ships, and the tide tossing upon the cliffs, and all the hallowed memories that he thought had been buried forever. But now they arose before him and thronged about his brain, simply because he had heard that She was coming back. He vowed that he would not raise these buried ghosts of the heart to vex his soul, and resolved that he would not see her.

No, he would not see her, for she had passed out of his life and into the world around, whither he would not follow. Better that it should be so; better a momentary pang of memory than to strike again a chord that had long ago throbbed itself away and passed into the voiceless music of infinite peace. So the victory was won, and the woman he might have loved was dead to his soul forever.

He had resolved not to see her, but it was ordered otherwise. For he went to visit the old house in the quaint town over the sea, not believing that she was within a hundred miles. But as it happened these two were thus unconsciously brought into the same old town where they had lived together and where she had left him and said good-bye.

He was walking along the country road, beneath the same maples that had sheltered them years ago, but now it was in the fullness of the spring and there were no leaves beneath his feet, but only the trodden path, and the grass, and running vines along the sides; the world that had been so silent before was filled with a tremulous sound; for the insects in the field and the cry of the birds along the shore and the note of the sea gull flying, were filling his heart with the joy of returning spring.

Then she came walking along the path, and as if she had risen from out of the misty past she floated before Fletcher's wondering eyes. And he saw her as he had seen her that afternoon, in the light of the setting sun. He saw her, and read the smile upon her lips, and all the structure of his life fell like the facric of a dream; for there stood before him the woman whom he had loved, the woman whose image had ever been in his heart; for he knew now, by the swift spiritual telegraphy that sometimes comes into a man's life, that he had loved her all the time, even when he had thought that he had plucked her image from his heart; for he felt the fierce throb of life that he had not felt for years, and then there came rushing over him in one great wave of feeling, all the ambitions, all the hopes and fears, all the broken aspirations, and the sorrows and the joys of his young life—sweeping in tumultuous confusion down the current of his soul, till his heart beat high and his spirit leaped within him; for there she stood before him, and he looked through the clear depths of her eyes, as she stood smiling there, deep down into her soul, and with his eyes he told her that he loved her. He thought, as she stood there breathing a kind of spiritual effulgence about her, with the sunlight falling tremblingly through the trees upon her as she stood, that she was infinitely above him, and in one supreme act of devotion he would have flung himself at her feet.

But she held out her hand. It felt soft and cold in his. He let it fall, and they walked along together. Where the field about them had before been brown with the fading year, they now saw the awakening pulse of nature round about, with the bursting buds above their heads and the pleasant hum of a thousand little lives that thronged the leafy trees. It seemed as if she had gone away but yesterday, and as if they had been walking along that very path only the afternoon before. The years that lay between had slipped far away in the background of memory, and lay in the misty region of a shadowy past. He saw at his side the woman with whom the current of his life had run seven years before, and he saw her as she had stood with the glint of the sunbeam in her hair, and her figure outlined against the sky.

Then he told her that he loved her, and had loved her all his life, and in one burning torrent poured out all the throbbing ecstasy and tumultuous passion of his soul. He told her how she had lived in his heart long after she had left his sight; how she had been his inspiration through the struggles and strivings of his life, and how all that he had to fling at her feet was so pitiful and unworthy.

Above the roar of the tide upon the cliffs the sea-gulls hovered crying; the gray foam spattered the rocks and covered the sea like a mist of falling tears. She looked upon the ocean and the clouds floating silently above, and far in the offing on the glimmer of the bending sails, while the meadow around was never silent for a moment, but throbbed and hummed with the joy of life in the fullness of the bursting spring. While the heart of nature beat around and the rippling brook ran silently laughing by, she turned to the man at her side.

"Fletcher, don't," she cried; "don't tell me all this now."

"Ruth, my darling, what do you mean?" And for a moment he drew her unresisting to him, then she drew back and stood alone.

"Don't, don't," she cried and stretched forth her hands and turned her face away. "I mean—I don't know what I mean—don't say that to me—oh, Fletcher, leave me and go away!"

"Ruth! Ruth! You don't mean it. Don't send me away now, when I have waited so long. I loved you that day when you went away, and we were walking where we are walking now. Ruth, dear, can't you love me a little—have you never loved me a little all your life?"

And now everything was changed, for it was he that was excited, while she had become quite calm.

"Fletcher, dear," she said quietly, "you will let me talk to you as we used to talk together, won't you? Don't think that I am unkind and unfeeling for what I say. Shall I speak to you frankly, Fletcher? Would you rather have me speak so?"

"Speak as you will," he said.

"You say that you love me now, Fletcher, and that you did when I went away from you, and you speak as though we had come back to just where we left off—as if we had been dreaming, or as if the world had stood still all the time."

"Well, haven't we, Ruth?" he asked. "Haven't we been dreaming? Or at least I am sure I have; for when I saw you coming along the path, all the past seemed to drop away, and you looked as you had looked that afternoon, and it seemed as though I had not really been living since. I never understood how a great space of years could drop so out of a man's life and become only a shadow and altogether unreal. And now, when we have come back again, and the best part of life is all before us, you draw back as if I had hurt you. Ruth, I was afraid to speak to you before you went away, and I know that I am as unworthy of you now as I was then, but when I saw you again to-day, after I had thought that I should never see you again, and looking as you used to look, I had to tell you. Ruth, if you ever cared a little for me before, and if you do now, can't you just tell me that you do love me a little? But tell me yes or no, for I can't understand this strange way you are talking."

"Oh, Fletcher," she cried, and she turned and looked him full in the face. "Why do you make me say all this? I did love you then; yes, I did. There, see what you have made me say! Oh, why didn't you say all this before—and you have made me tell you—and now it is too late—it is too late!"

"Ruth, Ruth!" he cried excitedly, "what has happened? Is it true that there is someone else? Can't you love me now?"

"No! there is no one else; but I can't love you. Yes—no—no—no. I don't know. Don't, Fletcher, don't. It is too late. It can never be the same again."

"Ruth, you are cruel. What do you mean? You say that you loved me then, and you said—yes, you said that you loved me now. What do you mean by its being too late? Why can it never be the same again? It is the same now. Why do you tantalize me so?"

"I am not tantalizing you. I mean what I say. Sit down, here, on this stone. Forgive me for not being able to control myself a moment ago. You see I am talking quite calmly now. Now, look at that schooner far away to the southeast; she is taking in sail; there is a storm coming. Look at the ocean, Fletcher; don't look at me. Don't, I say, and I will tell you what I mean.

"You want to know why it is too late. It is too late because we are seven years older than we were then. It is too late because you have drifted into a way of life that is absolutely different from all that you cherished seven years ago. Your ideals have shifted, and if you had not met me this afternoon they would never have been brought back. It is hard for both of us that we should have met again. You think it is hard for you; but, oh, Fletcher! it is hard for me; for I know that you did love me once with an undivided love. And you think you do now; but it is only the passion of a moment, and the illusion of a fire that is dead and cold forever. You will see it all three months hence, when you are back at your work among men, and you will thank me for having told you so now. You know, in your normal moments, when you are not disturbed with my presence, you know that the reaches of a man's heart are infinitely above woman's, and that a man who comes into the world with work to do must leave women behind him. You know that we have not the strength to follow you, nor the depth of being to equal yours, and that woman is the lesser man.

"You are surprised that I should have read your thoughts so closely. Ah! Fletcher, that is a woman's intuition, which you despise—I have followed you more closely than you knew, even when I was far away. Don't think that I say this to reproach you, for I half believe you are right. We *are* weaker than you, and our natures are cast in a lesser mould. But it is not often that a man in love believes that. It is only once in a great while, when he buries himself in his work, and cuts himself loose from the lighter things of life, that he comes to know it. You did not believe it seven years ago, and if you had told me then that you loved me, I would have been yours forever, and you would never have learned that woman was the lesser man.

"For between a man and a woman, the last recess of truth should never be brought to light. If they would have that fine spiritual communion, there must always in their life be an uncorrected Mistake. Woe to the man and the woman who have learned the last secret of Truth, and destroyed the last illusion. For Love is greater than Truth, and Love lives and reaches its fulfillment in one grand, sublime untruth. Yes, Fletcher, woman is the lesser man, but alas for the man that finds it out. This Untruth that is given to men is finer and grander than Truth itself; for by it man idealizes Woman, and places her far above him, and about her he casts a halo of reverence that makes her almost divine. But you know, Fletcher, and I know, that the halo is unsubstantial and unreal, and when a man and a woman have once learnt this, then the poetry of life is dead forever.

"So, Fletcher, although I loved you once, and although you love me now, we could never be happy together. The current of your life has changed since then. You think that you are now as you used to be, but it is only because you have revived for a moment a memory of long ago. If we had never met before we might love each other now, but now to fall from the height of that old devotion, as you would have to fall, Fletcher, dear, would be more than a nature such as yours could bear.

You are right, and we are less than you. You knew that yesterday, and you will know it again.

"Now, don't protest; don't tell me that your whole vision is changed. You have made me speak, and what I have said pains me more than you. Now, I am going to leave you; don't follow me; don't turn; look, there are the breakers tossing high upon the rocks; there is the drifting cloud settling low upon the water. Don't you hear the surge of the tide, and feel the wind blowing fresh upon our faces? Hark to the voices about us—in the air above, and over the sombre ocean. They are calling you, Fletcher; the world has need of you. You are young and strong, and all the glory and wonder of life is before you. And you must forget me, dear, and not follow me, but let me drift away from you again. There, the night wind is coming; the sun has set in a glory of throbbing and wonderful splendour, and the storm has passed in the distance."

And, without farewell or word of parting, she was gliding away in the depth of the glimmering sunset. He turned to follow, but she motioned him back with her uplifted hand.

The sun had fallen beneath the waves, and over his grave the crest of the distant billows rose sharp against the sky. The sea-birds hovered lower and the insects ceased their song. Silence and infinite peace hung over the tranquil ocean.

But he sprang to his feet before she had passed away. For a moment he would not speak, nor deign to answer her unjust charge. Then he broke forth in a passionate protestation.

"Don't," she cried, furiously; "don't follow me. I tell you *no*. I want you to think; I will not hear you now."

He looked at her retreating form, and as he thought of how unjustly she had accused him, and how she had charged him with not loving her truly, he vowed that he would plead no more, nor humble himself before her while she was in this strange, opposing mood. Not love her, indeed! He loved the very sound of her voice and the tread of her foot upon the grass. Now that she had questioned the depth of his affection, he was too proud to plead before her again until Time had done his work.

Until Time had done his work! Time travels post-haste and his pace is never wearied. He travels on the sable wings of the mysterious night and bears us swift through the land of dreams. He moves us in a thousand ways whereof we know not the cause, and he laughs as we look about us and cry like children in the night. We are never what we once have been—the unrealities of life vanish and fade away, and Love, great, magnificent Reality, abides through all. But we are ever changing and shifting hither and thither, and we, foolish children, think that Love is dead, and know not that it is we who have changed.

Fletcher Barnes, leader of men, stood by a window watching the moon riding high in the fleecy sky. As he gazed upon her there in the night, he reflected that she was looking over the ocean and the little town on the coast, four hundred miles away, where, a year before, such a tempest had raged in his soul. He was thinking how a man with work to do in the world, and a mission to perform, must leave women behind him; for in the higher reaches of the heart of man there are points to be gained and obstacles to be overcome that are beyond woman's grasp, for woman is the lesser man, and her nature is cast in a lighter mould. As he looked back at the events of a year ago, he wondered what madness had seized his brain.

Far away, beneath the moon, and over the tossing ocean, a woman was watching the tide as it rose against the cliffs and fell back in its ceaseless course. A silvery bridge of light floated across the infinite waste of water, and the spray from the dashing tide shone white against the swelling waves. She looked upon the sea, and heard the moan of the eternal tides, but she did not see the bridge of light, nor the spray dashing high in the air. She only saw a vague and misty waste, that swept round and met the sky, and across it a trembling beam of light. She saw the ocean dimly, and only a blur where the spray was dashing, for her eyes were filled with tears.

M'Cready Sykes.

THE SONGS OF "THE PRINCESS."

MR. PALGRAVE dedicates his "Golden Treasury of Lyrics" most appropriately and most felicitously to Alfred Tennyson, as, he says, "the homage which is your right as poet." This homage is significant not only as a tribute to the genius of the poet; it is, as it were, the dubbing of the poet as a Knight in the order of *Lyric Poets.* Tennyson is generally conceded to be a great lyric poet. Let us then examine a small part of his lyric work, that we may estimate more accurately his genius.

Perhaps, of all Tennyson's poems, none has evoked such varied criticism as "The Princess." Some critics have praised it far beyond its merits; others have gone to the other extreme, and declared that there is "nothing good in it." The majority, however, stands with Mr. Van Dyke, who, while he condemns it, modifies his condemnation with a consoling adjective, which expresses his meaning most felicitously. "It is a *splendid* failure," says he. Nevertheless, in this "splendid failure," when the story-teller says—

> "And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
> From time to time, some ballad or some song
> To give us breathing place."

or when the Princess says—

> "Let someone sing to us; lightlier move
> The minutes fledged with music."

then the reader, who knows something of Tennyson's former work, instinctively prepares himself for some fresh, sweet, exquisitely melodious lyric. And is he to be disappointed? To discover this will be our object.

Feeling, freshness, genuineness and egoism are the characteristic qualities which all true lyrics must possess. We will apply these standards to the songs of "The Princess."

As all lyrical poetry, which is expressive at all, expresses some passion or powerful feeling supposed to be inherent in and exciting the singer, lyrical poetry may be said to be essentially dramatic. A song performed is a passionate "discourse in most eloquent music." Its language must be exclusively that of the feelings, and, being so, must, if it be true that simplicity is necessary to the pathetic, be free from every appearance of the artificial. Does our poet seem to forget this? Is there any lack of feeling, any violation of simplicity, anything artificial in this?

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O death in life, the days that are no more."

What wonder that

"She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom."

Secondly, as to the freshness and genuineness of these lyrics. If by this we mean a newness, a manly vigour, a striking originality, a freedom from restraint, we will not find it absent in these songs. To be sure there are passages which remind us of other poets; for example,

" * * * brief is life, but love is long,"

reminds one strongly of Goethe's

"Die Liebe ist lang,
Aber kurz ist unser Leben."

True, but such borrowing is legitimate. Tennyson borrows from Milton, Theocritus and the Bible, but seldom without bettering the borrowed expression, and

"To borrow for to better, no plagiary is."

The genuineness of these lyrics cannot be questioned. They represent his own thoughts and his own feelings. Nothing seems forced, nothing seems artificial. The lavishness and over-wrought style of his youth has been toned down, until now his style is as true, virile and clean-cut as the man himself. He uses presentative rather than representative language, an incontestable sign of genuineness. Quite like Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" in sweetness and simplicity are the songs beginning

> "As through the land at eve we went,"

and

> "Home they brought her warrior dead."

Lyric verse is the verse of the individual. It is the poet's *own* experience, the poet's *own* loves, the poet's *own* sorrows that evoke the song, and it is the similarity of these to our experiences, loves and sorrows that appeals to us. Shakespeare stands aloof from his dramas, but when he writes his sonnets and lyrics he pours forth his whole soul. Our poet, too, in these lyrics possesses this lyric egoism to a great degree.

> "O, swallow, swallow, could *I* follow and light
> Upon her lattice, *I* would pipe and trill."

> "The children call, and *I*,
> Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound."

And yet his egoism is not so narrow but that it can include his countrymen. Tennyson loves England and all Englishmen; and one of these lyrics is a sort of national psalm of victory:

> "Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n; the seed—
> The little seed they laughed at in the dark
> Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
> Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
> A thousand arms and rushes to the sun."

As to our poet's vision of nature, little need be said. What a comprehensive and natural picture of a moonlight evening he gives in that pretty little serenade:

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white.
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The firefly wakens; waken thou with me;
Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost;
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.
Now lies the earth all Danäe to the stars,
And all my heart lies open unto thee.
Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in thee."

A perfect picture, suggestive of Gray. Tennyson's Nature is never second-hand. He loves it for its order and its law, perhaps, rather than for its beauty; but he loves it, nevertheless. In these lyrics, our poet uses scientific fact as poetry but once—

"The moon may draw the sea."

It is interesting to note the colour which predominates in the poet's mind. He affects most gold and yellow and red. It is "the gilded eaves," "the golden woods," "the gold fin" and the "red cross," "the crimson petal" or the moonlight "red with spurted purple of the vats" that attract his attention.

Of man, we find but two types of attachment in these lyrics. One is the conjugal relations of man and wife. This is peculiarly English, and it is peculiarly Tennysonian. Our poet respected the marriage bond with a respect that was almost reverence. We observe this particularly in the "Idylls of the King," and here we have two beautiful examples:

"As thro' the land at eve we went,
  And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
  And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears;
When we fall out with those we love,
  And kiss again with tears."

And here is the husband again:

> "A moment while the trumpets blow,
> He sees his brood about thy knee;
> The next, like fire he meets the foe,
> And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

The transforming imagination of Tennyson, antedating the employment of language, idealizes the objects within his vision. This idealization is constantly taking place; and some very beautiful pictures it gives us. He sees the smoke rising from the chimneys of the cottages, as the

> "azure pillars of the hearth."

The flash of the goldfish in the porphyry font is a "wink" to him. His is surely a poetic vision.

As to expression, Tennyson has never been criticised unfavorably. From his very first efforts he has seemed to have that faculty for choosing just the right word for the right place, and just the right metre for the idea. His pen has always a smooth and melodious flow. His practised ear will not allow him to produce anything unmusical. There are no discords, no rough places. All is—"Tennysonian." The principles of unity, brevity and simplicity are all observed by the poet. One perhaps might be better if it were shorter; and that is the last poem. But the last two lines of this "sweet idyll" make up for all defects—those two onomatopoetic lines:

> "The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> The murmuring of innumerable bees."

We are not surprised to find Mr. Tennyson using the iambic metre almost altogether in these lyrics. He is too great an artist not to know that this is best adapted for his purpose. And as for his adapting the rhythm to the idea he wishes to convey to the reader, we need but to quote Mr. Van Dyke:

"Not a word of these songs can be omitted or altered, neither can they be translated. The words *are* the songs. "Sweet and Low," "Ask Me No More," "Blow, Bugle, Blow," will be remembered and sung long after we have forgotten all about the awful Princess and ceased to follow the serio-comic adventures of the feeble prince."

What then shall we conclude from the examination of these "gems of precious poetry with which the slender thread of the narrative is strung?" They have answered every requirement of the art of lyric poetry. They possess concentration of thought, feeling and idea; and the form in which they are presented, we have found to be almost faultless. They bear the impress of the master-hand; and with the exception perhaps of Shakespeare and one or two of the Elizabethan lyrists, he has been surpassed by no poet.

> "Who sings
> Of Nature, Man, or Human Life."

Karl George

THE GHOST TYPE.

IT IS with some hesitation that I narrate the following details of my personal history. I am about to shatter an idol. I know the fate that has fallen to those rash iconoclasts of the past who have laid impious hands on images of public worship. I realize, also, how firmly enshrined is the idol I attack when I impugn the old-fashioned, orthodox ghost. But the duties of the chronicler compel me to affirm that the conservative spook—a clanker of chains—a moaner—a freezer of blood—can no longer enjoy his pristine glory. I speak with authority. I have seen the modern, progressive, *fin de siècle* ghost, and all others must give place. This is how it occurred.

It was just fifteen minutes before train-time, and I stood, suit-case in hand, on the platform of the Pennsylvania station wondering if that shiftless chum of mine would ever learn to appreciate the beauty of punctuality. Commencement was just over and I had undergone, in the last five weeks, the worry and strain of making good the accumulated sins of omission of my college course. The long, sleepless nights spent in working off conditions that had collected over my devoted head in the last four years, together with my constant fear of being officially stamped as a failure by not receiving a diploma, had had an effect upon my health that was as serious as it was unexpected. The doctor had briefly sized my case up by assigning me to the vast army of "nervous prostrates." He added, however, that there really was danger of a low fever, and recommended the change and rest of a Western trip. He tendered also, as perfectly original, the genial advice that I should avoid hotels where the waiters would get all the change and the proprietor the rest. My family were all abroad, so, accordingly, when I had made sure of my diploma, I decided to accept this recommendation, and start for California immediately after graduation.

My bosom friend, Jack Slatterly, was a young man of by no means conventional character. He was a firm believer in the superiority of mind over matter. He was of a decidedly leisurely nature, and he had expended no small amount of intellectual effort in devising methods of reducing his physical labours to a minimum. His room was a network of electric wires. Did he wish a window raised or a door opened, he had but to press a button, and it was done. Most of his correspondence was accomplished with a mimeograph, on which he used "forms" for any species of epistle from mere lying regrets to a business-like request for a check from home. An imposing collection of syllabi adorned his bookshelves, and the matter of getting through an examination he had reduced to a science. No sooner did Jack hear of my decision to take the California trip than he conceived the idea of having me stop over in a small Western village, armed with a letter of introduction to an uncle of his, and thus break an otherwise lengthy journey. This suggestion of his I was, of course, delighted to accept.

But now, with a thoughtlessness that was characteristic, he had put off writing the letter of introduction till the last minute, and thus it was that I stood outside the Pullman, my ticket purchased, trunk checked and berth engaged, counting off the minutes, while no Jack and no letter of introduction appeared. At last, however, when the big clock in the arched dome showed two minutes to train time, I saw the perspiring face of my friend push through the crowd and past the gate.

"Here it is," he panted, as he dashed up. "Didn't know whether I'd catch you or not. Had to write two of them, you know. One for that Earl of Beverly that visited us at college, you remember—but you're off. Good-bye, old man," and I had scarcely time to seize the letter and thank my rattle-headed chum, when the train pulled out.

I will not narrate the details of my Western trip, nor tell how I presented my letter of introduction and was cordially received by the family for Jack's sake. Nor is it necessary for me to relate how I immediately proceeded to fall head-over-heels in love with the daughter of the family for my own sake. Such an event is by no means unprecedented in the history of romantic young fledglings of my age. Miss Van Hilliard, at the very moment of my introduction to her, shattered my preconceived idea of Western femininity. An idea gathered, I will confess, from pictorial paragraphs in which a Miss Oklahoma or a Miss Ranchstakes is sometimes quoted as wondering why Easterners found a fork so much more useful for eating purposes, than a knife. Miss Van Hilliard assumed for me the *rôle* of that character of current romance to which is given the indefinite attribute of being "unlike other girls." I might have found it difficult to enumerate those qualities which she possessed so exclusively, yet I was perfectly sure they existed. An Alma Tadema might have likened her to a Pompeiian priestess, and have immortalized her on canvas with a background of blue-tinted marble. For myself, I only know that she was a peculiarly beautiful girl, whose deep blue eyes and an earnest, interesting way of talking were absolutely magnetic. She had been educated at a Western University—a co-educational institution whose teachings reflected the principles her father believed in.

The Van Hilliard family, consisting of ex-Senator Van Hilliard, his wife and Marie, were of that sturdy type of Westernism which shows strong resemblance to the Puritan stock. The Senator himself had emigrated from the East when a boy and had grown up amongst the struggles of border life. He had gone back to New England for his wife, with whom he had returned and built up for himself both fortune and fame in this Western community. Accordingly, I was not surprised to find some strong Puritan characteristics developed here. The Senator hated anything that was not truly democratic. He was a believer in America and American institutions. I think that the suggestion of a leisure class or a New York aristocracy of the Van Bibber type would have given the old gentleman a fit of apoplexy. At least, I never suggested it.

The Van Hilliard mansion was an old and substantial one for that locality. I believe it laid some claim to historic associations acquired during the war—when the guerilla Quantrell led his bushwhackers through that region. It stood back on the summit of a terraced lawn, and was approached by the foot-walk through an avenue of evergreens, which lent to it the stately air of exclusiveness that is suggestive of English country houses. I found around the house almost every readable periodical of the day, and in one or two of the rooms I was surprised to see framed centre-pieces from *Life*, by Gibson—smart satires on the American Girl's supposed mania for purchasing titled foreigners.

I prolonged my stay at the Van Hilliards' until the bonds of hospitality were seriously strained, and then allowed myself to be persuaded to make a return visit a month or two later, on my way back. I was grieved to observe on the occasion of this second visit that, although I was received with a certain amount of cordiality on account of Jack's friendship for me, yet there seemed to be a certain tone of reserve, not to say disapproval, in the conduct of my hosts toward me. Marie, I was delighted to observe, showed the least of it. But even she, at times, seemed to look at me with a faint suspicion of horror as if some evil reputation clung to me which my personality did not appear to justify. I was at a loss to account for all this and at last concluded that I was to them a representative of that great class of college graduates to whom the magazines and paragraphers of the day had given a cheerful reputation for conceit, loose morals and studied indolence. I set myself to live this reputation down but the Senator and his wife never seemed to continue a conversation with me for any length of time and never asked any questions about my antecedents. In fact I must confess that my conversation, both with Marie and her parents, during my visits was of rather a peculiar character. I had noticed the extreme pride with which they seemed to regard the West and all things Western. So I determined that, as far as possible, I would restrain the natural inclination that every college man feels—to talk of nothing but things collegiate—and would keep the conversation on topics pertaining to the West. So far did I carry this that I seldom even mentioned Jack, save in a general way—alluding to him as a very dear friend. I think it was this self-forgetfulness and sympathy with Western ideas that drew me closer to Marie. Be that as it may, my suit with her progressed. I thought I could perceive hopeful signs in her behavior toward me.

One evening in the conservatory after dinner, when she had been talking for sometime in her quick, eager way, I noticed that she paused with her sentence half finished and seemed to be regarding me with an earnest expression of commiseration, as though she were trying to accustom herself to some great, irredeemable blemish in my make-up. Our eyes met.

"I hope I am not very dangerous," I smilingly suggested. The remark fell almost unheeded.

"You speak so differently from what one would expect, I can scarcely believe you are——," she caught her breath as though she had ventured near a subject that could only be painful to me, and added, "dangerous."

Then she deftly prevented any more questions on my part by asking, with an air of deep curiosity, who had won the last Oxford-Cambridge boat-race. I was somewhat mystified by this event but it was only one of a series of such puzzling occurrences.

This nameless prejudice of the family became so marked, at length, that I felt it my duty to remove my evidently unwelcome presence. I determined however, in my sense of the blind injustice of the situation that I would not leave without at least appealing to that tribunal in which Marie's affections constituted judge and jury.

I am afraid my proposal was painfully prosaic. It was couched in halting, bashful sentences, and as she looked up at me questioningly and then down again very quickly it seemed as if a life-time was crowded into that one moment. She breathed more rapidly, and as I caught her glance once more and saw the colour rise in her cheeks, I felt a world of doubt lifted from my mind. Then she started to speak but stopped. The look I had seen in the conservatory came over her face again, and she shook her head slowly but hopelessly and left the room. I was more in the dark now than ever. I was to leave the following afternoon and I gloomily foresaw that all my rosy hopes for the future were to be dashed to the ground without my even having an opportunity to stay their fall.

I was thus torn with a conflict of emotions when I retired that night, bitter against my fate. I do not know how long I had slept but I remember that I was suddenly awakened by a low, soft movement in the room. I sat bolt upright in bed and looked in the direction of the sound. The moonlight streamed in through a side window and made the room as light as day. In the corner, seated before one of those framed centrepieces of *Life*, that I have spoken of, I could distinguish a ghostly figure. I looked again to make sure, but there was no doubt of it. I could see the steam radiator in the corner right through its body. It was peculiar in appearance even for a ghost. I am not thoroughly familiar with ghostly appearances, but I think I am justified in calling this appearance peculiar. On its head was a large coronet, and on its breast, suspended from a silken ribbon, was the familiar insignia of the Star and Garter. It was attired in ordinary evening clothes except that the material of which they were made seemed to be nothing but paper—cut leaves from magazines. Some of these leaves impressed me with a vague sense of familiarity, but I could not think exactly where I had seen them before. The only violation of the otherwise perfect conventionality of dress was the presence of a watch chain and charm. I saw, however, that the charm instead of being some costly jewel, was merely a small leather-bound book, the gilt lettering of which I could plainly read in the moonlight—it was "The Anglomaniacs." But the behaviour of the shade was even more striking than its appearance. It would glance from the picture on the wall to me and then back again, and then roll and shake with such a paroxysm of laughter that I almost became alarmed for its safety. Such an ecstacy of joy and amusement as it exhibited I had never before witnessed. At length it made an effort to compose itself for speech but immediately burst into spasms of mirth and rolled off the chair upon the floor. This performance somehow shocked me. This phantom did not conform in the least with my idea of ghosts. It was not at all remorseful. I remarked with dignity that as I had never before been so wildly successful as a humourist I would be delighted to know whom my humour had so pleasantly affected. The spectre seemed to compose itself with difficulty.

"Of course, of course," it remarked, with a strong English accent, "of course you don't know me. How should you? We have nothing in common," and here the humour of the situation seemed to overpower it.

"No," I admitted, "we haven't; but you needn't let that restrain you from acting like a gentleman." This remark seemed to have an effect.

"Oh; I say, now," the ghost said in a conciliatory manner, as it walked through a chair and came over and seated itself on my bed-post, "you mus'n't be angry, don't you know? I daresay I don't seem civil. But it's ever so funny, you know;" here it restrained itself with difficulty.

"You see I'm the ghost of a type—a modern type. All progressive ghosts—ghosts of any standing nowadays are ghosts of types You are well acquainted with me. I have been introduced to you frequently through the only literature with which you ever became familar at college—the literature of the humorous weeklies. I am the ghost of the Titled Foreigner. I am also, though I perhaps ought not to be the one to say it, a most perfect type;" here he gave a modest cough. "You will notice my diminutive stature and my brow, wrinkled with the marks of vice. You have probably observed also," he added, raising his arm and disclosing a stained and battered coat-of-arms that he wore just under his elbow, "that my escutcheon carries upon it the most approved line of blots. This large one here was for gambling, and that one was occasioned by a pleasant little scandal in London. The other minor blemishes were acquired only after long and patient perseverance." He paused to note with pride the effect that this enumeration had upon me. "There are a great many varieties of ghost-types. There is the Metropolitan box-holder, the physician who is in league with the undertaker, the Fifth-avenue stage-horse—but I weary you by repeating them."

I said politely that I was much interested but was curious to know why he had happend to pick me out for the distinction of being haunted. He went off in another spasm of laughter.

"Why don't you see——," but his mirth became so uncontrollable that it seemed to shake him into dissolution and he was no longer visible, though I still fancied I could catch the muffled sound of his laughter. I stared for a few moments at the bed-post he had occupied, wondering what it was I didn't see. His violent laughter I accounted for on the theory that if he had originated in humourous papers, as he said, his mission now must be to do the laughing that other people had failed to do. I turned over and went to sleep thinking about it.

In the morning I did not mention my adventure of the night before, but occupied my thoughts in trying to find some way to stay the hand of the Nemesis that seemed to pursue me. There was no mistaking the tone of cold disapproval that pervaded the conversation as I sat in the library with Marie and her parents, and in my misery and bitterness tried to be civil to them as I said my good-byes. In a few minutes my chances of happiness would be gone forever. I could never hope to see Marie again. Suddenly my attention was enchained by a shadowy figure perched upon the book-case. I recognized my spectral acquaintance of the night before. I perceived that he was invisible to my friends though I could see him distinctly and could almost read the pages that composed his garments. He was still making up laughter on back editions, but now I saw that he pointed his finger derisively at me as he rocked back and forth. I was the object of his mirth! It made me indignant. "You? You?" he repeated derisively, *you* an English Lord?" I resented this vague aspersion. I sought for some crushing form of retort. At last I blurted out, "Thank heaven, *I'm not* one of your foreign nobility." I had forgotten for a moment where I was, but the effect on my friends in the room was magical. Marie stood up and said with a naive look of surprise:

"I knew it, why didn't you say so before?"

"Yes, and Jack's letter—that foot-note," added Mrs. Van Hilliard. That letter! I saw it all. Jack had in his hurry mixed the two letters. The Earl of Beverly had been enjoying the distinction of being Jack's chum, while I—it was as plain as day! Jack, in his hurry, had conceived the brilliant idea of saving time by *printing both letters from his mimeograph*, leaving blank spaces for names and merely adding descriptive foot-notes at the bottom. It was the interchanging of these ridiculous foot-notes that had caused the mischief.

The Senator's democratic principles had prevented him or his family from ever calling me by my supposed title, while the deep-rooted prejudice against foreigners and especially foreigners of title which he had instilled into his family had prevented their ever alluding to what they considered my irrevocable misfortune. It may be surmised that I soon set their minds at ease on this damaging point. I never had an opportunity to thank my ghostly friend, though sometimes now when I peruse a comic weekly I know he must be near by on duty.

A few months later, as Jack closed the carriage door and leaned through the open window to pick a few grains of rice off my coat collar, he said:

"Just one question, old man, how did you ever come to find out my mistake and let them know?"

"I think I must have had some spiritual assistance," I answered as the carriage started. But I never explained.

John Hamilton Thacher.

'TIS WELL

I.

I WANDERED far in retrospect,
  To ages long agone;
I saw a poet lost in thought,
  His features thin and wan;
Each night he toiled by candle dim
  Till night was almost day,
Each day took up the selfsame task
  And wore his life away.
Men called him great; a household word
  Had grown his poet name:
He smiled, a fire lit up his eye—
  He'd gained immortal fame.

I looked again, and far and wide
  I searched, with patience rare,
To find one little song, mayhap
  My poet's, lurking there.
I spoke his name; men knew it not—
  At last, in moss-grown walls
Of ancient monastery lorn,
  Upon my vision falls
One little time-worn, musty book,
  Covered with mould'ring dust;
My toiling poet's crystal thoughts
  Giv'n o'er to moth and rust!

Alas! And is it well that for
  A transitory name
I wear away my heart's best life?
  Is this immortal fame!

II.

I wandered far in forest's deep,
  I found a quiet nook:
Lost to the unkind world of men,
  I read kind nature's book.
I watched the stripling oak spring up,
  I heard him sigh and groan,
Struggling e'er upward to the sun,
  To be among his own—
The pride of all the forest vast:
  The years sped on; he stood
The noblest of his noble tribe,
  The monarch of the wood.

I looked again: the noble tree
  No more adorned the earth;
Lost in decay, to dust returned,
  As dust had giv'n him birth.
But, by his dust, the soil was rich,
  The verdure radiant bloomed;
Far nobler trees drew their life's blood
  From his great heart entombed.
Dead, long forgotten, yet the wood
  Was richer by his death,
The copse's fragrance sweeter far,
  The flower a daintier breath.

'Tis well: be fame immortal lost,
  If only I may add
My little mite to mankind's joy,
  Mankind to make more glad.

Edwin M. Norris.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND —THE GIRLS.

(A FARCE IN FOUR ACTS.)

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLIE VAN HURST, a wealthy young clubman, of a decidedly fickle disposition, alternately in love with

BESSY MATHERS and JULIET DE LONG, } both very beautiful girls.

MRS. MATHERS.

THEODORE NEWCASTLE and GEORGE STEVENS, } friends of Van Hurst.

JOHN LOGAN, confidential valet of Van Hurst.

ROSE, servant girl.

ACT I.

Scene—Van Hurst's bachelor apartments; that gentleman in his wrapper in an easy arm-chair before the fire, yawning.

Van—Well, well, there's nothing in this paper. I could get off as good things myself. But—I say, John, come here!

John Logan (who is busily brushing Van Hurst's dress suit in the corner)—Yes, sir.

Van—I say, John, have you ever been in love?

John—Can't say as I 'ave, sir, unless as it's with—

Van—That isn't what I want to know. I don't care who the person is. What I do want to know is—now mind—have you, John Logan, my valet, ever experienced the sensation of abstract love?

John (scratching his head)—Well—yes, sir.

Van—And how does it feel?

John—Very funny, sir.

Van—Now, look here. I didn't ask for that. I could have said as much myself.

John—I'm trying to put me ideas into complex words, sir.

Van (slowly)—So you're after complex words, are you? If that's the case, take your time; I'm in no hurry, for I haven't anything to do. (Begins reading again, John Logan steps softly over to the library. At the end of five minutes)—Well, have you got those words yet?

John—Yes, sir.

Van—Then, what is it?

John (slowly)—Abstract love is that peculiar sensation of affection which one 'hindividual experiences for another.

Van—And where the devil did you get that?

John—Out of me 'eart and 'ead, sir (tapping the latter).

Van—Now come, John, I thought I heard you moving back there.

John—No, sir; I've been brushing these 'ere clothes.

Van—See here, John, I think you're lying. I don't care if you have though, but honour bright, on the word of an Englishman John, where did you get that?

John—Well, sir, seeing as you put it that way, I'll confess them sentiments ain't 'olly me own—here they are, sir (brings over dictionary and reads the lines). You see it's true.

Van—You're an honest fellow, John, but that's not enough, I'm not satisfied (suddenly jumps up from his chair and begins to dance around wildly).

John (running up)—Is there anything the matter, sir?

Van—No, nothing John; no, nothing at all, only an idea. Sit down now, quick or I'll forget it. Be quiet till I get through. (Shoves John into his own chair.) Listen, listen, I've got it. John, for heaven's sake don't tell me you don't love Rose!

John (composedly)—Shan't say as I do, sir, if you object.

Van—Oh, that's not enough; say you adore her, quick! I'm forgetting. Please do, John. I'll marry both of you if you will—no, you know what I mean, I'll see you both married, give you plenty to live on and be godfather to all of them to boot. Quick!

John—I adore her with all me 'eart, and soul and strength, and you too, sir.

Van—There, there, don't mind about me. I've got it (jumps about wildly). Now run quickly, bring Rose in and tell her all that on your knees; I want to see you. John, do go, won't you? I'll give you anything if you'll only be quick, before I forget.

John—And maybe Rose won't be agreeing.

Van—That don't make any difference. Do go, John, I'm forgetting it all. Quick, quick! (Pulls John out of the chair and pushes him towards the door.)

John (calling out)—He, Rose! Mr. Van Hurst wants you, quick!

Rose (coming in)—What do you wish, Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—John lied. I don't want you at all. He wants you. Now, John, down on your knees like a man (pushing him down in front of Rose). There now, say: "Rose dear, I adore you; be mine, and"—anything else you can think of! (Rose intensely embarrased.)

John—"Rose, dear, I adore you; be mine, and anything else you can think of."

Van—You'll spoil it all, talking like that. Now, take her hand; kiss her; embrace her; anything, only for heaven's sake don't take so long about it. Kiss her, I command you, you blockhead, quick! (Rose slaps John in the face, and tears out of the room.)

Van (wiping the perspiration off his forehead)—Now, that's what I call a bright idea.

John—Do you mean the slap, sir?

Van—No, no; that's not it; but the conception. Only you ought to have hugged her, to have made it perfect.

John—Aye, and gotten two slaps for me trouble.

Van—Why, man, what do you expect, a kiss for nothing (excitedly)? It's just what I thought. None of that confounded nonsense of love being the abstract affection which one person feels for something. I wanted to know how it was all done. Do you understand?

John—And why, sir?

Van—Look here, John. You're a good friend of mine.

John—If you don't get me any more slaps.

Van—Oh, I'll make that all right. But you are a good friend of mine, aren't you?

John—The very best of 'em, sir.

Van (goes up to him and whispers in his ear)—Then I'll tell you the secret. I'm going to do the same thing myself soon.

John—And get the slaps, too?

Van (drawing himself up proudly)—She slap me! I'd like to—(Some one rings at the door). There, there, John, don't say anything about this. I haven't told anyone (John goes to answer the bell), though I don't believe I can keep it much longer.

Enter Theodore Newcastle and George Stevens.

Van—So it's you, boys? I'm awfully glad to see you. There, John, bring up some chairs and those cigars. Try them; they're not half bad. Been smoking all morning myself, you know.

Ted—I say, Van, what have you been doing to Rose? When we passed, she looked as if she didn't know whether to get mad or cry.

Van—What have I been doing to Rose? Oh, yes; I remember. 'Pon my word, I had forgotten all about it. But I didn't do anything to Rose. It was John—he insisted upon proposing on his knees to Rose a few minutes ago. Yes, right in this room. There, there, John; don't say anything. I want to keep that a secret, for (puts his hand to his mouth)—I say, John, run and make it all up with Rose. Tell her you were fooling, if you like. Kiss her, or anything else she can suggest, or I'll have to go and do it myself, and I can't go now, for I've got to tell these gentlemen something. [John goes out.] Now, boys, I've got something to tell you. You're the only ones who know it except—well, never mind who it is. Fact is, I only learned it myself this morning. Read up half a book and found some confounnded nonsense in the dictionary about love being the abstracted affection which one fool feels for another. Didn't believe a word of it, so had Rose propose to John—no, it's just the other way. There, don't look surprised or interrupt me, for that's not the secret (drawing himself up proudly). Boys, you, Ted Newcastle and George Stevens, my two best friends in this world, congratulate me. I'm deep in love. Feel it all through me. Yes, that's it. It fairly makes me tremble from head to foot, so it must be true. There, there, why don't you congratulate me?

George and Ted—Of course we do, old man; but who is she?

Van—Well, to tell the truth, I'm not quite engaged yet, though it's as good as done.

George and Ted—But who is she?

Van—There you've got me again. It's one of the two, but I can't make up my mind which.

George and Ted—Two!

Van—Yes, Juliet and Bessy; can't tell which I adore more. First it's Julie, then it's Bessy dear; and it's as hard on them as on me. Every time I see them I know they both expect it's coming.

George—And can't you decide?

Van—No, I don't seem to be able to. I'm with Julie; we're on a sofa together; she's just a little way off, so. It's all so nice and simple. Then it's Julie and I feel relieved, and am just on the point of getting down on my knees and having it all over with when Bessy dear passes by with someone. Then it's Bessy. She leaves and then its Julie again. And so it goes, first one and then the other. And it's awfully hard on them, too, poor things!

Ted—How's that?

Van—Why both of them want me. The other night at the Bentley's wasn't it Bessy who pitied Mr. Dearborn right to my face because he was a bachelor? She was so pathetic that I began to pity him, too, and Bessy, bless her kind heart, to help me and feel relieved herself, kicked a low stool my way. Didn't that show it worried her?

George—Oh, yes.

Van—And a little later I sat beside Julie. Just think, on the same spot, and she began to tell me what a comfort her mother had told her she was. And Julie said all good children are, and she kicked the stool toward me; so she felt it, too.

Ted (smiling)—No doubt it was probably in her way.

Van—What was?

George—Oh, nothing.

Van—So you, boys, see just the way it all stands. I don't know what to do, and I've got to do something. And I thought it was all settled from what John did, that I was really in love, and then you've got to mix me all up again by asking who it is. I say, take another of those weeds. How do they go?

George—Finely, Van.

Van—I thought so; but wait, I'll ring for something to drink. [Rings.] I say, John, bring in some of that—by the way, did you make it all right with Rose and tell her I'd arrange it?

John—Yes, sir.

Van—And she's—

John—Quite convalescing, thank you, sir; but what did you want?

Van—Oh, something to drink; anything, only hurry up. [Exit John.] Say, boys, you'll both be at Mrs. Van Est's dance, won't you?

George—Yes.

Van—That's good. Then I'll present you to Bessy and Julie, and you'll watch them very carefully and help me choose, won't you, for the Lord knows I can't have them both?

Ted—Of course, George and I will do our best.

Van—And you'll get them—I mean the one I take—to tell you all about it and how well I did it, when it is all over, won't you?

George—We'll insist upon hearing everything from beginning to end.

Van—That's right. Here, John—to your health, boys, and many of them; that's what I want. Leaving already? How does the old song go—"speed the coming, hasten the parting guest." That don't sound exactly right, but never mind. But, be sure and be there, and early, too, for I won't be able to spare them long to you: (half to himself) dear Bessy, sweet Julie, I adore you--that is, one of you—be mine and anything else you will. That's wrong, but you'll tell me when the gentlemen go, won't you, John? Good-bye, boys, see you to-morrow evening.

ACT II.

Scene—Ball-room at Mrs. Van Est's, one of the Four Hundred; in the conservatory, on the left, is a sofa, in front of it a low stool.

Van Hurst—Now, Julie and Bessy, you know I don't mean that yet—let me have the pleasure of presenting my two friends, Mr. Newcastle and Mr. Stevens. Awfully jolly fellows, you know—do you any kind of a favour and forget all about it the next moment. They're going to do me one to-night, though you musn't ask them what it is. Must they, boys?

Bessy Mathers (laughing)—After such excellent references we shall have to engage both of you.

Van—Not them. He, he, he! Didn't I tell you, boys; remember?

Juliet De Long—Remember what?

Van—Never mind, my dear. There goes the next waltz. This is mine (turning to Bessy Mathers).

Juliet De L. (laughing)—Why, I thought I was to have the pleasure, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van (looking at both dance cards)—'Pon my word, that's so. It's a mistake, though. Then I shall have to split it. Awfully sorry for both of you (starts to dance with Bessy Mathers).

Van (half an hour later, on the sofa)—By heavens!

Bessy Mathers—What's the matter Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—Matter? Everything! Forgot all about splitting that dance. But you're to blame too, for if I hadn't been dancing with you, I would have been with her.

Bessy M.—Oh, Miss De Long will never forgive you.

Van—Don't you really think so?

Bessy M.—I am quite sure of it.

Van (dejectedly)—It's too bad, but what can't be helped must be endured. (Suddenly looking up), I say Miss Mathers, I forgot something else.

Bessy M.—Really.

Van—Yes, and I'm afraid I shall forget it too, if I don't do it at once.

Bessy M.—Why, what is it?

Van—Well, that's kind of sudden.

Bessy M.—What is?

Van—There, I'm forgetting it. Can't keep it. Murder will out. (On his knees), Miss Mathers, no Bessy dear—that's it. Oh my, how does it go? There, there, please don't say anything till I'm through. Bessy dear, I adore you—yes, don't look surprised, it's so—be mine, mine, and—and anything else you can think of. There, I'm relieved. Will you, Bessy?

Bessy M.—I can't answer you now, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van—Of course; that's all right. Just as long as you like. In no hurry, you know. How glad I am, though, I didn't forget it or get confused. And you'll tell George and Ted all about it, won't you?

Bessy M.—"Tell George and Ted all about it?"

Van—Yes, promised them you would. But never mind now; this is our dance. (Begin to waltz.)

Van (half an hour afterwards, running up to the sofa all out of breath)—Oh dear, so glad I found you—been looking all over—want to explain all about it. Was dancing with Bessy and then, then, I—you know.

Juliet De Long—With Bessy?

Van—Yes with Bessy. If you don't believe me, ask her yourself. (After a moment's rest.) You've forgiven me, haven't you?

Juliet De L. (laughing)—Yes indeed.

Van—Then that's all right, and I'll do it. I say, were you ever in love?

Juliet De L.—Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—Don't call me that. I want you to say, "Yes, Charlie, dear."

Juliet De L. (surprised and repeating the words)—"Yes, Charlie, dear."

Van—That's what I said. My name, you know. Thought I'd try a new opener to tell John about.

Juliet De L. (nonplussed)—"To tell John about"?

Van—Yes, John's my valet, you know. He did it differently with Rose. Now, will you, dear?

Juliet De L.—Will I what?

Van—Why, marry me, of course.

Juliet De L.—Mr. Van Hurst!

Van—Julie, dear!

Juliet De L.—This is very sudden, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van—I know it. Didn't think I'd come to it myself. But you will, won't you?

Juliet De L.—I can't answer at once.

Van—Oh, that don't matter at all; only don't say anything about this to—to Bessy, for I—because I—oh, don't worry; it will turn out all right in the end. There goes the music again (begin to dance).

ACT III.

Scene I.—Bessy Mather's home; her friend, Juliet De Long, staying with her. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Newcastle announced by the footman.

Bessy Mathers—Good evening. Yes, it must be awfully cold out. But (re-entrance of the footman)—What is it, William?

William—Two notes, my lady. Boy says as he wants an answer.

Juliet De Long—Why, there's one for me. You will pardon us a moment?

George and Ted—Oh, certainly.

Bessy M. (reading her note)—Hem! (out loud) I shall have to ask both of you to excuse Miss De Long and myself for a few minutes. Perhaps you would enjoy looking at some of the paintings on the wall, which are said to be pretty fair, while we are obliged to play scribe. Come, Juliet, we won't be long (exit).

George—I say, Ted, it must be something awfully pressing. Perhaps we'd better have excused ourselves, too.

Ted—And missed an awfully good time. No, no, my boy.

George—That's so. I say, what stunning eyes she has!

Ted—Who?

George—Why, Miss Mathers.

Ted—Oh, perhaps so, but I prefer the other style of beauty.

George—Every one to his own taste.

[Peals of laughter from next room, the door of which opens. *Bessy Mathers* and *Juliet De Long* appear, holding both notes in their hands.]

Bessy M. (with difficulty controlling herself)—Mr. Newcastle, did you ever think Mr. Van Hurst rather peculiar?

Ted—Do you mean mentally?

Bessy M.—Oh, nothing so bad as that, you know, only—Juliet, I can't go on.

Juliet De L.—We have just received two rather odd notes from Mr. Van Hurst. I know we ought not to have said anything, but it's too good to keep (bursts into shrieks of laughter).

George—Do tell what it is that's so funny.

Bessy M.—I can't tell, but I'll read the note (begins to read):

DEAR BESSY—I hope you and Julie will dine at Del's next week. Am going to ask Ted and George. Just we five, you know. The other matter is all settled, so don't worry. By the way, wouldn't show this to anyone, not even Julie. They might think it's kind of queer, you know. Devotedly, as ever,

Your dear! dear!

R. S. P. V. CHARLIE.

Juliet De L.—And mine's quite the *fac simile*, word for word, even to dear Bessy. Dear! dear! dear!

Ted—And they are from Van?

Bessy M.—Yes, from Mr. Van Hurst. Oh, oh, oh, I shall die!

Scene II.—Van Hurst's study, afternoon of same day.

Van (springing up from his chair)—I say, John!

John Logan—Yes, sir.

Van—Something's troubling me. What would you do about it, if you were me?

John—That depends a little on what it might be, sir.

Van—Oh, I haven't told you? John, I'm engaged to both Jule and Bess. What the devil shall I do?

John—To what, sir?

Van—To Miss De Long and Miss Mathers.

John—To both of 'em, sir?

Van—That's what I said, wasn't it?

John—And you're agoing to marry 'em both?

Van—How dare you, sir! (After a minute) John, I can't stand this any longer. There, you see I'm doing it fairly (tosses up a coin). Head's Julie, tail's Bessy. Hurrah, it's heads, so it's all settled. What a jolly idea. Now bring me paper and ink, quick! (After destroying about a dozen sheets of paper) Listen, John (reads). That explains it all, doesn't it?

John—And might I ask what them last letters have to do.

Van—Oh, yes, it's the polite way of saying answer. Correspond soon as it pleases vous; *vous* French for *you*, you know. There, take that around (begins to read the paper).

John—Where, sir?

Van (looking up)—What's that?

John—Where I'm to take these 'ere notes?

Van—Oh yes, forgot all about them, on my word (begins to read).

John (after five minutes)—Where did you say?

Van—To the queer-looking brownstone house on the avenue (takes up the paper again).

John—But—

Van—What the devil do you want now? Rose will tell you or take you, but don't interrupt me. Don't you see I'm—(Begins to read again. Exit John.)

ACT IV.

Scene—Private dining-room at Delmonico's. Van Hurst at head of table; Bessy Mathers and Juliet De Long on either side; George Stevens and Theodore Newcastle next to them; Mrs. Mathers opposite Van.

Van (rising with a wine-glass in his hand)—So you want a toast? Suppose I'll have to toast, then. Same old thing, you know. Ladies and gentlemen—It's most pleasing to behold so many joyous faces here, old and young, young and old, and, and —Oh, that reminds me! I haven't said anything about it yet, have I?

All—Not a word.

Van—Very well then. It's a kind of story, you know. [Chuckling.] Once upon a time there was a man who was in love with two girls. [*Ted* (*sotto voce* to Bessy Masters)—Seems we know just such a man.] One was a brunette and the other was sort of half and half, you know, and the man looked very much like—never mind yet who it was. [*Juliet De Long to George Newcastle*—Dear me, what's coming now.] There, there, girls, don't laugh; I'm not through yet, and I'm forgetting. He didn't know what to do, for he loved them both and told them so when he wasn't thinking. Awfully awkward, you know. Engaged to both and didn't like to tell either he couldn't marry them together. At last he tossed up a dollar and it came down heads, and that's [smiling], that's you, Julie. John saw it was all right. And you were tails, Bessy. It's too bad; just as leave had it the other way. You see it, don't you?

All—No, no.

Van (laughing)—Oh, it's too good to be true. Here, waiter, fill up the glass, quick! I'm forgetting where I am. But I was to toast. Her's to the lucky girl. Every man to his own girl. There, there, Julie, don't you see now how—what, what are you doing, Julie, Bessy? [All rise with glasses in hand.]

George—Why, Van, every one to his own girl, you know, and we're doing it. [Clinks glasses with Juliet De Long.]

Ted—Congratulate us, Van. [Clinks glasses with Bessy Mathers.]

Van—What does this mean? Quick, or—or I'll forget all about it.

George—Oh, nothing, only we're engaged. There, there, Van.

Van (dejectedly)—So you've done it; and you girls let them deceive me and never let me know, after I had told all of you? Well, well; it can't be helped; (brightening up) oh, I say it isn't so bad, though. Didn't like to call it off, Bessy, and take Julie. So it's all right (beckons to the head waiter). Here, waiter, more wine. Who was it who said—George?

George—Said what?

Van—Never mind what—quick, I'm forgetting!

George (laughing)—The dictionary?

Van—The devil with the dictionary. Listen! 'Twas better to have lost and loved than never to have, have—confound it! It's all wrong. Don't mind. I congratulate you, girls; of course I do. They're jolly fellows—help you out of any kind of trouble. Waiter, more wine. Hurry! Now, here's to your healths, dear children—every one of you. Feel like a godfather already. God bless you (empties his glass).

[Curtain.]

George H. Forsyth.

FROM TIBULLUS.

WHAT joy will be mine, then, to hear the winds sighing,
When the world in the fetters of winter is bound,
To clasp my dear Delia, the weather defying,
Or be lulled into sleep by the rain's gentle sound.

May such be my lot; the dark storms of the ocean
Never daunt the stanch hearts that are craving for gold,
But no tear will I wring from my Delia's devotion,
For the wealth and the jewels ten kingdoms could hold.

Thy spirit, Messalla, is warlike; the booty
Of land and of sea, on thy walls, speaks thy glory,
Not victor, but vanquished, content with slave's duty,
Enchained by a beautiful girl—such my story.

* * * * * * * *

And when I am placed on the funeral pyre,
Thy grief will seek solace in kisses and tears;
Thou wilt weep, I am sure; hearts of steel 'gainst love's fire
Are not proof; and thy heart most tender *appears*.

As the youth and the maidens in silence and sorrow
Turn away to their homes from the last solemn rites,
Every eye will be moist; but, Delia, the morrow,
I charge thee, must find thy fair countenance bright.

And so will my shade be content; if thy tresses
Be disheveled and wan be thy face, he will mourn.
But let's love and be loved, while kindly fate blesses,
Ere long cometh death clad in shadows *forlorn*.

Edward J. Russell.

SMITH.

I TELL this tale as I would have told it had things been what they seemed. I beg you to remember this as you read, and I will explain later.

My friend Smith was musical and artistic in his tendencies, and as I was a great chum of his, and roomed next door to him, I had the full benefit of them all. In saying that Smith was musical in his tendencies, I say nothing of his capabilities, for I am no judge. Smith thought himself a Paderewski in disguise, and on one occasion as much as said so. But, as Publius Laurentius said, it was "blame good disguise."

Smith's room was a wonderful place. The walls were decorated with all sorts of artistic marvels, from a bit of water-colour to a huge, bronze-framed engraving of an English landscape. Bits of bric-à-brac lay around everywhere, and filled every available corner. On the mantel, above the fire-place, were pictures which he told me were "copies from the old masters." I thought them exceedingly stale.

His sleeping apartment was a cosy alcove, shut off from the rest of the room by heavy curtains. One corner of the room was devoted to his music. An old piano, scratched and battered by much moving, stood by the window. Several guitars, banjos and mandolins lay around promiscuously. His instruments must have cost him a small fortune. The piano was covered with loose sheets of music, and the tously head of some great musician was framed on the wall behind it. Some one of Smith's instruments was sure to be going all the time, but most frequently the piano, as it was his favourite. He told me once that he believed it was the only legitimate instrument of music. Which statement was quite beyond me.

Smith was a nice enough fellow, as fellows go. He was jolly, good looking, bright—possessed, in fact, all the qualities of a popular man. He had his failings, but as a friend of his I dare name none of them. I seemed to take Smith as a matter-of-course when he was around, but when he left town for a day or two, there was an indescribable void in the course of life.

One day he went away to attend what he called a "swagger function" somewhere or other. Words fail to describe the emptiness of that day. No piano—no guitar—no banjo—nothing all day long. The morning was tedious, the afternoon interminable, by night I was wild. I tried to read, but even Mulvaney was dull. About half-past one I decided to go to bed. There was a full moon that night, so I lay with my shutter open. I tried to count the stars in a circle around it. At last I grew drowsy, and drowsier, and drowsier, till I had just fallen into a light doze, when I heard Smith's piano. I sat up in bed and listened.

The piano was giving forth the strangest music I ever heard. It was now a wail, and now a shriek, and now an angry muttering, and now an agonized moan. If you ever read a ghost story where the ghost played the piano, you may have a slight idea what it was like. It was a weird—an almost fiendish—medley of all the music I ever heard. There was a great deal that I didn't recognize, but the "Washington Post" and "High School Cadets" were rendered in a manner that made me shake all over. There was that weird undertone—the wail, the muttering—and every now and then the fierce shriek rose over it all. It seemed as if the piano were possessed.

Naturally, I am a coward. Smith says I'm the biggest coward he ever saw. "Skinner's scared of his own shadow," he told the fellows one day. My hair stood on end, my knees clave one unto the other, my teeth chattered beyond all control. But I have one characteristic which is even stronger than my cowardice. It is a boundless curiosity.

I slipped out of bed, and partially dressed myself. Then my curiosity and cowardice had a terrible struggle. For ten minutes, at least, I stood in the middle of my room with this awful conflict going on within me. At last, curiosity won.

Quietly I stole from my room. There was no one else stirring in entry. I listened at the door of the room for a minute, but could hear nothing but the unearthly music. I never realized before how fearful "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-Ay" could be made. I tried the door. It yielded. Slowly I pushed it open. When I was finally in the room, I turned with an effort toward the piano. The moonlight made the room as light as day. I staggered. I clutched at the wall. I fell on a sofa nearby. For the piano keys were flying at an incredible speed, but there was no one visible in the room.

I do not know how long I lay on the sofa, but, at last, I pulled myself together and sat up. The tension of the moment was tremendous, and the music grew more harrowing every instant. Finally, following some blind impulse, I sprang to my feet and shouted: "Who are you, and what the devil are you doing here?" No answer, but the music softened. It was the "man who broke the bank" just then. Again I shouted: "Tell me who you are or I'll fire this bust of the immortal Will at you." Then the music ceased. There was a gentle rustle through the room, the tend of which was toward the window, which, though I had not noticed it before, was open. The very Old Masters on the mantel seemed to shiver. After that, all was still for a minute. Then, from outside the window, came a voice such as I hope never to hear again:

"O, mortal," it said, "do not look at me, for you can't see me anyway. I'm dead. Once I was as alive as you, but now I'm dead—dead as a door-nail!"

"Shade of Scrooge," I murmured.

It continued: "Yea, I am what is known in the vulgar parlance of a man as a "ghost," but in one respect I differ from other ghosts—I am never visible to the naked eye. Some men might be tempted to call me a delusion and a snare, but," sternly, "don't you fool yourself!" Then awfully: "I am the ethereal spirit of the music which Smith has so ruthlessly been murdering on this piano for the last three years." Then all was silent.

I said I would explain. I intimated that things were not what they seemed. Well, they weren't. Imagine my feelings when I woke. It *seemed* that my neighbor was Smith, but he is Skinner. It *seemed* that I was Skinner, but I am Smith. I have tried to tell my tale as I would have told it had things been what they seemed.

Frank McDonald.

TWO GLANCES.

SWEET Phyllis' eyes are softest blue,
  Within their depths I fain must see
What friendly Cupid's pictured there;
  They say that Phyllis loves but me.

But Silvia's eyes have dusky hue,
  I cannot read their shadows dark,
Relentless Cupid spurns my prayer
  Nor lights their depths with love's bright spark.

Yet Phyllis' glance had naught of truth,
  And shy sweet Sylvia's love is mine;
Ah, Cupid, thou hast played me false,
  Nor think I hence thine art divine.

C. Waldo Cherry.

THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF MISS MUFFET.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating some curds and whey,
When along came a spider, who sat down beside 'er,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
—*Ancient Melodie.*

MISS MUFFET entered the room with as charming an assumption of dignity as the beholder has ever witnessed in one of her youthful appearance and decided smallness of stature. Miss Muffet immediately appropriated as her own a pretty little seat that was neither chair nor ottoman, but partook of the characteristics of both.

"I perceive that Miss Muffet has found her tuffet," said some one beside her.

Miss Muffet looked up and discovered the young man with the eyeglass and the aristocratic air.

"Yes," she replied, with an appreciative little laugh; "how could I do otherwise, when it had all been predicted for me. But only half the prophecy has been fulfilled" (with a roguish glance), "I am waiting for the Spider."

"—And the curds and whey," finished the young man. "Let me bring you some." While he was making his way towards the table, where a pretty young woman was dispensing hospitality by means of dainty china tea set, and active service of attendant swains in frock coats and white ties, Miss Muffet looked around for the Spider. He was there, as Miss Muffet very well knew. But the Spider was in disgrace. They had been friends in the past, but he had offended so greatly that, magnanimous and gentle as we know Miss Muffet's real nature to be, the only mitigation for his crime would have been a prolonged and abject repentance, with eyes and attitude garbed in a metaphorical dress of sackcloth and ashes. Yet the Spider did not seem repentant as he sat talking to the Nice Girl, who took such a sisterly interest in him.

That was the climax of his offence in the eyes of Miss Muffet. That he should deliberately seek pleasure elsewhere; that a genuine smile should be visible on his countenance, when it ought to be plainly evident to all that he was consuming his heart in vain regret for past enormities of conduct, was too much for pardon.

Miss Muffet resolved that henceforth her brain should never more spin thoughts concerning the Spider; and with the laudable intent of freeing her intellect of all cobwebs past manufactured, she turned her attention with such effect on the young man of aristocratic deportment that he was moved to take off his eyeglass that no iota of those glances by any minute refrangibility of lens might escape their final destination.

It was at this critical juncture that the Spider, realizing that conversation with the Nice Girl with sisterly proclivities was not an enduring and all-suffering panacea for the particular complaint under which he labored, left her to the company of another member of the fraternity and turned his long legs in the direction of the tuffet. The aristocratic young man was making another sally on the tea table, presumably so overcome with Miss Muffet's charms that he stood in need of refreshment.

Perhaps Miss Muffet saw the Spider approach. Perhaps she did not. It certainly was an audacious presumption on his part to seat himself so calmly by her side. What did it not take for granted? Certainly friendship—liking—perhaps more, on her part. On his own, ignorance of offence; therefore indifference. Conceit; in thinking her predilection might purchase him quick forgiveness.

Of course the unbiased reader will see that Miss Muffet, in simple justice to her self-respect, could not allow the further continuance of such absurd notions. It is no wonder, then, that the Spider's mute, supplicatory action provoked a question so glacial in tone as to congeal all his joyous emotions.

"May I ask what good fairy has brought me the unasked-for privilege of your company?"

"From your reception of me, it certainly wasn't my good fairy," replied the Spider, calmly.

"Or mine, either," she replied, quickly. "I am quite convinced it was the influence of evil spirits; and as I have never been partial either to their devotion or devotees, I am going to leave you together. If they prove too obstreperous you may get Miss Harriett (the nice girl) to exorcise them for you," after which gracious speech she arose and left the Spider in possession. But the Spider cared nothing for the tuffet after Miss Muffet had left it, and after sadly ruminating for a moment, he too, took his departure.

But the "Spider" was one of that fleet-footed fraternity whom flight at one crisis preserves for future combats. Consequently, as the scent of battle was in his nostrils, he was not discouraged one evening some days later, when he was told that Miss Muffet was "not at home." He had expected that, and was prepared for it. The pretty young woman who had been his hostess on a former occasion came in response to his request.

"She is at home, is she not?" he asked. The kind-hearted lady hesitated a moment. "Yes," she replied, "but she will never see you."

"Cannot you influence her?" he said. "The fact is I want to see her very much. You see [this was his master-stroke], I am going away, and I wanted to bid her good-bye." So pathetic was the tone of this last speech that the eyes of the warm-hearted lady moistened, and she said: "You shall see her if I have to bring her in by force." And she ascended the broad stair-case to some dimly-lit, embowered elysium above, towards whose fair occupant the young man's supplicatory entreaties were directed.

Whether the intendant angel was moved by his prayers, or whether the news of his meditated departure made her gracious to the degree of granting a farewell interview, she soon after appeared.

"You are going away?" she said coldly, after a distant greeting. "Yes," he replied, throwing all the suggestiveness of look and tone into that one word. It said more than longer speech could have done. It declared that she was sending him away;

that his life was ruined; that he could never love again. Ah! never had the dictionaries discovered a word capable of so many and subtle meanings as the Spider found in that simple monosyllable of three letters.

"You will return?" after a pause. He analyzed the tone. There was no encouragement in it.

"No, I don't think I shall. Not for several years at least."

"Well," said she, rising, "If you are determined, I can do nothing more but say good-bye."

She stood before him, her hands folded, and smiled coldly. It certainly was not an encouraging attitude.

"Will you not shake hands with me?" holding forth his own. She gave him the tips of her small fingers and said, "good-bye."

"Of course," he said, "I don't suppose you could ever forgive my rude, unkind speech," still holding her hand.

"No," she replied coldly, "I don't think I ever could. Besides, it makes no difference now, since you are going away," and she withdrew her hand.

"But that's just why it does make a difference. It might make me some happier when I am gone, to know that you didn't cherish resentment against me."

"Oh, I don't cherish any resentment," with martyr-like air of magnanimity which would have moved to envious despair all the tortured saints of the past.

"You are an angel." "Yes (with tragic mien) my offence is truly past pardon.

The angel showed faint signs of forgiveness. But her eyes strove still to remain hard and her lips firm as she said, "Yes, you called me a mere butterfly."

"I did," he granted, abjectly.

"It is true," with faint signs of remorse, "I said I would rather be a butterfly than a horrid old spider. But then you had no right to get angry. You admit that."

"Oh, yes," abjectly, "anyone with common sense would prefer being called a spider to a butterfly."

"But I don't think so," she said.

"Oh, I know you are trying out of the kindness of your angelic nature to mitigate my offence at the expense of your own."

"I am not," irascibly.

"But I am sure I would rather be called a horrid old spider a thousand times than a butterfly once," said the Spider.

"You would?"

"Yes indeed."

"And you think a butterfly is worse than a spider?"

"Certainly," with conviction.

"There! I knew when you called me a butterfly that there was some deep mysterious significance in your meaning. If you think I can be insulted with impunity you are mistaken. You may go away as far as ever you like," and Miss Muffet, in the tragic scope of her glance, took in a boundless expanse of unexplored universe whither the unhappy spider might wander forever, unwept and unforgiven.

"Then you will not forget this foolish quarrel," he said, after a pause.

"Never," said Miss Muffet. But a keen listener might have discovered a slight wavering of tone which indicated an expectation of further entreaty at least.

But the Spider did not hear it. Slowly and sadly he turned and walked towards the door. He could not see the sudden change in Miss Muffet's countenance. What a pity. He would go away without that forgiveness that could alone render his future sad existence bearable.

"But no?" a faint, half-spoken, half-whispered word, so piteous, so humble in its entreaty reached him. "Jack!"

Who could it have been? Certainly not the inexorable and hard-hearted Miss Muffet. Perhaps his good fairy come at last. At any rate he turned. A glad light chased away the melancholy from his face. He advanced towards Miss Muffet.

Of course he was labouring under a mistake, but we will not undeceive him.

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Miss Muffet sits once more upon the tuffet, with the Spider close by. Truly would our estimable feathered poetess have been chagrined could she have seen the air of mutual understanding and goodwill subsisting between these two quondam foes.

"There is one fact about that ancient 'tuffet' episode which was never chronicled," said the Spider, looking with humourous thoughtfulness towards Miss Muffet.

"Was there, indeed," she replied. "I thought it had proved a singularly authentic narrative, up to date."

"Yes," he replied, "but the fact still remains that Miss Muffet came back."

C. Waldo Cherry.

EDITORIAL.

WE DESIRE to express our obligations to Mr. Parrott, '88, and Mr. Williams, '92, for kindly acting as judges in the LIT. Story Contest. The prize is awarded to Mr. Howard White, of the Junior Class.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the April LIT. are due April 1st, 1894.

BEGINNING with the present number, it has been decided to copyright the LIT. now and hereafter. While most of the undergraduate work of a college magazine is not of such a permanent or valuable character that its authors are anxious to preserve the exclusive right to its possible republication, yet it may serve as an additional incentive to serious work if a man is enabled to publish an article while in college without thereby losing all title to the same. Of course the copyright is for the exclusive benefit of the writers of the articles published.

We have no objection to our college exchanges continuing to quote from LIT. articles *in extenso*, but in reproducing copyright articles the fact that they are quoted by permission should, of course, be stated.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IT HAS been decided to merge the Contributors' Club and the first part of the magazine—the Literary Department, so called—so that both shall run in together to make up the main part of the magazine. This change has been contemplated for some time, but we have deferred making it in order to give the experiment begun by '92 an adequate trial. After two years' continuance it seems that there is hardly sufficient reason for drawing a hard and fast line and dividing the magazine by an artificial division. The MSS. that are submitted for the Contributors' are equally available in the front part, and *vice versa.* The line cannot be drawn on the basis of length, as there are often not sufficient short sketches to make up a department; besides which it is a question whether such articles are not more attractive when scattered through the magazine.

We shall be glad to receive contributions of the lighter sort, for which the Contributors' Club was established, and communications on topics of current or permanent interest. The Contributors' Club is not abolished, but the two departments are merged in one. The change begins with this number, and there will be two literary editors, one having charge of fiction and the other of essays and poetry.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

I.

REALISM in fiction has met with many discouragements. On the one hand the object of fierce and passionate attacks, and on the other defended oftentimes in a way that repels, it is hard to discover whether Realism has suffered most from its friends or from its enemies. Men declaim against realism as "gross," as "material," and make severe demands on the adjectives of our language in order to express their horror of this "vile realism." All this is, in a way, very amusing, for if realism is "vile" life is "vile," and if realism is "gross" life is "gross." The realist does not accentuate the evil of society nor make it appear more fundamental than it is, for if he did he would cease to be a realist.

No less curious is the attempt made by certain modern writers to define the nature and limits of realism, and quietly rule out all that does not conform to their particular definition. One of the most delicious morsels of absurdity ever written is found in Zola's famous essay on the Experimental Novel. The reader's first reflection is that he has stumbled upon an exquisite bit of satire, so carefully and artistically written as to preserve all the appearance of sincerity. We seriously question whether a grown man could read this essay through without laughing. But it seems that Zola means to be taken seriously, and actually believes, or thinks that he believes, what he has there written. His countrymen, in all seriousness, compose elaborate replies, and others, with a woefully deficient sense of humour, are proud to be known as his disciples. Listen to these words of Zola's and try to imagine them seriously spoken:

> "We should operate upon the characters, passions and actions of men and of society, just as the chemist and the physician operate upon inorganic bodies, or the physiologist upon living bodies. Determinism governs everything. It is scientific investigation, it is experimental reasoning, which combats one by one idealistic theories, and which is replacing the romance of pure imagination by the romance of observation and experiment."*

What in the world is the "Romance of experiment"? We know well enough what is meant by a romance of observation, but "Experimental romance!" What is this? The author states that the novelist should experiment upon the thoughts and passions of men and women, as the chemist experiments on nitrogen and oxygen. Just as experiment is infinitely more satisfactory to science than observation, for the reason that, in experimenting, we can control the conditions, so, in the romance, is experiment to take the place of observation. "Determinism governs everything" is simply a paraphrase of what modern science knows as the law of universal causation.

This is amusing; but the most amusing part of it is that it is spoken in sober earnest. Of course if Zola had the faintest glimmering conception of the meaning of the terms he uses so glibly he would never have been guilty of the sublimely ridiculous *Roman Experimental.* No one with the least smattering of the scientific conception of causation would speak thus of the use of the experimental method. The method of observation is open to the novelist, and it is the great and lasting contribution of realism to fiction that it has emphasized the value of observation and has insisted upon its use. Observation is as necessary in fiction as it is in painting, and by observation we may once in a while learn someting of those laws the sum of which Zola has termed "determinism." But the "experimental" method is the one method from the use of which we are absolutely debarred.

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* "Le Roman Experimental," page 16.

For in the novel we cannot, as we can in chemistry, and to a certain extent in physiology, make the conditions we wish to observe. We may observe the phenomena about us, but human ingenuity has never devised a plan whereby we may reproduce the phenomena, and it probably never will. We cannot fall in love, to see what the sensation is like; we cannot bring a woman to commit suicide to discover her husband's resulting mental states. The things that make the romance of life are forces utterly beyond our control; we may observe and make use of the recorded observations of others, but "experiment" we cannot. A man who makes such free use of scientific terms ought to know that it is simply impossible to produce a given *milieu* of such highly-wrought complexity as the very simplest human passion. Would Zola maintain, without a smile, that he himself has ever made the slightest approach to the use of the "experimental method"? In order to write *La Débacle*, should he have made, by "experiment," a Napoleon III, and constructed "experimentally" a German Confederation, and "experimentally" brought sixty millions of people into a warlike frame of mind, as the chemist brings oxygen and hydrogen together in the presence of an electric spark? Suppose we were to lay an "experimental" foundation for *Tess of the D'Urbervilles?* Probably M. Zola has spent considerable time and labour in investigating, and perhaps in "experimenting" upon, certain particular aspects of life, and then, deceived by the jingle of a phrase of whose meaning he has evidently not the slightest conception, he writes thus glibly of the "experimental romance," and perpetrates fifty-three brilliant pages of as exquisite nonsense as ever delighted mankind.*

Of course, what Zola would have said if he had stopped to think was that the novel should be founded on observation of actual men and women, and not upon a series of *a priori* conceptions. This is what the realists are doing their best to teach, but it needs no ghost, and no Zola, to tell us that. Thackeray was, perhaps, the greatest realist that ever lived, but he did not cry on the house-tops, "Behold, I am a Realist! Behold, that which the Gods have denied to all mortals now finds voice and utterance in my tongue! Behold, I have found the philosophers' stone!" Thackeray knew very well that there had been brave men before Agamemnon, and that there had been realists long before he was born. The realist is right in saying that all the romance, all the pathos, all the poetry of life lies round about us and at our door. This is nothing new, but it is so valuable, and means so much to art, that in order to have it kept persistently before us, we can almost be reconciled to Mr. Howells wasting his great talents and throwing himself away in his passionate devotion to a Fact. Mr. Howells, in short, is a martyr, and sacrifices himself to a cause. In order to show the world that reality is richer than moonshine he has devoted his whole life to an attempted picture of a very, very little piece of Reality, and has perforce shut his eyes to much that was beautiful and good, and which was real, but which he dared not touch because men might not know that it was real. Mr. Howells has thrown the world away for the sake of a little Truth. The next generation will receive the Truth and be saved the sacrifice, just as the Chinese were described as at first burning down their houses in order to roast a pig, until they discovered that it was quite possible to have both house and pig at the same time.

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* A recent review of the English translation of Zola's work seems to intimate that Zola's meaning is that the novelist's "experiments" are *mental* experiments, performed upon his own fictitious characters. If this be Zola's position, its absurdity is still more manifest. Imagine a chemist or physiologist performing experiments, not on actually existing inorganic or living bodies, but upon fictitious or supposititious substances, with fictitious instruments and under fictitious conditions! To call such nonsense "scientific" ought to make the walls of the *College de France* tremble with mortification.

The question is not "Whence shall we derive our characters, our situation and our plot?" From life, says the realist, and here he is hopelessly right. But the real question is, "What shall we do with them after we have found them?" "Paint them just as they are," says the realist; "simply show us a cross-section of the current of life," and here he is hopelessly wrong. He is hopelessly wrong because he forgets that the novel is first and always a work of art, and has no other excuse for being. We do want a picture of life, exact and faithful to the last detail, but we do not go to the novel to find it. We go to the club, on the street, on the exchange and in the court-room. If we want all this in printed form we go to the newspaper and not to the novel. A good space reporter will give us as vivid a picture of life as the best novelist that ever lived; he will know just how to use light and shade, in what order to arrange his facts, what circumstances to emphasize and what to omit. Take up a Sunday newspaper, and you will be very apt to find descriptions and accounts, "cross-sections of the current of life," as vivid, as realistic, and bringing the whole scene as clearly before you as anything that Balzac ever wrote. Now, so far as this newspaper skill goes, it is *scientific*, and not in the slightest degree *artistic*. The reporter's account of a murder, a wedding, or a cock-fight, is vivid and real because he reproduces in the reader *his own psychological experience on the happening of the event*. The great psychological functions of attention, of interest and of habit, determine infallibly the proportions and relations of the parts of his story, and there the reporter is wiser than the realist, for the realist does not discriminate so justly, but gives details irrespective of their psychological weight. And it is just at this point that the realist makes his fatal mistake; granted that we need this faithful delineation of life, it is an entirely unwarranted assumption to say that this is the whole of fiction. Not only is it not the whole; it is a very small part. A few years ago there was a very popular exhibition known as the cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. This consisted of a huge painting on the interior of an enormous dome-shaped building, representing the battle at the critical moment of Pickett's charge. Accessories and properties were built up around the canvas so as to complete the illusion, and so nicely were the solid figures joined with the figures on the canvas that it was impossible to distinguish the dividing line, or to tell whether a given object were real or painted. In short, the work was a triumph of realism, such as the ultra-realistic novel aims to be.

Such is Realism, pure and simple. Is this all? In the *salon carré* at the Louvre is Murillo's Immaculate Conception; no one ever mistook its figures for real objects, yet who would not give for it a thousand Gettysburg cycloramas? A fifty-cent lithograph will give a more "realistic" picture of a locomotive than Turner's "Rain, Steam and Speed;" yet who would mention the lithograph in the same breath. So it is in fiction. We care for Pendennis and Clive Newcome not because they are "lifelike." You may walk up Park Row in New York, or along Fleet Street in London, and meet a dozen men in half an hour who can paint characters as lifelike and scenes as vivid as any that Thackeray ever drew; yet we throw the newspaper into the fire, but keep *Pendennis* until the covers are worn loose and we have to buy a new edition, with wide margins and Thackeray's own illustrations.

Clearly, then, over and above accuracy of detail, over and above minute and careful observation, there is in fiction as there is in painting, something essentially spiritual that makes it a work of Art. It is only by regarding Romance as a production of Art, and by resolutely insisting upon *l'art pour l'art*—art for art's sake—that we shall arrive at any adequate conception of what fiction is, or of what it should always aim to be. We think that the existence of this distinct art factor has been clearly enough pointed out, and here we take leave of the subject, postponing the discussion of the nature and character of this art factor until next month.

THE INCREASE OF LUXURY IN COLLEGE LIFE.

THE action of the Junior Promenade Committee in auctioning off private boxes at a minimum price of twenty-five dollars is representative of some changes that seem to be coming over college life. The committee undoubtedly did a very wise and judicious thing, and their action will add to the pleasure of the dance. We therefore take this instance, not in the slightest spirit of criticism, but because it is typical of a great many things that seem indispensable to us, but which our fathers and elder brothers managed to get along very well without.

This is said in no pessimistic tone. We believe that the modern college is a better place than it ever was before; that its atmosphere and influence and associations were never so good as now; but there are one or two tendencies that we do not altogether like, and this is one of them. Metropolitan life has increased the expense of living and made things necessary that were not necessary before. The more civilized men become the more dependent they seem upon something outside of themselves. The Englishman cannot enjoy country life without a retinue of servants. It would break his heart to black his own boots, and it is becoming more and more distasteful to the New Yorker to do so. We do not object to this; it *is* pleasanter to have one's boots blacked by someone else, and to have a small boy carry one's valise; yet the fact remains that the men who have made our country great, the men whose ability and character have moved the world, have been for the most part men who were very glad to black their own boots, men oftentimes who never rode on a passenger elevator, and who never saw the inside of a Pullman car. We think that these things are necessary; Abraham Lincoln never felt their want; Emerson did very well without most of them. We think that we must travel, if only for a few hundred miles; yet when Emanuel Kant published the "Critique of Pure Reason" the greatest minds of Europe were started thinking, and have been kept thinking ever since, by a man who never in his life went thirty miles from home. As small boys we used to be given a holiday, and would take in that never-ending wonder, the circus, and pass a day of unalloyed happiness with no further means of subsistence than a piece of ginger-bread and a bag of peanuts, and with no more surplus wealth than a circus ticket and ten cents in cash. Do we enjoy our holidays now, with their elaborate equipment, any better than we did in the circus days?

In the same way the college student has been enabled to live a happy, Arcadian kind of life, without any of those "necessaries" that later years demand. He has gone without them, often because they were impossible in a country town. Modern life seems to be making for itself more and more necessaries every year; the colleges seemed almost the last strongholds outside of the back-country districts, and now it seems that the colleges are being invaded. "Plain living with high thinking" is, we are afraid, becoming rarer and rarer. Many of our colleges are putting up dormitories provided with all the luxuries of the best-equipped bachelor's apartments. This is, we must confess, very agreeable, and fine rooms add to the pleasantness of life, but Lowell and Hawthorne went through college without ever dreaming of a private servant or even a janitor to make the fire. The tendency is here; we cannot help it; but let us keep it out of college as long as we can. Let the man with money to throw away continue to meet the hard-faced student whose parents are pinching and denying themselves that he may go through college, and don't let the difference become more strongly marked. "Plain living with high thinking" is a very good horse to ride, and it has carried most of our graduates who have brought to their college the larger honour and the full measure of success. Every new "necessity" makes us more helpless. We cannot prevent it in the long run, but we can keep it down in the college, and, at the sacrifice of a little comfort and a little convenience, maintain the glorious independence of the man who, with broad sympathies and richness of soul, beyond his home has no "necessities" except good health, a few books and a few friends.

GOSSIP.

"Come, gentle Spring!"
—*Thompson.*

"For many heroes, bold and brave,
From lands both far and near,
And those that sip of Adam's Faust,
And those that drink bock beer."
—*John Anderson* (*adapted*).

"When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"
—*John Ball.*

WELL, gentle Spring is here. Notwithstanding all weather reports in the daily papers, the Gossip is quite sure of it. There are many harbingers and proofs. In the first place, the Gossip himself feels lazy. In the second, the poet of the Lit. Board just come in with excited and quite thrilling accounts of the balmy quality of the air, and the loveliness of the budding twigs on the trees, and the song of a blue bird. Then, lastly, the Gossip has descried Sportner hastening down Nassau street, toward the west end of the town. His eyes were beaming and on his face was a broad and happy grin. His usual shambling and blasè walk had fairly turned into a run, and in his ecstacy and enthusiasm he was shouting to himself, oblivious of the alarmed looks of the passers-by, "Bock Beer! Bock Beer!"

These are the days which please men's souls—when Seniors spin their tops and shoot their marbles; when the campus, after luncheon, springs to life, and Johnnie Degan ushers away old-clothes men amid the echoing cheers and plaudits of a most-enthusiastic audience. It is just warm enough to let you drowsily bask in the sun on the steps of Reunion, or, if you are specially energetic, you can make your way down through the oozing and ever-changeful brick walks on William's road, by the mud-engulfed Varsity gate, to watch the Nine practice in the cage. Then, when you have become aweary with dodging for your life the wild and erratic throws of some ambitious Freshman, you can pick out a comfortable corner in the furnace-room and have a chat with grand old Peter. You can feel his muscles and his iron, old arm, and if "you're a good boy" and an "old friend" perhaps he'll go through the cavalry drill for you, with its "head erect, shoulders square" and its "one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four," and always a stamp at the end. And when you've no three o'clock recitation, or no lectures to grind, you can simply sit still and listen, and away you'll go back, far from furnace and coalbins, field-house and base-ball championships, to the Crimea and Balaklava days, and you'll see the charge better than Tennyson can show—with all the big Russians and blue-breechened little Frenchman, and the jolly messmates, and the horrors of the sultry heat. For he's a rare good talker—old Peter—so "here's to 'em and the shamrock," as he would have you to say.

The Gossip the other day was dusting and cleaning his book shelves. He was seated on the floor in his shirt sleeves, surrounded by piles of old and very dusty volumes. Among the torn and paper-covered novels, among dilapidated Gronietrus, and Ciceros, and Ovids, down on the lowest shelf rested a battered, and well-worn, and stained old copy of Lucian. The Gossip carelessly opened the book. Behold, every page was thumbed and marked, and was black with cribs and under-writings. Oh, the agony hidden in those beautiful old Greek lines! Every mark of the pencil brought back Sophomore year, and the class in Greek, and the sunny, hot days of Spring, with the blue sky through the windows. And there were the stained, white walls of the lecture-room, with its pictures of the Acropolis, and of the fawn of Satyr, with the huge, thick lips, seated on a stone, and always an object of wonderment. How big that elective was, and the struggles we had in finding and procuring a translation! Trenton, and New York, and Philadelphia, were all ransacked and searched from store to store, one enterprising youth even sent to San Francisco, and at last the only appropriate horse in the world was found in Dublin. There were the mass meetings, held and attended by the whole elective, and the collections for transporting that important stud, and the anxiety for its arrival, and then it did arrive but it was just one week too late for examination. The Gossip sat on his floor and turned the pages—Charon, with his brass obols and old swearing; honest, shaggy-haired Timon, and the Coch, and Hernees and all the rest arose before him; and then again came back things which were not on the pages. He remembered a certain hot day in June, with fifteen men arrayed in their shirt sleeves, seated in a circle, and polling and grinding for that terrible Exam. Some in that room have long since gone—perhaps urged and hurried because of those same obstinate Greek words, some have drifted with other friends, and some the Gossip never sees. But many there are that that very terror helped to bind. How bitter, and yet how sweet are past worries and griefs—but the bitterness is lost in the laughter of after-time, and the sweetness is never forgotten. And so the moral of all this is, the Gossip thinks, that the good old books, like the good old songs, should never be thrown away.

Once again, some weeks ago, the Gossip's old friend, Sportner, dropped into the sanctum. It was snowing outside and Sportner was arrayed in his usual striking, stormy-day costume, with a gray felt hat pulled down over his eyes, an old dilapidated Varsity sweater and a black leather coat, with a faded though still very brilliant red lining. Besides, he wore a pair of sadly spotted corduroy breeches, whose bottoms were carefully tucked in at the tops of his shoes. It was late in the afternoon when Sportner came in. In the half twilight, the curtains of the LIT. room had been dropped to the floor, and the Gossip was huddled close to the window in a vain attempt to light the dim pages of a book which he had been exhorted to review. Sportner, without a word, dragged up a chair, and leaning forward, with his elbows resting upon his knees, proceeded to stare out into the snow and the storm. Outside all was pure white, the fading daylight was too feeble to cause shadows on the endless snow, and the clinging ice turned the trees to dullish silver. The bell of Old North, as it struck five o'clock, sounded low and hoarse, as if it had caught a cold and a very sore throat in the wet, and the students hurrying along the paths, walked muffled and noiselessly to the last recitation, and looked like so many bundled phantoms, moving in the growing darkness.

"So you know," Sportner said, slowly leaning back, after a few moments' thought, "I like stormy days; they remind me of old-time Princeton. When it rains or snows, the fellows all come out in their old corduroys, and togs, and tarpaulin coats, and sweaters, instead of the stiff hats and collars which have become the fashion in these days. I may be a grumbler and all that, but say what you will, times are not what they were. In our Freshman year, a man would have been ashamed to have worn a derby hat upon the campus, even on a Sunday, unless it had the crown dinted in by way of apology, and now, week days as well, you can't count the stiff black things, and at church—why there were only two men in all our section of chapel who have worn caps this whole year. Two weeks ago the other fellow came out in a new derby, so, last Sunday, I had to go and follow suit, though I did give the thing a good punching in at the top before I started.

Sportner mused philosophically for a moment and then added sadly: "Yes, I suppose it's the same old story of women at the bottom of all things—the New Inn brings out the girls and the girls bring out the derby hats—though you can't blame them.

Perhaps we did appear shabby in the old days, and old clothes were no virtue after all, but, at least, they were democratic, and men were not accustomed to sit in church or walk the walks as if they were on exhibition. "And do you know," he exclaimed, "I actually believe men will begin to be elected to our big social clubs because they wear good coats and creased trowsers," and poor Sportner grew quite excited and stamped his foot on the floor in indignation. "If this goes on," he added dolefully, "I don't know what will become of us."

Again overcome with the miserable hopelessness of the idea, he lapsed into silence. Suddenly he started up, as if a wholly new and brilliant thought had come upon him. "Yes," he cried, "they're right; clothes are necessary. Imagine Princeton situated in the Garden of Eden, instead of central New Jersey! Why, in the plain array and simple fashions of fig leaves, one with all his earnest might could hardly have distinguished milords the dukes from the Rubes and the Muckers. Doubtless, however, some enterprising social hero could have cornered the market in peculiar and lively-hued species of figs, and they would have become the insignia of the well-dressed, instead of the imported London tees and cover-coats. But, say what you will, the blue-bloods and the men of family pride would have had a hard time. How distressing to them, that nobody could have traced his race further back than Adam, and that reckoning, twisting and computing would only have amounted to, at the very utmost, some few and paltry fifty years!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."—*Hamlet.*

"I cannot impress upon you too strongly, my dear boy, how needful it is for a Gentleman at Court to be familiar with all the polite journals of the day. I would not have you seen with *Truth* or *Town Topics* upon your table; but the great magazines, the *Lits*. and the monthlies, should be at your Fingers' Ends. I send you a case of Annheuscher Busch; it is passing good, but there is no rebate on the bottles. Strive always, my boy, to cultivate the lesser virtues, the graces and accomplishments of Princes and Men of the World, but shun Editors, for they are not to be endured."—*Chesterfield's Letters to His Son.*

THE Table rose bodily in the sanctum the other day (which was a very peculiar thing for a self-respecting table to do), shook off the dust that had excited the Gossip's sarcasm, and prepared to go out West. He dropped around to see One of the Other Editors before he left, and casually remarked that he was going away, and asked the Other Editor to see that his place was not left vacant this month.

So the Other Editor trotted around to see if the Gossip had any suggestions to make, but the Gossip was busy digging plantains out of the base-ball field on the 'Varsity grounds. So the Other Editor entered the sanctum, put his feet upon Another Table, and envied the Real Table, who was speeding across the prairie at the rate of ever so many miles an hour.

The Other Editor has never been out West. He is a tenderfoot. Some day he hopes to go. He looked about the room and wished that he could visit the homes of the Exchanges; he would like to see the original of the pine tree on the cover of the *Dartmouth Lit.* He would like to drop in on the *Amherst Student*, or wander among the ancient cloisters of the University of Virginia.

The Other Editor had a Visiting Friend here last week. This Friend was the first Editor of the *Harvard Advocate*, 'way back in the sixties. It was an exciting occupation, running a paper at Harvard in those days—almost as exciting as it used to be here to get out the old Nassau Rake, an institution now happily defunct. But the *Harvard Advocate* showed that it had come to stay. We like the *Advocate;* only it does seem to us rather boyish to publish some of those *risqué* French stories of the kind that the Freshmen buy on the train and hold up high when they read them, so that everyone can see how real nice and sporty they are. Freshmen are a godsend to the publishers of *Truth*.

What a vast amount of entertainment and suggestiveness and playful good-humour lies within the pages of those exchanges! The Other Editor navigated among the piles of magazines and weeklies and dailies whither the Real Table had consigned them. First he fished out the *Amherst Lit.* for February, and read Ernest M. Bartlett's paper on Rudyard Kipling right through from beginning to end, and it was worth it, for a discriminating article on the work of our newly-acquired citizen is becoming a rare bird in the land. Imagine, however, the thrill of delight with which the Other Editor saw his old friend Eugene Field brought before New England in Frank Harkness' paper in the same magazine. Mr. Harkness says that Mr. Field is in his happiest vein in his poems of children. Has Mr. Harkness forgotten his paraphrases of Horace, and "When I Was Broke in London, in the Fall of '89?" and "The Large Cold Bottle and the Small Hot Bird," and "The Clink of the Ice in the Pitcher that Cometh Along the Hall?" These are not children's poems, but they are jewels of the first water. Chicago has much to be forgiven, but we think we could forgive the rest of Chicago for the sake of Eugene Field.

Some new faces appear in the Editorial insignia of the magazines and papers. The '94 *Yale Lit.* board is about to step down and out. They gave us a good magazine last year, and the February number is about as readable a book from beginning to end as the year has brought forth. The little paper by Chauncey Wetmore Wells on Edwin Booth, if we make allowance for its indiscriminate eulogy, comes as an interesting record of the stage. We notice that Mr. Raymond Sanford White is one of the Editors of the Yale *Lit.* for the coming year. Mr. White's clever work on the *Record* and *Courant* has supplemented a charming series of sketches in the *Lit.* during the past twelve months. In fact the names of all the '95 board give promise of as good a volume next year.

One of the very best magazines that come every month is our new acquaintance, the *Columbia Literary Monthly*. This bright magazine seems to have started its existence with the inherited experience of the older college publications. You may take the *Columbia Lit.* with you on a railroad train and you will be very likely to neglect to observe the passing landscape on your journey. There is an excellent little sketch in the last number by Clarence R. Freeman, which he calls "How to Visit Chinatown." "A Confidential Story, by M. H.," is a trifle, and not half bad.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* keeps up its high standard of work. There are no editorials that we enjoy more than these. In the last number "O. W. L." has handled a very dangerous form of *fin de siècle* writing, and has not burnt his fingers. His "Aphorisms" are as bright as a tide-water sky in June.

> "The more politely," he says, "you treat an angry man the more convinced he is that you are trying to insult him, and the more satisfied are the bystanders that you are trying to avoid a fight."
>
> "If the florist, on being paid for the floral tribute you sent to your friend's funeral, politely expresses the hope that you will favor him with similar orders again, take not his bull amiss. It

seems as necessary to him that friends should die as it seems unnecessary to you that florists should live."

Martin Saxe is making a good magazine in his new monthly, the *Connoisseur*. The *Williams Lit.* has an unusual number of good sketches. There is a ballade by "E R. W." which runs as follows:

BALLADE OF THE DRAGON IN THE SCREEN.

Here is a Japanese screen,
The trees are a riot of red,
The ground is most garishly green,
The sky is deep black overhead.
A dragon most awful and dread,
Whose scales are of glittering gold,
All worked in a triumph of thread,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

Great storks that are lengthy and lean,
With wings that are wondrously spread,
Are floating blue rivers between,
By emotional fantasies led.
What far-away fancy has bred,
These things so æsthetically bold,
With what diets they must have been fed?
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

In the corner sedately serene,
It has watched thro' the library tread
Young Anna, and Bess, and Pauline,
—The latter are happily wed—
But the dragon was seemingly dead,
What it heard it has never unrolled,
But Sphinx-like was silent instead,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

L'ENVOI.

And I, too, with Anna have sped,
To this safe retreat, and I've told—
But the dragon heard all that was said,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

This is musical and is struck in a happy vein. But we select it for criticism because it is typical of a great many attempts at versifying in the French forms. The writer has kept the structure of the *ballade*, but the refrain, "Ah, could it its secrets unfold!" serves merely as an interjection thrown in at the end of each stanza; it has in no case an organic and integral connection with the preceding lines. Now the secret of the *ballade* and the other French forms is that the refrain is brought in in a new construction each time; a turn of the verse just before enables it to be introduced as a pleasant half-surprise, and it greets us with the charm of an old friend. There is no mistake into which amateurs more frequently fall than to suppose that the *ballade*, *rondeau*, etc., are purely mechanical, and that the end may be obtained by tacking on a recurring refrain at proper intervals. As an example of a more faithful rendering of the spirit of the French form of verse, read Albert Sargent Davis' rondeau in the Yale *Courant;* the spirit, tone and colouring of this rondeau are not nearly so good as those of the *ballade* of "E. R. W.," but the handling of the mechanism is so much better (with the exception of the unpardonable rhyme of "light" and "delight") that we should call this a true rondeau, while "The Dragon in the Screen" is hardly a true *ballade.*

I DREAM OF FLO.

RONDEAU.

(*To Order.*)

I dream of Flo, and memory fleeting light,
Calls up the happy bygone days to-night,
The scent of lavender is faint in air
(Ah, well-remembered flowers she loved to wear),
My senses float afar in rapt delight.

How can I e'er forget that summer night!
'Tis not because her black eyes shone so bright,
Nor is it for the witchery in her hair,
I dream of Flo.

She promised me a cushion well bedight
With ruffles blue, and I, O luckless wight,
Must send to her—she said, exchange is fair—
My college pin in gold. Her cushion's where
With half-closed eyes I lie. Is't not aright
I dream of Flo?

It seems to the Other Editor that the jarring note in the essays found in the college magazines lies in the fact that they are run too much in the old, old ruts. One of Napoleon's maxims was, "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*" Can't we have a little more audacity, a little more suggestiveness, a little more branching out along original lines, involving original work, and an original point of view? Perhaps the best essay of the month, judged by this standard, is Harold Dexter Hazeltine's article in the *Brown Magazine* on "Matthew Arnold and Art of Criticism." We do not know whether Mr. Hazeltine is related to M. W. Hazeltine, the able critic of the Sunday *Sun*, but he knows how to handle these subjects in a way that recalls the master-hand of "M. W. H."

The Other Editor has not that unbounded intellectual admiration for womankind that the Real Table possesses. But in spending a pleasant hour or two (repeated a great many times) in the world of the college press, he confesses quite frankly that for strong, earnest work, persistent improvement and a continuing standard of literary excellence, the magazines from the women's colleges are among the very best we have. There are no three college magazines in the country whose combined excellence surpasses that of the *Wellesley Magazine*, the *Vassar Miscellany* and the new monthly magazine at Smith College. With the exception of the *Harvard Monthly* and the *Brown Magazine*, which are equally good, but no better, the *Wellesley Magazine* has the finest typographical and artistic make-up of any college magazine in the country. The February number is one long and affectionate tribute to the late Miss Shafer, president of the college. This touching and eloquent memorial is worthy of the great and good woman whose death has been such a blow to our sister institution. The leading article in the *Vassar Miscellany* for February is an interesting paper by Miss E. K. Adams, '93, on "Our Modern 'Dead-Level,'" a rather hackneyed subject, but treated in by no means a hackneyed style.

The new magazine at Smith has kept right up to the high standard set last year. The work done on this magazine has been of a high order from the very first. The Other Editor remembers yet the charming sketch, "My Freshman," by Miss Bertha Alice Waters, which appeared in the first number. A short little article on "The Fair (By One Who Did Not Go)," by Miss Alice M. Richards, in the same magazine, was one of those delightful bits of persiflage that those-who-did-not-go know how to enjoy. Miss Richards' Sketch, "Two Sisters," showed decided power along a more serious line. We shall be disappointed if we do not have more work from Miss Richards' pen. The little that has been published gives promise of a talent and a certain vividness of description and power of the transforming imagination that is as rare as it is welcome. We hope that the author will not stop writing with her work in the Smith magazine.

The Other Editor stepped out from the sanctum, and heard the birds in the trees proclaiming the return of spring. The Gossip had come back from the 'Varsity grounds, with a basket of plantains on his arm and a trowel in his hand. The Other Editor had had a long journey, out among the colleges and far away. He came to the conclusion, as he had been spared the smoke, and the noise, and the book-vender, and all the discomforts of physical travel, that he had nevertheless had quite a little journey of his own, and he didn't envy the Real Table so much after all.

Then it occurred to him that he had his own department to look after besides. When he realized this he asked the Contributors' Club Editor to come in and do some strong talking for him.

BOOK TALK.

"The [author's] public is composed of groups crying 'Amuse me; make me sad; make me weep * * *.' There are only a few chosen spirits who say to the artist, 'Make me something beautiful, and make it in the form which suits you best'"

—*Guy De Maupassant.*

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, who have so long published the works of the best of our great New England writers, have lately added to their library a new edition of the poetical works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* This edition, known as the "Cambridge Edition," is gotten up in such handsome and substantial form that the Critic feels like uttering more than a passing word of praise. The editor, Mr. H. E. Scudder, opens the volume with an introduction into which he weaves considerable literary criticism. His arrangement of the poems is also admirable, while the appendix, besides copious notes, contains Mr. Longfellow's juvenile poems and a chronological list of all his poetic work. Nor should we forget the favourite portrait of the poet admirably reproduced in steel, nor the title-page engraving of Mr. Longfellow's home in Cambridge. Undoubtedly the really finest edition of Longfellow's poetry is found in the Riverside Edition of the same publishers, and prepared by the same editor. Yet the publication of a less costly edition is one of the most happy tendencies of the time, for the works of great masters are put within the means of a larger and larger class of readers. And to such a class, and to all who desire Mr. Longfellow's poems complete in one volume, this new and handsome edition will certainly appeal.

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"Builders of American Literature"† is the comprehensive title of a new work by Prof. Francis Underwood, intended by the author to take the place of and supplement his Handbook of American Authors published twenty years ago. The historical introduction which precedes the individual chapters on American authors is an accurate and excellent essay on the growth, nature and results of American literature. But we are surprised that Mr. Underwood, who is an American and who has written several novels of American life, should take so pessimistic a view of the future of our country's literature. It is to be confessed that the present tendencies towards imitation and euphuism have in them much to condemn. But it is too large a statement to declare this spirit universal. Common-sense and a true literary taste of the American people will in time eliminate these tendencies and supplant them with a pure original growth.

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* "The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Cambridge Edition. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "Builders of American Literature." By Prof. Francis Underwood. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

Prof. Underwood discusses one hundred and fifteen "builders" in his small volume. The space he allows himself for each is too small to allow full justice to be done all. Of necessity the sketches are brief, biographical and tabulative, with little or any comment or criticism. Among the authors dealt with are Jonathan Edwards, Alexander Hamilton and George William Boker, names familiar to us through association and tradition. As a class or hand-book this work will be valuable, because in brief space it epitomizes so large an amount of information. In the selection of his "Builders" Prof. Underwood has shown good judgment in the main, although were we to closely criticise we think that some of his authors have not shown a constructive power great enough to rank them with the great architects of American thought. That very element of imitation which he criticises so unsparingly in his introduction is present in many of his so-called builders.

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The writer of "Oxford and Her Colleges" * would have us imagine that we were upon the dome of the Radcliffe Library, while he points out to us the various objects of history and note. It is pleasing to follow Mr. Goldwin Smith, for he is most thoroughly at home among the chapels, the libraries and the quadrangles of the quaint old college town. The writer says he "has seldom enjoyed himself more than in showing an American over Oxford," and with Oxford the American, from his real veneration for what is old, and doubtless from his boyhood's remembrances of Tom Brown, is always fascinated. And to the American college man Oxford and Cambridge always furnish interesting materials for a study of resemblances and differences.

Mr. Smith here gives us in a charming style much of Oxford's history, and also tells us, in some detail, of Oxford and her life to-day.

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Mr. Wm. Nye, a slim, willowy gentleman, with extensive, globular cranium, singularly destitute of hirsute adornment, and whose large, intelligent eyes peep coyly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, has for years figured as a prominent character in the humourous departments of American newspapers. But Mr. Nye has failed to rest content with the modicum of fame which his journalistic contributions have bestowed upon him. He aspires higher. His patriotism as an American citizen also impels him to a work that many a bolder man has attempted and failed in—namely, a detailed and accurate account of the history of America.† Mr. Nye believes that a naked fact is a spectacle which should not be exhibited, and which modesty cannot contemplate without a shudder. With the laudable intent of garbing those nude statements of truth which in all their bareness will sometimes unavoidably stand out in the narration of a nation's history, Mr. Nye has endeavored to clothe them in a dress whose modesty would provoke favourable comment from an Anthony Comstock. Mr. Nye has written his history of the United States, beginning with the time when Columbus "established the first saloon, with its family entrance," upon the soil of the new continent, to this latter day, when the Columbian Exhibition marks the top notch of a nation's greatness.

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* "Oxford and Her Colleges." By Goldwin Smith. (New York: MacMillan & Co)

† "Bill Nye's History of the United States." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

A most remarkable feature of the history is the narration of episodes which the mists of time have long hidden from the eager student. The volume is therefore exceedingly welcome as furnishing a large amount of new historical information. As a side-light upon the characters of famous men, it is invaluable. We are too prone to view our country's heroes as demigods, and we fail to connect them with that living, glowing universe of which they are a part. But when we learn that Columbus possessed a steamer chair, that Sir Walter Raleigh experienced qualms familiar to all contemporaneous youth when he tried his first pipe, and that even our immortal Washington was forced to avoid the opportunings of the officer-seeker from Pigback by a hasty flight to the friendly shelter of the woods back of the presidential mansion, it warms our blood and encourages us to go on trying to be great, knowing that our petty weaknesses are only the common heritage of mankind, and that other and great ones possessed them before us.

We are glad to receive Mr. Nye's history, as it brings its author within reach of our criticism, and Mr. Nye is a personage whom we think needs a special criticism. He seems to us a type of a certain humour that is distinctly American and is rapidly passing away. It is not by any means the highest type of humour, and it depends so entirely upon its elements of surprise and contrast that it grows excessively wearisome at times. But, nevertheless, it is a type which gave Mark Twain and Artemus Ward their fame, and it is as distinctly American as Chicago Pork or Boston Beans. The pages are very aptly illustrated by F. Opper, and we cannot but smile at the rapt expression of countenance portrayed by the Father of his Country as he contemplates a glue factory on the further bank of the Delaware; the look of woe on the face of Montezuma as he listens to the sound of the accumulating interest; or the axiomatic solving of the Mayflower mystery, or how She was able to supply the present generation with spinning-wheels and chairs.

Altogether, the book is bright and readable, and we cannot but again mention the singular fitness of its writer. What could be more appropriate than that a distinctly American writer should compile a history of his country?

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One must indeed be particular if he is not content to idle away an hour or so in the company of "The King of the Schnovers"* and the other eccentric but entertaining characters introduced in the volume of sketches by I. Zangwill. The collection is a typical example of the style which is so popular at the present time, the short story. Moreover, in this volume appears the short story at its best. The author has filled each sketch with bright, witty sayings and pointed phrases, and has yet, at the same time, maintained a finished, careful style of writing, so that the reader does not feel, as is often the case after reading such stories, that he has been amused at the expense of his literary taste. It is comparatively seldom that this happy blending of wit and style are found, for too often the one is sacrificed to the other, and the story is finished in style and uninteresting or else witty and without literary merit. It is this which makes Mark Twain the humourist that he is. Indeed, the author of "The Prince of the Schnovers" reminds at times of Mr. Clemens.

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* "The King of the Schnovers." By I. Zangwill. (New York: MacMillan & Co. New York and London, 1894.)

One of the best of the collection is a little sketch entitled "A Tragi-Comedy of Creeds." Here the author develops an unexpected quality of pathos, and shows himself as much at home in this style as in the purely humorous.

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In marked contrast to the foregoing is the book entitled "On a Margin,"* a highly sensational romance, whose hero is an unscrupulous operator on the stock exchange, and who, by the most impossible strokes of genius and "nerve," wins for himself untold millions. When the book is finished one's first impulse is to feel in one's vest pocket for a cool million lying loose there. The hero thinks nothing of putting a paltry $5,000,000 into a pool, of ruining his friends and killing his enemies, bribing judges, juries, legislators, straightening the Mississippi and other little every-day amusements such as these. The book has not even its style to recommend it, for the characters are poorly introduced and the writing is stilted and unnatural. A slight idea of the book may be given from the climax. The book concludes with an attempt by one of his victims to murder the hero. The method chosen is by turning an electric light current onto the hero's private wire when he is telegraphing. By a lucky chance the "second-best" villain comes to the wire, and is instantly killed, while the murderer falls a victim to his own rashness, and is killed while connecting the wires, while the hero retires from active life and gives $10,000 to every county in the United States. The book may have some merit, but it is well concealed.

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"*L'age a toujours tort: s'il n'est pas dejà un absent, il le sera bientôt,*" is Ouida's cynical remark as she gives us her newest production.* It is a quotation singularly appropriate to the stories she tells. We feel as we read them that there is little real goodness in the world, and what is will not stay long. Two offenders they are, but in widely different spheres. But we find one deep, latent force at the bottom of these crimes—one against moral, the other against man's law. It is a sage truth that "money is the root of all evil." But with equal truth might it also be said that if money is the root, then poverty is the earth that nourishes the root.

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*"On a Margin." A story of these times. By Julius Chambers. (Chicago and New York, 1894: F. Tennyson Neely, publisher.)

*"Two Offenders" By Ouida. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Poverty, sad, grinding and unrelenting, is the cause of all the evil that Ouida so strongly depicts in these tales. It forces the old painter to yield up his beloved grandson to a stranger's hands, that his delicate youth may not fade away among the cellars and gutters of Paris. It drives the proud old Breton into the cheerless walls of Mount Parnasse, where his broken spirit finally sinks to rest in the pauper's grave. This first story is not the strongest of the two, but it is the most pathetic. We have all our finer instincts moved at the spectacle of the misery of the forlorn old painter, at his incarceration in the alms-house, and the careless forgetfulness of his grandson. We are in doubt as to who is the ingrate. If Roscoff is meant, then what a terrible weight of cold, cynical rebuke does the authoress fling at her countrymen.

The latter story embodies a crime of far different nature. But we cannot fail to admire the wonderful skill with which the author develops those countless and ever-stronger influences that at one great crisis impel a man, ordinarily the most amiable and reserved of his kind, to a deed for which there has been no earthly pardon since the divine mandate, "Thou shalt not kill."

It is one of the strongest stories we have ever read. Whatever the author's moral bent may be, whatever influence she may exert in the construction of such a plot, we cannot in these days and realm of realism stop to criticise her adversely. She has taken a phase of existence, abnormal it may be, but nevertheless within all realms of possibility, and developed it with a dramatic power that is wonderful.

* * * * *

Marion Crawford has promulgated a certain theory in regard to the novel—a creed by which rule he measures his own productions and which he applies to those of others. To him the novel is merely an article of luxury, and may therefore be classified in the same category with Havana cigars and Scotch whiskey—the only difference being that the latter are dutiable, the former is not.

We must confess we have had our illusions concerning novels, and we find it difficult to put aside our romantic convictions as out of date and foolish.

We used to think that fame and approval of mankind played a large part in stimulating the ambition of authors. We were even so provincial as to think that a feeling or desire for man's good, for the elevating of his ideals, often spurred a great author to his task. We sigh as we discover our beliefs impugned, and we long for that golden age when the all-absorbing greed of gain had not introduced the golden calf within the sacred precincts of our literary temples; when brains had not become solely a market product, transferable and regulated by the law of supply and demand.

Mr. Crawford, according to his theory, has added one more article to the large list of "luxuries" with which he has already favored us. Its appellation is "Katharine Lauderdale,"* and we are told its market price is two dollars. The story is a unique one in its way, because it only covers a period of five days, during which short time courtship, marriage, separation and reconciliation find place. Crawford's theory that novels are written to amuse was never more clearly illustrated by him than in his latest work.

That any author should have the audacity to take a young man whose character is most common-place, and a girl whose prototype is found in a thousand mansions in the metropolis, and present their most trivial actions and words during five days to a public, only too fully points out either the low opinion the author has of that public's judgment or indicates the truly lamentable position we are in to-day for want of "amusement."

Marion Crawford could at least draw Italian characters with a vividness which held our attention. He cannot do the same with Americans. His hero is corrupt, but he does not have even the redeeming traits that usually cover a multitude of fleshly lusts. After one has remarked the former fact there is nothing more to be said concerning him. Even the dialogues, which in Crawford's other novels have given him a name, do not possess their old sprightliness or depth, the chief reason being that the author has found himself out of his element, and with a strained effort he endeavours to imitate what he cannot originate.

The American public, we think, will falsify the opinion the author has already formed of them. We are not all seeking amusement in our literature, and those of us who are, want it genuine. If we seek it through realistic fiction we want photographs; if in romance, pictures; and he who presents us with a daub which represents neither does not either please or amuse us.

* * * * *

"The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" †—is not the title almost contradictory? Do worldly women or men ever love anything but that world? This one seemed to. That is, if we are to judge of the tenderness breathed in her letters. We can almost imagine the sweet-scented pink sheet on which her loving epistles are breathed. The letters are divided into a modern correspondence, Love Letters of a Worldly Woman, "On the Wane." Although hard to maintain the interest throughout in this species of composition, the authoress contrives to hold ours to the end.

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*"Katharine Lauderdale." F. Marion Crawford. (MacMillan & Co.; New York and London.)

†"Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely.)

* * * * *

Richard Henry Savage is a gentleman who is still able to cull romance from even this realistic, modern, work-a-day world. His novels involve deep mysteries of plot, and take the reader along a rough and difficult path, through tempestuous seas to the safe, smooth harbor, where the barks of hero and heroine are moored side by side, and the marriage bells are ringing in all the city towers. Skillful pilot, Mr. Savage. You have never wrecked your hero's ship on the rocky, sunken reefs, or left him to starve on the desert island. You have safely guarded your heroine's bark from those pirate ships which at one time hovered so threateningly round her. You believe, it is true, in the good old-fashioned method of suspending her by the hairs of her head over a deep and yawning chasm, but then you always lift her back to *terra firma* in plenty of time.

"The Anarchist," faithful to its author, is a story of deep and subtle machination on the part of the villain, of persecuted innocence on the part of the heroine, and the final triumph of virtue over vice.

The book* will prove satisfying to those whose natures demand such intellectual stimulus.

* * * * *

A history written by a foreigner always acquires value from the fact that the author is free from those influences of patriotism which, in the native writer, must always tend to warp the judgment in the desire to magnify the glory of a fatherland. This fact is admirably brought out in the volume before us,† another of the popular and extended series of historical studies, "The Story of the Nations." The aim of the present work is "to give a sketch of the process by which the Spanish nation was formed." This end is accomplished by a critical examination of the Arabic and Christian records of the country. Much interest is added to the work by the recent discovery of a valuable document throwing new light on a much-mooted point in Spanish history—whether or not the Cid was a real person—in the light of which little doubt as to his reality remains.

This volume covers the period 711–1492, from the Moorish conquest to the fall of Granada, taking up the fortunes of the conquered people and tracing the process by which Spain was recovered to Christendom, and of the rise of the nation, by the union of the crowns of Castile and Arragon, to a place among the powers of Europe.

Although, perhaps, not so popular as some of the former volumes in the series, the work is of great interest to the student of Spanish history as being the only work exclusively covering this period.

* * * * *

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* "The Anarchist." By R. H. Savage. (Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely.)

† "The Christian Recovery of Spain." By Henry Edward Watts. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Art in Theory" * is the title of the latest volume of the series by Professor Raymond on Comparative Æsthetics. The author's abilities and work in this line are too well known to need an introduction to the Princeton public.

The chief endeavour of the work is to get back to the first principles of art as revealed in the way in which they manifest themselves in the conditions of mind as related to those of matter. The author rejects the method of historic criticism as unsatisfactory and vicious in æsthetics, showing that the higher arts do not conform to its fundamental dictum that all art is the expression of the age in which it appears, but, on the contrary, are always more or less traditional. The fact which has distinguished the greatest masters in art, as in philosophy and science, is that they have resisted the influences of traditionalism sufficiently to be moved as much by their own feeling and thinking as by those of others who have preceded them; as much, therefore, by that which results from a psychologic method as by that which follows the historic. In an age when the influence of the latter is so potent, we must emphasize again, as in every period when production is at its best, the importance of the former.

An extended treatment is given the subject of beauty, whose various theories are stated and discussed, and from them is drawn a conclusion which meets the leading requirements of all. The prominent characteristics of beauty, as complexity, unity and variety, and its effects, both physiological and psychological, are treated fully.

Throughout is emphasized the idea that the general effect produced by all art-forms is *representative.* To this term the author applies a more extended significance than has been done heretofore, denoting by it an effect, the presence or absence of which in any work determines the presence or absence of artistic excellence. The term can be applied to all art-forms, considered either as expressive of thought and feeling in the mind of the artist, or reproducing by way of imitation things heard or seen in the external world. All works of art must contain enough of the imitative element to represent the surroundings suggested. This is true even of music, the least imitative of the arts, and can be affirmed even more strongly of literature, painting, sculpture or architecture. The peculiarity of all art is, therefore, that it not only presents, but literally re-presents both the thoughts which it expresses and the form through which it expresses them.

The volume closes with a short but interesting criticism from the pen of Professor J. Mark Baldwin on Professor Raymond's theory of beauty, confirming the essential agreement between the theory and the results of modern investigation in physiological psychology.

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* "Art in Theory: An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Æsthetics" By Professor George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Evangeline [Longfellow], with Biography of Author, Critical Opinions and Explanatory Notes." (Maynard, Merrill & Co., N. Y.)

Livy. Books XXI. and XXII. Edited by Greenough & Peck. Alphonse Daudet, Freeborn; Popular Science, Luquilus. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

"The Spirit of God," P. C. Mozoomdar; "Heart-Beats," P. C. Mozoomdar. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.)

"Hand-book of Athletic Sports," Ernest Bell, M. A. (Geo. Bell & Sons, London and New York.)

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MARCH 3D.—Meeting of Graduate Advisory Committee at Princeton. Thomas J. Perkins, '94, elected General Athletic Treasurer for next year.

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SOME REASONS FOR THE FURTHER AND COMPLETE SUBJUGATION OF WOMEN.

"Taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thoroughgoing philistines, and quite incurable. Hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And, further, it is just because they are philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way. Napoleon's saying—that *women have no rank*—should be adopted as the right standpoint in determining their position in society. * * * They form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex—inferior in every respect to the first, and their infirmities should be treated with great consideration. When Nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly through the middle. These division are polar and opposed to each other, it is true; but the difference between them is not qualitative, merely, it is also quantitative." —*Schopenhauer.*

"Mare, ignis et mulier sunt tria mala."
—*Latin Proverb.*

"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great."
—*Lyttleton's "Advice to a Lady."*

ONE of the most significant characteristics of modern life, as compared with all other times of which history has left a record, is the prominent position of woman. For, looking at the course of history in the broad sweep of the centuries, and running our inquiry so far back as to give us general, salient results, it is easy to see that unconsciously or not, the whole framework of society is threatened with one of the most profound changes that has ever come into the life-history of the race. This threatened revolution is no less than an attempt to place the functional activities of society in the control of women equally with that of men—an attempt, in fact, to abolish the relation of master and subordinate that has so far been the constant relation by which civilized people have determined the respective rights, duties and liabilities of man and woman.

The history of womankind has not been, as some enthusiastic persons have unthinkingly declared, a history of gradual emancipation. On the contrary, the general result of civilization has been that the dependence of woman on man, her natural master, has become more and more marked. If we leave out of consideration the last fifty years of this century (for it is during these fifty years that the present curious reaction to which I have alluded has occurred), the course of history, as a whole, seems to reveal a picture that must be very discouraging to the benevolent gentlemen who have so passionately advocated the "Emancipation of Woman." For the dominant races of the world have, in the long run, been steadily repressing women and curtailing their power more and more. For in spite of slight occasional variations, this normal and natural system of subordination has prevailed among all the progressive races. Notwithstanding the crude absurdities in which some emotional people have from time to time indulged, the subjection of woman has been the constant accompaniment of progress. The position of women has come to be vastly more prominent during the present century than it ever has been before among progressive nations.

The idea that underlies this proposed assimilation of the functions of man and woman in the social fabric is probably a vague feeling that man's work, or most of it, may be fairly well done by women, and that a larger field will be thrown open to the race, and larger results attained, by the accession of this body of workers. We say a "vague feeling," because if we were to put this proposition deliberately before us as a rational judgment its absurdity would be so manifest as to require no extended argument.

But let any idea, or theory, or notion, once become widely diffused, and let it receive the unthinking assent of one or two leaders of men, it is the most natural thing in the world to find it after a while accepted as a living truth. We have seen a few women admitted to the bar, a few successfully practicing medicine, a few writing good novels, and a few public men pathetically advocating the "emancipation of woman," and have come, in some cases, to look upon this encroaching process as perfectly natural; and some of us have, perhaps unconsciously, grown to regard the future accession of women to all fields of human effort as a natural and not wholly undesirable result.

Now, there is of course no question that women can, in some way or another, perform a great part of the work that is now or until recently has been performed exclusively by men. They can, we say, do it in some way or another; but it does not follow that they can do it so well, or even with any high degree of efficiency. A horse may do the work of a cable or an engine, and draw a car, and a boy may design a cathedral, but it does not follow that the horse can draw the car very long or very fast, or that the boy can build a great cathedral; and it might be very unwise for society to leave its cars to be drawn by horses and its cathedrals to be designed by boys. In the same manner, in the case of the position of woman, the question is whether woman is so constituted as to be able to perform *efficiently* the active work that moves society forward; whether history shows any indication of such ability on woman's part, and finally, whether there is any reasonable prospect of her ever being able so to do.

These are questions which society must some day answer, and upon its answer is largely conditioned the aspect of the future.

If to any of these questions we can honestly find an affirmative reply, then so far do the advocates of "Women's Rights," so-called, seem to have some foundation. If, on the other hand, an impartial investigation results in an unqualified negative to all of these questions, then the attempt to assimilate the social activities of men and women is in direct contradiction to the established nature of things, and the sooner such a fatuous attempt is abandoned the better.

Let us then, in a calm and impartial spirit, and unmoved by any consideration save an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, consider whether woman is as a matter of fact able to fulfill those more active duties which some enthusiastic ladies of the Sorosis Society and similar organizations have so loudly claimed.

In the first place, what inference may we draw *a priori* from the constitution of women as compared with that of man? The physical and nervous structure bears striking testimony whose value we cannot ignore. Bodily strength is not man's highest possession, but a high degree of physical power has always been associated with advancing civilization. The great nations have been the nations of strong men. The superb physical development of the Greeks is a commonplace of history. Englishmen have always been proud of the sturdiness of their people, and attribute much of their invincibility to that cause. Strength and dexterity, temperance and self-control are always possessed by the dominant race; not only is this true among races, but in the struggle for existence it is the individuals that have this fine physical development and self-control that survive and add to the accumulating heritage of the race. Now in all these characteristics women are notably deficient. They have neither the strength of men nor their power of endurance, and were they to be deprived of man's protecting support it is doubtful if a colony of women could long maintain itself alive. Their bodies are slighter, their frame smaller and their muscles weaker than those of men; and, what is far more important, they are fearfully deficient in the power of endurance and reservation of force, a faculty much more important than the possession of mere strength. Nor could the women of a country ever be counted on to defend it in time of war.

Important as the physical basis is, it becomes insignificant when compared with the question of mental equipment. Intellect moves the world, and more emphatically than in the case of physical excellence, the dominant nations are the intelligent nations, and among individuals it is the men of intellectual force that stamp their mark upon their time. The brain of the average woman weighs some ninety grams less than the brain of the average man. The evidence afforded by relative brain-weights is of course by no means conclusive, as the mere size of the brain is not of itself an absolute test; but it is of interest as tending to indicate that we should hardly expect to find quite so high a degree of intellectual power among women, and that the characterization of women's pleasures and women's pain as lesser notions, "bounded in a shallower brain," is not a mere figure of speech.

Then, too, the prolonged infancy of men, nearly fifty per cent. longer than that of women, is of striking significance. Women and savages reach maturity early in life. If this has any teleological meaning at all it must be that human beings who require some twenty-five years to reach the maturity of their powers necessarily attain a wider mental grasp and more complete psychic development than those whose youth ceases at eighteen or twenty years.*

But, passing from *a priori* considerations, let us inquire whether, as a matter of fact, women have ever displayed to any great extent that high degree of mental power which would justify us in extending to them the prerogatives of their masters. At this point we meet with the familiar though weak plea that women have not heretofore had the opportunity of showing what they could do, and that we are therefore not in a position to judge. To this it might obviously be replied that the very fact that they have not "had a fair trial" is a tremendous argument against affording them a trial now. "Opportunities" are made, not passively received, and those who have within them the power of successful effort make opportunities for themselves. To plead that women have let all the centuries slip by without seizing an opportunity of displaying this ability which it is said they possess, might itself be considered a confession of weakness. But waiving this aspect of the question, and admitting for the sake of argument that along some lines woman has never had an opportunity of proving herself equal to man, let us confine ourselves to those fields of endeavour in which women *have* had the opportunity to prove their ability, especially those which are peculiarly fitted to draw forth women's best activities.

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*The importance to human psychic development of the prolongation of infancy is discussed by John Fiske in his paper on "The Meaning of Infancy," published in "Excursions of an Evolutionist."

The fact that there has never been any number of great leaders of industry among women, of women great in commerce, great in the pulpit, or great in military science, may therefore be disregarded, because in these and similar spheres woman has had no opportunity to show her power. But there are other departments of activity in which no such excuse can be adduced. In the sphere of science ample opportunity has been afforded again and again for woman to add her contribution. And yet, as we look over the enormous work that science has accomplished, especially within the last forty years, how much of this advance is due to a woman's mind? What new conception, what fact, what contribution has woman ever brought into the field of science? The great landmarks of natural science, such great and splendid contributions as Kepler's laws, the Copernican system, the wave-theory of light, the conservation of energy, the theory of evolution, etc., have been achieved without the slightest aid from women. Indeed some have been led to believe that it is almost impossible to find among women that judicial temperament and calmness of judgment which is so absolutely essential in scientific investigation. It is probable that the case is not so bad as this, but the fact remains that no important contribution has been made by woman to natural science, although ample opportunity has been afforded her for the fullest scientific research.

In philosophy and the region of more abstract thought we find a similar result. In the realm of philosophy and reflection the disadvantages under which women labour are reduced to the minimum, and need hardly be a real drawback at all. The greatest philosophers have not been men of the world, and if women were mentally capable of adding any serious contribution to philosophic thought they have had ample opportunity. Yet, in spite of such opportunity, their contribution to philosophy has been almost *nil.*

In the *application* of science, too, the work has all been done by men. The great inventions that have changed the face of nature and transformed the world about us are all the work of men. There have been no great inventors among women*. It was even reserved to man to invent the sewing machine. It requires some effort of thought to contemplate what sweeping changes the progress of invention has wrought in the aspect of our daily life; if we consider the enormous difference between the world as we know it and the world as known to the ancients, who had neither steamship nor railway, who were without the printing press, it requires, I say, some effort of thought to adequately realize the tremendous changes that science and invention have brought into the world; if now we reflect that this marvelous transformation has been wrought almost entirely by men, and that woman has contributed scarcely one iota to this enormous work, it certainly seems to indicate some deep-lying reason in an original difference of capacity; in short, the great length of time and the vast number of instances forbid the hypothesis of chance; the reason that women have contributed nothing to science and invention is doubtless because woman is not endowed with the intellectual fibre that makes scientific progress possible.

Let us now examine another great sphere of human activity, a sphere in which woman's ability should certainly be manifest. I refer to the arts, including not only the fine arts, but all forms of production which are of a more spiritual character and have their basis not only in the intellect but largely in the feelings and emotions. Here, if anywhere, woman's record should be a brilliant one, for it is in the field of the emotions that women's peculiar strength has been supposed to lie. Not to unduly prolong the inquiry, let us confine ourselves to four or five of the principal arts, which may be taken as fairly typical of the rest, namely, Architecture, Music, Painting, Fiction and Poetry. These are also useful as types, because in these women have been free from the restrictions that have in some other cases hampered their activities. The field has been as open to them as to men and it is here, if anywhere, that women's ability should be decidedly shown.

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* This has been observed by Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary": "Very learned women are to be found, in the same manner as female warriors, but they are seldom or ever inventors."

Architecture need not detain us long. The great architectural impulses of history, the Greek and the Gothic, were entirely the work of men. If it had been necessary to wait for woman's initiative we should never had developed the arch, the column, nor any of the characters of architecture; we should never have known a cathedral or temple. I defy the champion of woman to name a simple vital principle that has been introduced into architecture by women, or a single great historic building that owes its creative impulse to the guiding principle of a woman's hand.

Nor has woman added any considerable increment to the art of music. Just as Michael Angelo, William of Sens, Christopher Wren and all the world's great architects have been men, so Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner and all its great composers have been men. And in music especially abundant opportunity has been given women to display their power. Both in this country and in Europe the average woman receives far more adequate musical training than the average man. So far from any obstacle being thrown in their way, every facility is afforded for musical cultivation among women. Yet in spite of all this there have been among women no composers of the first class. There have been women of magnificent voices, and many women have acquired extraordinary dexterity in instrumental rendition; but the history of music fails to show the name of a single woman who ranks with the great composers mentioned above. Whether in the wonderful mastery of counterpoint and perfection of detail shown by Bach and his eighteenth-century contemporaries, or in the superb measures of the Niebelungen Trilogy, the great productions of music have been the work of men, and of men alone; here, as before, we find women fairly outclassed, and offering no evidence whatever of any ability to reach the highest results of art.

What is the testimony in the case of painting? Here surely the "finely-touched nature" of woman should manifest itself; here the artistic impulse finds fullest play; if the mental calibre of woman approaches that of man, in painting surely should we find evidence of the fact. Yet here, as in architecture and music, we find the same significant vacuity of result. We search the history of the plastic arts in all ages, and we find that the great masters have invariably been men. Woman has hardly stamped her mark at all. Raphael, Titian, Murillo, and all the splendid company of the masters will remain as immortal men of genius for art; there never yet has been a woman who, in painting, could rank with them; at the present time, so far as can be judged, the great and lasting work of art is being mostly done by men. It is by men that art schools are conducted, by men that women are instructed in painting, and it is men that are taking the initiative and doing nearly all that is being done in painting at the present day. Women have far more opportunity in this line than men, yet the exhibitions at the Academy repeat year after year the same story of the persistent superiority of men's work. Nor can this be attributed to the partiality of the judges, for if we take the impersonal test of endurance, how many artists among women, I ask, have, in any period, gone down to history as equal to their contemporaries among men? Rosa Bonheur has been called one of the most famous painters among women, yet even in our own century Rosa Bonheur is one and alone, while there are, at the lowest estimate, half a dozen men who are fully as great artists as she. Reduce the paintings at the Louvre to those by woman's hand, and you might as well close its doors for good, or make of the building another *Bon Marché*; or, cross the Seine and visit the Luxembourg, an aristocracy of art admission to which is not dependent on death, as in the Louvre; here again it will not take very long to discover that the overwhelming proportion of its great productions are the work of men, and that women's contribution is ridiculously small.*

Among women, then, there have been no great scientists, no great inventors, no great architects, no great composers and no great painters. Have there been any great poets? Here we fortunately find the outlook a little brighter. There have been a few successful poets among women; we think immediately of Sappho, speaking her passionate words from the misty dawn of history; we remember how woman has from time to time burst forth in splendid measures; we recognize the depth and tenderness of Mrs. Browning, and we have in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's magnificent "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" what is probably the noblest national hymn that the world has ever known. We gladly recognize and acknowledge woman's contribution to the poetry of the world; but in thus acknowledging it we can not avoid the fact that this entire contribution has after all been relatively a very small one; by far the larger part of the great poets of the world, like the great scientists and great artists, have been men.

In fiction we find a situation strikingly similar. Every opportunity is given women in this line. The public and the critics alike do not object to a good book because it is written by a woman. Nay, we even allow women to array themselves in the plumage of men, and if they so desire, to write over a masculine *nom de plume*, a privilege, by the way, the return of which is never requested, men never having shown any desire to disguise their sex under a feminine name. And yet, in spite of all the encouragement that has been given, women have never given us half a dozen novelists of the first rank. Indeed we might almost say they have only given us one; for with the exception of George Eliot there is probably no woman novelist who would by common consent be universally acknowledged to rank with Thackeray, Scott, Balzac and a dozen men. Such writers as Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë and George Sand, are indeed regarded by many as novelists of the very first rank, but for that matter so are many men whom the *general* opinion places in the second class. In short, woman's contribution to fiction, while valuable, has been relatively slight.

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*Since the above was written my attention has been called to the following judicious observation of Schopenhauer:

"And you can not expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine and original, or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere. This is most strikingly shown in regard to painting, where mastery of technique is at least as much within their power as ours, and hence they are diligent in cultivating it; but still, they have not a single great painting to boast of, just because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so distinctly indispensable in painting. They never get beyond a subjective point of view. It is quite in keeping with this that ordinary women have no real susceptibility for art at all."

On this whole question of woman's work in art I cannot do better than to quote from a recent lecture of Mr. Edmund Gosse, delivered at Newnham College (the Women's College) at Cambridge.

> " No sound critic will pretend that woman has added anything to the sum of male attainment in these major branches of art. The reason is, apparently, that the artistic nature is not strongly developed in her. She has energy, imagination, sentiment, invention, but she has not the artistic impulse."

Compare also Rosseau: " Women have in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any, and they have no genius."

We find therefore a striking convergence of testimony along all the lines of our inquiry; woman's contribution to the progress of the world has been found to be uniformly small in quantity and inferior in quality; a series of results truly remarkable, and pointing unmistakably to a profound and fundamental difference in the mental calibre of man and of woman. Woman, in short, is seen from the testimony of half a dozen different independent sources, to lack that mental grasp, that fineness of mental fibre, which is essential to the advance of civilization.* In fact, history has left us one or two painful instances of tribes in which by

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The often cited instances of women's academic success, and the high stand that some of them trke in schools and colleges, are not in point. This does not necessarily indicate any very profound mental ability; men of very indifferent mental calibre often stand high in their class. Women have the memory and the receptive faculties highly developed, but this is a different thing from the creative impulse of originality.

some curious freak of providence, the government of society has fallen into the hands of women, and barbarism has been the inevitable result, as witness the case of the Amazons. But we need not go so far; in the quaint fishing village of Newhaven, a few miles from Edinborough, there still exists a state of society in which women are the masters; in entering this picturesque village one feels as if he had stepped back into the Middle Ages, so completely oblivious are its inhabitants of the world about them; these people, living thus under woman's control, have apparently hardly made any perceptible advance within the last three centuries.

I have not instanced the case of mercantile and industrial pursuits, for the reason that it might be fairly claimed that here women have not, as a rule, had an equal opportunity with men. Neither have we examined the comparative statesmanship of men and women, for a similar reason. Sometimes, however, an opportunity is given women to manage things as they will, but it is very apt to end in a quarrel, or in such ludicrous bickerings as we were treated to in the now famous Board of Lady Managers of the Chicago Exposition.

Such is the situation that confronts us. The conclusion to which we have thus been driven is, I am aware, one that many of us will sincerely regret. We have heard so much of the advancement of women that it becomes really painful to discover that our idol's feet are made of clay; but it is our duty to discover the truth, howsoever unpleasant the task may be, and however many illusions may be destroyed in the process. We have purposely made use of facts within the knowledge of everyone, and we have avoided all appeal to prejudice. Surprising as the result of our investigation may have been, and however fearfully suggestive, it rests upon the basis of solid facts, whose passionless testimony is absolutely conclusive.

We wish that we could look upon this great historic fact of woman's lower mental power as merely temporary, and suggestive of a larger growth in the time to come. But we need lay no such flattering unction to our soul. Woman's opportunity has extended over too many centuries, has been offered her again and again in too many different civilizations, and under too many different circumstances, to afford us any reasonable probability that the future has any better results in store. Women's strength admittedly lies not so much in the purely intellectual part of her nature as in the finer spiritual activities, and in the richness of her emotional experience. Now it is precisely this side of our psychical being that voices itself in the art impulse, and in the arts, which are thus presumably woman's most promising field, the pitiless facts of history, as we have seen, show woman to have always been hopelessly behind.

In view of these facts the inference is irresistible that society, as the parent and guardian of civilization, must not encourage these encroachments on the part of woman; actual equality, in the social fabric, of men and women has been shown to be utterly impossible; an illusive and nominal equality is therefore founded upon a false basis, and is useless. If this were all, and if it were nothing worse than useless, we might throw all fields of activity open to women and allow them to do the best they could; this has been done in most cases to a greater or less extent, and the result, as we have seen, is the hopeless inferiority of woman's work. But there are consequences resultant upon thus setting the seal of deliberate social sanction upon such apparent equality—consequences so far-reaching and of such momentous effect for good or ill as to make us pause. To point these out as clearly as may be done within the limits of such an article as the present, and briefly to indicate the apalling and persistent evil to society and to the advance of civilization that we must suffer if we exalt woman to the functional level of man, is the object of this paper.

The inevitable result of such an attempted equalization is that women and men should come to be regarded as coördinate members of the social fabric, possessing equal interests and equal rights. We thus have the curious spectacle of an enormous body of the public, whose judgment must of necessity determine the direction of the energy of each particular generation, and yet who have not themselves the ability of production. The painter may paint for posterity and the architect may build for generations yet unborn, yet in the vast majority of cases the producer of any sort, whether in the fine arts, in industry or in commerce, is influenced in his work largely by the prevailing cast of thought of his time. He may rise above it, but he cannot rise indefinitely above it, and if the standard of his time be a low one, and if his contemporaries' powers of judgment be not the best, we are bound to see the result in his work. *Tom Jones* could not have been written during the Roman Empire; the cathedral of Rheims could not have been built in an age when men were daily expecting the end of the world; the fifteenth century could never have produced *Hamlet.* We may thus readily see that the contributions which the leaders of any generation make to the advance of civilization is largely conditioned by the mental character, standards and points of view of the people of that generation. Now, while women are, as we have seen, manifestly incapable of making any extensive contributions to the progress of the world, yet by extending to them all the social rights and privileges of men we make them judges of what they cannot themselves produce. Mr. Howells has remarked that it is by women's opinion that the fate of modern novels is ultimately decided. Now, women's opinion is, to say the least, a very peculiar standard of judgment in art. The observation of innumerable generations, crystallized in the form of proverbs, seems to indicate a certain degree of whimsical fancy and emotional impulse rather than calm and critical judgment as characteristic of the feminine mind; "a woman's reason" is a reason for which one can give no reason; "a woman's 'won't'" suggests stubborn obstinacy rather than deliberate choice. The right to change her mind without reason and as often as she desires was recognized as woman's peculiar prerogative even in the time of the Romans, as appears from Virgil's exquisite line,

> Varium et mutabile semper femina.

The same inspiration prompted the well-known lines of Francis I:

> "Souvent femme varie,
> Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

The most brutal murderers are always overwhelmed with flowers and similar tokens from women; women proverbially pay tribute to power, mental or physical, often when it is associated with utter brutality. Women are usually regarded as more susceptible to flattery than men; the strongest woman that has ever held a nation under her control was undoubtedly Queen Elizabeth, yet Elizabeth was so absurdly vain that the glory of her fame is lessened by her ridiculous susceptibility to flattery. No sensible man will presume to discuss politics with a woman. Women are notoriously unable to endure beauty in other women. With these serious limitations it will be seen what a risk is run in allowing women, who are thus deficient in the qualifications of sober thinking, to hold the power of judgment in their hands. And it is interesting to note that the world's great periods of productiveness have been free from this feminine influence. The glory of Greek sculpture, of Athenian oratory, the wonderful splendour of the age of Pericles in all departments, the development of the Roman law, the sublime creations of Gothic architecture, the imperishable glory of Venice, the Reformation, the mighty works of Corregio, Rubens, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and the other great masters, the rise of the drama under Elizabeth, these and the other great outpourings that stand as eternal landmarks of the progress of mankind, were the work of times in which women held a distinctly subordinate place, when men, as the sole rulers and masters of society, were likewise the sole judges of its work. But, it may be said, is not our age a scientific one rather than a time of artistic creation? Is not our scientific activity as great a result as those of any former period, and is not this scientific advance contemporaneous with the incipient social "elevation" of woman? True; but the significant fact is that *in the sphere of science woman has no voice whatever;* her opinion is not even asked for. So the great fact remains that most of the great advances have been made in fields of activity which were under the exclusive control of men. We merely state the fact; whether this be a mere coincidence or is due to a common underlying cause the reader must judge for himself.

But there is a greater evil attendant upon this merging of the positions of men and women—an evil whose insidious action is often not felt until too late, and which has been one of the chief causes of the collapse of all the historic civilizations of the world.

For as surely as night follows the day, so surely when women are regarded as co-ordinate with men in the body politic, fashion begins to reign, and a large part of every increment in social energy is absorbed by an increase in luxury and profusion of ornament. And this dominance of fashion only arises during periods of feminine power. The Athenians never regarded woman as the social counterpart of man; society was not organized for her delectation, and as women were kept in a subordinate position men did not feel that they were placed in the world for the purpose of gratifying woman's whims. The consequence was that when the Athenian found that he could support his family and still have some money or some potential energy left, he did not spend it in cotillions or Patriarchs' balls or pink teas or in buying his wife a more expensive gown than her next door neighbour. There being none of these feminine demands to supply, the surplus energy of the Athenians was spent on sculpture, on temples, on such sublime monuments as the Parthenon, and in a hundred other directions that so lifted the Greek of the time of Pericles above the average of men that, viewed after the lapse of twenty-three centuries, the Athenians seem to have risen to the highest level of individual culture that man has ever known. This subordination of women and concomitant elevation of thought and life among the Athenians has been noticed by John Fiske in his suggestive paper on "Athenian and American Life." Speaking of the home life of the Greeks, he says:*

> "This brings us to another notable feature of Athenian life. The wife having no position in society, being nothing, indeed, but a sort of household utensil, how greatly was life simplified! *What a door for expenditure was there, as yet securely closed, and which no one had thought of opening!* No milliner's or dressmaker's bills, no evening parties, no Protean fashions, no elegant furniture, no imperious necessity for Kleanthes to outshine Kleon, no coaches, no *Château Margaux*, no journeys to Arkadia in the summer! In such a state of society, as one may easily see, the labour of one man would support half a dozen. * * * We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn that in ancient Athens there were no paupers or beggars."

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* "The Unseen World," p. 105.

It is not claimed that we should revert to all the customs of the Athenians. It is to be hoped that it can never be said of us that our women are a sort of household utensil. But woman may be subordinated without being degraded, and it is subordination and not degradation that we must employ now.

And subordination is inevitable if society is to live. Society can not indefinitely endure the enormous strain upon its energy which is made in the gratification of feminine fashion and adornment. This passion for personal adornment and luxury of surroundings has long been left behind by men. Civilized men no longer wear fantastic and extravagant adornments, and consider it bad form to display precious stones. Compare the quiet evening dress which custom has prescribed for men, with the bewildering apparel in which civilized women array themselves, and it will be seen how the passion for personal adornment, so characteristic of children and savages, has persisted among women, long after it has died out in men.* It survives to a certain degree among men in the case of the military profession, but as it is there associated with the fearful instinct for war, a base animal instinct which society must sooner or later cast off, it need not detain us here.

Nor is the feminine passion for personal adornment a slight matter, so slight as to be no economic importance.

On the contrary its demands increase with every increase of wealth, while man's decrease, and history shows us that this process is followed to the bitter end. It was the folly and extravagance of women that set the pace for the appalling luxury of the French court at Versailles before the Revolution, and it was the extravagant luxury of women that presaged the fall of the Roman Empire. Cleopatra figuratively dissolved a jewel in a cup of wine. Plutarch speaks of her welcome of Antony, and of her barge,† "the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols and such other

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*"It is rightly inferred that these things (frivolities) are pleasing to children, women and slaves, * * * but can by no means be approved by a man who forms a right judgment of things."—*Cicero.*

†North's Plutarch.

instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold tissue, appareled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys, appareled as painters do set forth boy Cupids, with little fans in their hands with which they fanned wind upon her;" a description recalling Shakespeare's brilliant paraphrase.

Have we entirely outlived this? Are the women of our time wiser than those of Antony's time, wiser than the women of the French Court? Alas for the persistence of feminine vanity, when women in New York wear upon their persons an amount of visible tangible wealth that represents a year's labour of a dozen able-bodied men, it certainly seems that there is a fearful economic waste somewhere. The *New York World* of April 8th, 1894, thus describes a recent ball:

> "There were a great many stunning gowns worn at the large dance given by Gen. and Mrs. ——— on Tuesday night, which was altogether a brilliant affair and decided success. Mrs. ———, who is a very handsome woman of the brunette type, wore a superb white satin gown with many diamond ornaments. Mrs. ——— had on some of her diamonds, which are among the most valuable in town, and was attired in plum-colored velvet. Mrs. ——— was arrayed in yellow and white satin, and Miss ———, who was first introduced last year, was in lilac silk. Mrs. ——— wore a very rich blue and yellow satin with lace and many diamonds, including necklace and corsage ornaments. Mrs. ——— was very effectively attired in ivory satin ruffled with black chiffon and wore a diamond tiara, necklace and many ornaments."

Another journal speaks of an American wedding in Paris, and describes a gown

> "Worn by the Vicomtesse de la R——, consisting of a combination of black velvet and satin, a line of sable round the hem and another at knee height, ornamenting the skirt, the lower portion of which was velvet and the upper of satin, spangled with jet. The corsage was of velvet and satin, spangled to match, with revers of fur completing this very stylish costume. * * * The Vicomtesse, by the by, presented to the bride a beautiful coffee service of old Saxe, Princess G—— a surtout of exquisitely chased silver, the Duchesse d'U—— a superb diamond hat-

pin, and the Princess —— a lace and tortoise-shell fan, with the bride's monogram and crest in rubies and diamonds."

This is interesting. The student of contemporary civilization may also be pleased to learn, as announced in the *Sun* a few days ago, that

> "In London, Mrs. B—— M—— has been dazzling British eyes with the splendor of her jewels, and is described at one large function as being 'ablaze with precious stones.' Lady C——, at the last drawing-room, was especially noticeable, as wearing an original head-dress of three hoops of brilliants, from each of which enormous single stones were hanging 'like old-fashioned lustres,' sparkling and flashing as she moved."

It seems that the women of our time, as well as of Cleopatra's, have wandered far from the Scriptural injunction of St. Paul, "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." *

It may be said that these ridiculous displays are only made by a few frivolous people of great wealth and limited mind-stuff; but the fact remains that there are always women vain and foolish enough to perpetuate this enormous drain upon wealth. Yet it is very evident that this vast sum of money which is annually spent to furnish these ladies with "satin, spangled with jet," with "fans ornamented with rubies and diamonds," etc., might, for all the actual value that it secures and for all the actual good it accomplishes, as well be thrown into the sea or melted in a crucible. This vast amount of wealth thus spent means an actual loss to society of many million dollars a year; it means the employment of thousands of able-bodied men in occupations absolutely unproductive. This is, we say, an absolute loss, the deliberate destruction of wealth, while our cities remain barren of public ornament, while our colleges struggle for lack of funds, while men and women are starving for want of bread, while science and art are struggling for life, and civilization is slowly and laboriously picking its way. This vast amount of wealth, which might be turned to the advancement of civilization, is remorselessly intercepted and devoted to the gratification and adornment of woman. I have said that it was absolutely wasted; it is wasted because it does not even subserve an artistic end. This ridiculous and extravagant adornment cannot be seriously said to enhance the beauty of women, or to gratify any æsthetic principle of our nature. The great types of beauty are, as a rule, free from any such adventitious aids, and no one believes that these extravagant adornments and costly gowns really enhance the beauty of women. *Simplex munditiis* expressed Horace's description of a beautiful woman, in a time when extravagance was as common among women as it is to-day. The "Joconde" of Leonardo Da Vinci still beams upon us through the centuries, simple in its exquisite beauty. Would her loveliness be heightened by a "corsage of velvet and satin, spangled to match, with revers of fur completing this very stylish costume"? Does the tradition of the beauty of Helen of Troy rest upon any such artificial help as this? Shall we believe that the face

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* I Tim., 2, 9.

> "—that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium"

would have been more ravishingly beautiful if its owner had worn "an original head-dress of three hoops of brilliants, from each of which enormous single stones were hanging, 'like old-fashioned lustres,' sparkling and flashing as she moved"?

Our task is done. We have seen that woman has conclusively demonstrated her inability to compete with man in his own sphere. We have seen that while an actual functional equality with man was therefore impossible, yet an apparent equality might be maintained; that the inevitable effect of the maintenance of such an apparent equality was to lower the standard of progress, and furthermore that by such apparent equality the energies of society must be turned into unproductive and wasteful channels, to such a degree as to retard the progress of civilization. In view of these facts, the duty of society is clearly seen to consist not in any extension of the privileges of woman, but rather in their further and complete subjugation.

And yet, by a curious paradox, it is by her very exclusion from the sphere of men's work that woman reaches that loftiness and wonderful depth of nature that has ever called forth the reverence of man. The reverence that every man feels for his mother is the last strand that never breaks, however weak his moral nature may become. In his reverence for woman man approaches most nearly to an intuition of the divine, and if a man has once lost this, then he is indeed of all men the most wretched. For woman is essentially different in her spiritual nature from man—in accordance with that harmonious dualism that is manifest throughout the universe. The law of her being is essentially different, and we can no more make it the same as man's than we can make the ocean equal to the sky that rests upon its bosom. When woman's misguided champions seek to make her functions the same as men's they do not exalt her, they drag her down. No nation has ever become great whose men have not had a profound and undying reverence for woman; but these nations have not foolishly swept aside the limits and bounds that lie between. Christianity has elevated woman more than any other force in history, yet Christianity affords no warrant for this absurd and fatuous attempt to merge the social functions of women and men; its teachings imperatively forbid it and insist upon woman's subjection to her master. Wives are admonished to "submit themselves unto their husbands, as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife,"* and "if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home"; † and finally, in the words of St. Paul himself, ‡

> "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.
>
> "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over man, but to be in silence."

Woman is truly the lesser man, and whenever she enters in competition with man she is doomed to disappointment and defeat; for her greatness lies not in the masculine virtues nor in those qualities which have made men great, but rather in a certain deep and exquisite spiritual essence, whose innermost nature man may never know.

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* Eph. 5, 22, 23.
† I Cor., 14, 35.
‡ I Tim., 11, 12.

McCready Sykes.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED GIRL.

THERE were two roads from Markams to Stoneboro. Not that Markams needed two roads. One would have been sufficient for all purposes of travel. But, with that strange incongruity which so often marks the existence of the most unimportant communities, Markams thought two roads necessary to her well-being. If you had asked an inhabitant of Stoneboro which road it were best to take, he would have advised the lower, if you wanted to get there as quickly as possible; but then there was the swamp half way, and you could hardly avoid going in over your ankles at that point. The upper road was much longer, and straggled along up steep hills and down steeper declivities. As if to mock the sensation of utter desolation which the landscape here gave you, consumptive-looking fences stretched along the roadside. In some places they had entirely disappeared among the rank, dusty growth of weeds and grasses, giving one the impression that they had grown tired running up hill and had lain down to rest. Why anyone should care to lay claim to property along the upper Markams road is more than human ingenuity can fathom. However, if you were not pressed for time, or disliked mud, the citizen of Stoneboro would have advised you to take the upper road. That is if he were not so astonished by the mere fact that you wanted to go to Markams, that he would immediately have signified his intention of accompanying you thither for the sole purpose of satisfying his curiosity, and discovering why you went.

Strange then as it may seem, one hot, dusty afternoon in August, a traveler was journeying briskly towards Markams. Over his shoulder, slung by a strap, hung a large oblong package, wrapped in thick brown paper. He was a sturdy, good-looking young fellow, with that general air of confidence and self-appreciation that denotes a person accustomed to the world and to think well of himself. The quick and vigourous manner in which he got over the roughness and inequalities of the lower road showed that he was quite used to walking, and was still good for several hours more. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. Before him, in the road, lay a large pasteboard box tied with pink twine. He picked it up and looked around him with a puzzled air. He felt a sensation almost akin to Crusoe's, when he discovered the foot-print in the sands of his lonely isle. It was a surprise to find trace of human being in this desolate spot. He untied the string and opened the box. Nestled within the cardboard and tissue paper was a hat—a feminine hat, too—and he smiled at the evident traces of girlish vanity seen in the artificial finery and inartistic blending of inharmonious colours.

"Some poor country lassie will be desolate next Sunday," he said pityingly.

"I wonder if anyone in Markams can lay claim to this? I might as well take it along." And tying up the box again, he marched on, carrying his find with him. Coming to muddy pools and mire where the road crossed the swamp, he discovered the tracks of horse and wheels.

"Someone has crossed here recently," he said to himself. "Perhaps this may lead me to the solution of the mystery of the hat." And picking his steps carefully, he hurried across. At the top of the next hill he saw a wagon standing. A young girl seated in it was looking backwards. The young man hastened to climb the intervening distance. The girl's eyes fell upon the box he was carrying, and a look of relief became visible on her countenance. The young man was panting from his exertions.

"Did you," he gasped when within speaking distance, "did you lose a—a—hat?"

"Yes, I did," she replied. "And you found it? I'm dreadful glad; I've been savin' up for that hat most three months now; it must have got jolted off the seat when I wasn't looking."

"I'm very glad I found it, then," said the young man, smiling, as he handed it up to her. She smiled back.

"Are you going to Markams?" she said. "You can ride there with me, if you like; it's most three miles yet."

The young man promptly replied, "thank you," and climbed up beside her. Walking was not a pleasure this hot day; besides this girl was pretty. Her brown eyes met his frankly and her manner was wholly unaffected; she was a pleasant exception to the rest of the country girls he had thus far seen; she slapped the reins briskly against the horse's back, and, as the wagon began to move, she turned to him and opened the conversation in a very direct manner by saying, "What are you going to Markams for?" He pointed to the package which he had unslung and placed at his feet.

"I am selling a book," he answered. "It's called the Household Compendium—would you like to see one?" He stooped down and untied the package.

"What's a compendium?" she asked.

"Oh, its a book that has a little of everything it it—poetry and religion, science and art."

"I should think that would be a pretty good book," she said.

"Oh, I should say it was," he commenced with a business-like enthusiasm. "Its— "

"But," she interrupted him, "I don't think you'll sell many at Markams."

"Oh, I'm sure everyone that sees it will want one," he exclaimed, and he drew forth a volume bound in crimson and profuse in its gilt decorations.

"It is pretty," she said admiringly, "but, then, you see, there ain't more'n fifty people in Markams and most of them's related."

"But," he responded gaily, "if twenty-five or even ten of those people should buy a Compendium it would be a good thing for me."

"But I don't think they will," she replied. "You see if one person buys a book all his relations 'll know it in no time, and they won't buy any, but come around and borrow his."

"Then you think I'd better go back," said the young man, in a discouraged tone.

"Oh, no," she replied, quickly. "You might sell more than one. Aunt Keyser might buy two; she's pretty much for readin'."

The young man smiled. "Are you related to everybody in town?" he asked, in a comical tone.

"Well, mostly," she replied, gravely, "all except the doctor and a few others; you see my gran'father owned the town." At this unconscious slang the young man laughed. She looked up at him, quickly. "He did," she said, proudly. "It all belonged to him once, and they named it for him."

"Then you are his grand-daughter, Miss Markam," said the young man.

"Yes," she replied, "Miss Sally Markam."

"And did you say there was a doctor in the town?" he inquired. "How does he ever make a living?"

"Well, he don't make much money doctorin' folks, but then, since he's come to town, he's took to horse doctorin', and he's invented a new kind of axle grease that's pretty good; so I guess he's doing right well now."

The young man listened to her in amused admiration. The unconventional questionings, the crudities of grammar and expression, all had a charm when voiced by those rosy lips or enforced by an earnest glance from those brown eyes.

"But," recollecting herself, "you haven't told me what your name is yet."

"Oh; my name is Bullard; Frank Bullard." And feeling what politeness in another situation would require of him, he took out a card and gave it to her. She looked at it curiously, and then said:

"Mr. Bullard, do you sell books for a living?"

"Oh, no," he replied, quickly, "I'm a theological student. This is my vacation now and," laughing, "I'm combining business with pleasure by selling books and seeing the country at the same time." He gave this explanation with a certain sense of embarrassment, for he felt, somehow, that this country damsel, simple and artless as she appeared, looked down on book-peddling as a profession. She was turning over the leaves of the gaudy Compendium, glancing interestedly at the brilliantly-toned pictures. The reins had dropped to her feet; but the old horse might be safely left to his own devices, as they were sure to carry him no further than a certain stable in Markams, where a goodly measure of oats and hay awaited the return of the honest laborer.

"Sally," said the young man, for he felt that from his superior height in knowledge and attainments he might condescend to this simple country damsel, "Sally, do you know you are very pretty?"

She did not answer him, and he feared she had taken his compliment amiss.

"I don't mean to offend you," he continued. "But you are the first beautiful thing I have seen to-day on this road, and I couldn't help saying so."

"Didn't you think my hat was pretty"? she asked naively.

"Oh, I don't know anything about hats," he answered, avoiding the question.

"Everyone says I'm pretty," with a sigh. "What I'd like to know is—what good's it going to do me? There ain't anybody in Markams cares whether I'm pretty or not, except—" she paused, and the brown eyes glanced up at him.

"Except who"? he said, inquiringly.

"Except the Doctor," she finished absent-mindedly. Suddenly clasping her hands she cried, "Oh, it must be grand to have lots of lovers, all begging on their hands and knees to marry you; and have 'em fight duels, and then come on your horse, and ride in between them, and say, 'No man shall fight for me,' and then faint dead away; like it was in a book I read once." Her hands unclasped; the enthusiasm died out of her eyes.

"Surely," said Bullard, smiling, "you wouldn't want to break men's hearts so cruelly."

But she seemed ashamed of her outburst already, and did not answer him.

"There," she exclaimed, "there's Markams," and she pointed to a collection of frame houses, among them a small church, with a steeple looking for all the world like a magnified chicken-coop, perched upon its roof.

"You'd better come to our house to stay," she said; "'cause Pa killed this week and we'll have fresh meat. You won't get anything but bacon and pie other places."

"Thank you; I will," replied the young man, smiling at the evident implication that "Pa" was in better circumstances than his neighbors.

Quite a sensation was aroused among the citizens upon the porch of Markam's and Mallory's store, when Sally Markam's wagon was descried coming down the road with a stranger on the seat beside the fair driver.

"Sally's brought a feller back with her," remarked one inhabitant. "Knowed ef thar was any feller roun' these here parts, Sally's boun' ter fetch 'im."

"You jes' leave Sally 'lone," said her uncle, Mr. Abiram Markam. "You kin jes' bet yer hat, no feller's goin' ter come ter this 'ere town fer the nateral advantages thereof. Spose yer think the Doctor 'd ever planted hi'self here 't'want fer Sally? Sally, I claims, is a benefit to ther community. She's as good as a gol' mind to permote immigration."

Mr. Abiram Markham, it may be remarked, was particularly interested in the promotion of immigration, being possessed in common with the rest of the heirs of the ancestral Markam of a large portion of the real estate of the town.

"Oh, I hain't findin' no fault with Sally," replied the other hastily. "I was jes thinkin' what the Doct'r would say. I reckon he'll size up that young man right away, an' he'll say, 'Look'ee here, young feller, this 'ere claim was all laid out an' staked down long afore you showed up aroun' these 'ere parts, an' natch'ally we don't want no squatters nor jumpers roun' *here.*' That's what I'm a' thinkin'."

Another inhabitant, who had been watching the approaching vehicle intently, now offered the information sententiously that "they come by the lower road."

When you came among them, citizens of Markams always looked at your feet, or, if you rode, your wheels; and according to the greater or less amount of real estate adhering thereto would predict, unerringly, by which road you entered their bounds.

Bullard ate his supper that night at the house of Sally's father. "Pa" was a meek old gentleman who deferred in all things to his wife and daughter. Mrs. Markam was a woman with a grievance. All the lines of her face pointed downward. She bemoaned the sad fate that had brought her to Markams—that had buried her in a tomb. It was sad pleasure for her to air her sorrows to a stranger. "I often says to Sally that I pities her," she told her guest.

"Where I was brought up it was different. There ain't more'n one man in ten mile here." The unexpressed thought of Bullard was that it was a wonder that unfortunate individual hadn't long since put another "ten mile" between himself and Mrs. Markam. Yet Mrs. Markam had one passion which rendered her sad life endurable. Collecting autographs was her mania. "Some day," she said, "like as not, they'll be famous. How glad I'll be then, that they wrote their name in my album."

It had been long since she had added to her collection, and her eyes sparkled as the young man wrote his name for her. She, as well as the rest of the family, were much interested in the "Household Compendium," which he duly showed them in the course of the evening.

The next day Bullard set out to reveal to the inhabitants of Markams the wonders of the "Compendium." But, alas! he found Sally's prophecy came only too true. After enlarging for half an hour, with unprecedented eloquence, to Mrs. Mallory, on the merits of his treasure, she told him that "she knowed it was an awful fine book, an' a good thing to have roun'; but, then, Jim, he wa'nt much fer readin', an' then, like as not, her cousin across the way would want one, an' she could read her'n." And thus it was with all the rest. Yet he had no lack of attention. They gazed admiringly at the pictures, and listened spellbound while he described the wonders of the book. A delegation from the younger generation of Markams followed him at a distance, and at each door, gathering closely around him, stood with longing eyes and listening ears. He could not help feeling ridiculous. Why should the exposition of the merits of a respectable compendium call forth a demonstration akin to that produced by an organ-grinder and a monkey? Bullard had been through town before he returned, and had not sold a book.

"Well, Sally," he said, putting down his books and mopping his heated brow, "I guess you were right. I haven't sold any."

"Is that so?" replied Sally, indignantly. "Well, you jest wait till I get on my hat, an' I'll go roun' with you. We'll see if nobody wants that book. It's a shame to let such a beautiful book go to waste, isn't it?" In a few moments she returned in the wonderful hat which had been the cause of their meeting. He noticed that even its strained ugliness could not hide the beauty it surmounted. Sally's logic carried more weight evidently than all Bullard's eloquence. She knew how to appeal to her fellow-citizens through their local pride or prejudice, and she influenced them in a far greater degree than they could have been by any æsthetic sensibilities.

For, strange though it may seem, Markams had a local pride. In times past Markams had been a formidable rival to Stoneboro, and having been passed in the race they still hated their victorious neighbor. Thus, when Sally, with an air of disdain, exclaimed to one of the leading citizens of Markams, "Well, Mister Perkins, I knew Markams was pretty low down, but I didn't think Markams would let Stoneboro buy ten Compendiums and not take one herself. I wonder what Stoneboro'll say to that?"

The effect was almost instantaneous. This was a light in which Mr. Perkins had not viewed the matter, and feeling that the good name of Markams required it, he eventually purchased a Compendium.

Mrs. Mallory, who thought at first that she could read her cousin's, was brought to see the advantages of possessing a Compendium of her own, when Sally confidently averred that Mrs. Meaks, between which lady and Mrs. Mallory a bitter feud had existed for years, was almost sure to buy one. Mrs. Mallory responded to this subtle hint at once, and then to make matters more complete, Mrs. Meaks, who had not intended purchasing, succumbed at once when she heard that Mrs. Mallory's center-table was ornamented by a Compendium.

Sally's success was such that before they returned Bullard had sold the three books he had set out with, and had orders for five more. He could not help feeling very grateful to her. Why, he thought, should she go to so much trouble for him. He felt that there was but one answer. She must care for him. Was it right in him to let her? He could never take her away with him. She was not fitted for his life. Although her ungrammatical phrases sounded charming to him, they would not to others. Although she possessed a natural refinement, as he thought, yet her unconventionality would often bring her to grief in a life where conventionality was the key-note.

They were walking home in the evening sunset. It was very beautiful here, with the great silent mountains towering above them, giving to the landscape that infinite air of peacefulness and calm.

"Well, Sally," he said at last, "I suppose I must leave you to-morrow," (sighing).

"Must you?" There was an air of artless regret in her tone.

"Yes," he replied. "There is nothing to keep me here now."

"There ain't"? she replied. "I don't think that's very nice to"—the brown eyes flashed up at him—"to me," she finished.

His face flushed. "I could stay with you always, Sally," he declared impetuously.

"Could you now," she replied, shaking her head. "I don't believe it. But" (before he could speak again) "there comes the Doctor. You know he's the man I told you that ain't related to me." Bullard looked up, and saw a young man evidently about his own age, approaching them. Miss Sally smiled sweetly upon him as he took off his hat. "Doctor Warren," she said; "this is my friend Mister Bullard."

Bullard shook hands with the Doctor, with that instinctive feeling of dislike which all rivals have, whether they know each other as such or not. The Doctor looked at Sally in a troubled way, which that young lady did not notice, or appeared not to notice; for she turned to him enthusiastically, and said, "Oh, Doctor Warren, Mister Bullard's got the nicest book at our house. It's jest full of lit'rature and science and everything. You must come up and see it."

"It must be indeed nice," said the Doctor, smiling. "Is Mr. Bullard the author"?

"I don't know," replied Sally, turning to that individual. "You are, ain't you"?

Bullard's face flushed. "Oh no," he replied hastily. "I'm merely selling it on a commission."

"Oh yes," said Miss Sally. "Ain't it jest lovely. I wish I could do it. It's so nice to go 'round the country, combining business with pleasure." Bullard looked at her quickly. Was she making fun of him? Her face seemed full of pretty enthusiasm and envy of the delights of book peddling.

There was an awkward pause. Neither Bullard or the Doctor seemed to have anything to say, and the latter finally took his departure, saying that he should not fail to call and examine the famous book.

Bullard was silent during the rest of the homeward walk Just before they reached the house, he said, "Sally, who is this doctor"?

She looked up in innocent surprise. "Why he jest came here a year ago, and settled down here and commenced doctorin'." She replied.

"Yes, but Sally, why did he *stay*? There are certainly loads of places where a doctor could make more money. Why, the men here don't get sick once in a year."

"Well," she replied, "I don't know what else he could have come for."

"Well, I do," he replied. "He came here and staid because *you* were here."

"Do you think so," she replied, wonderingly. "Well, that was real nice in him." Then, with an upward glance, as they entered the door, "I know you wouldn't have done it for that."

"Sally!" he exclaimed, impulsively. But she was gone.

That evening he told her he would stay, and she rewarded him with a glance.

The next few days he spent with her, and they passed as if on wings. She took him to see the old deserted mines, where former generations of Markams had wrought unavailing search for the auriferous ledges in the bowels of the earth. Together they visited the old saw-mill which the founders of Markams had built, floating down the logs from the forests above and sawing them into shape to build their dwellings. No houses were built in Markams now, so the saw-mill was empty and abandoned. He spent some happy afternoons there, amid the cool silence and shadows of the old mill, where the spiders wove their thread-like meshes around the rusty old saw, and where, through the cracks in the warped flooring, they could see the water rippling beneath their feet. Here he felt moved to tell her about himself; how he had fought with poverty; how he had struggled for an education. And she listened to it all so intently. She did not say much, but the sympathy in her eyes when he told of his longings and hopes, a fluttering little sigh when he spoke of hardships encountered, all made him feel that she understood and appreciated what he told her. Ah! she did understand him, he thought. And what could have brought about that understanding in this simple country girl's heart save love? But could he risk the opinions of his friends, his future prospects, by marrying her? He struggled long between love and pride, and the former gained the victory. He resolved to offer himself to her. He was sitting in the old mill, by himself, one afternoon, when he came to this decision. He had climbed the steep ladder to the mill-loft and was idly dropping pieces of bark into the water and watching them float away. He was aroused from his pre-occupation by the sound of voices in the room below—

"Oh, Jim! You ain't any sensibler than that old mill-wheel out there, that keeps turning and turning and don't turn anything."

Bullard started. Those silvery tones could be no other than Sally's.

"But, Sally," said a masculine voice in reply, "I can't understand what you mean by acting this way. If, as you say, you care for me, how can you lead that poor fellow on and on, when you know it can only end by making him miserable?"

Bullard's heart sank. He recognized the Doctor's tones.

Was it right for him to listen? Yes, for this conversation concerned him vitally.

"Well, I s'pose I've got to tell you," a pouting voice replied. "Everybody says I'm pretty, an' what's the use of being pretty if you can't have lovers? Now, If I get married to you without ever having another man ask me, Jim, I might jest as well have been Miranda Hoggins, with her glass eye, or have freckles all over my face, like Sue Kinser."

"No, it wouldn't," exclaimed the Doctor, energetically, "for then I should never have loved you, and (tenderly) you do care for that, don't you, Sally?"

"Oh, of course," replied Miss Sally, demurely. And a lull in the conversation was followed by some half-inarticulate sounds which could not have conveyed much meaning to the listener, as he could not see them produced.

"And so," said the Doctor at last, "you are going to torment this poor fellow until he gets down upon his knees before you, and then give him the mitten in the most heartless manner?"

"Oh, it won't hurt him any," she said, laughing. "He needs it. I'm going to say, 'Why, Mister Bullard, this is *entirely unexpected.* Have I ever given you any reason to believe I encouraged you?' That's what Arabella Mervale said when the Duke proposed.

"And then I suppose he'll say I encouraged him to stay. And then I'll say, 'Why, Mister Bullard, you told me you was combining business with pleasure, and we got through with all the business the first day, and I thought there wasn't any harm in having some pleasure afterwards.' I rather think that will fetch him," and Sally paused to join the Doctor's laugh.

"So you must have one more proposal before you can consent to settle down and get married," said the Doctor. "Well, for goodness sake, Sally, hurry it up, for I'm getting awful tired waiting around in the cold and giving the other fellow all the show."

"You're right good, Jim, and you know I'll love you jest the same."

After some further conversation, not particularly interesting to those not involved, Sally and her lover took their departure.

Bullard's first impulse, as he walked back, after hearing Miss Sally's conversation with the Doctor, was to seek her and upbraid her for her heartlessness towards him. A feeling of impotent rage was in his heart. It was galling to his pride to think that this simple country girl should have found in him a willing captive to her wiles. But the young man had learned deliberation and coolness in his struggles with the world. Calmer reason succeeded his first impulse. It was not too late for him to withdraw from his uncomfortable position. It would be a retreat, to be sure, but still an orderly retreat. He had not yet given her the satisfaction of seeing a representative from the greater and wiser world kneel at her pretty feet, and he would not. He greeted her that evening with an accustomed smile, but he did not look at her as he said, "Well, Sally, my time's up; I shall have to leave to-morrow." Miss Sally was both surprised and chagrined at this intelligence. Piqued at his indifference, and totally at a loss to know its cause, she resolved to find out and make him pay dearly for it. She said to herself, "Mr. Bullard, you think you're mighty smart, and you think Markams ain't worth much; but I've made up my mind to show you different before you go."

"And so you are going to leave me, after all," she said with a pout.

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "but I shall always remember you, Sally. I told you at first that I was combining business and pleasure; you have helped me to have both in Markams, and I am very grateful to you."

Miss Sally's fair face flushed. Her eyes sparkled dangerously.

"And so—" she began, but paused, evidently embarrassed.

"Yes, Sally," he said, "I think we have had a very good time together, don't you?"

"Y-e-s," she replied, hesitatingly, "but I'm sorry you're goin'.'

As the summer shot his first rays of greeting over the white frame dwellings of Markams, they fell upon the sturdy figure of a young man climbing the first steep hill which led from the town. He had taken the upper road. As he reached the summit he stopped and stood gazing back over the village slumbering at the mountain's foot.

"An unsophisticated girl," he exclaimed, bitterly. "I wonder if Eve flirted with Adam in the Garden of Eden!"

C. Waldo Cherry.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

IT WAS the early spring of the year and everything was bright and sunny. One could hear the birds in the trees near by chirping merrily, as if unable longer to restrain their songs which the winter had chilled. The confused murmur of a large and busy city caught the ear, while every now and then could be heard the rattle of some vehicle, as it approached and then became fainter and fainter, until the noise could not be distinguished from the common sound that never ceased.

In a studio in the Latin quarter sat a young artist, arranging a fresh canvas on the easel before him. The hour of three was sounding from a neighboring church. Each separate stroke could be distinguished through the open windows. Hardly had the third peal died away when the young man arose and began to pace the floor impatiently.

"Bah!" he exclaimed irritably, "always late. Didn't I tell her she would have to be more prompt? I'll get some one else if she isn't, though one doesn't find such a model as Marie every day;" saying which, he walked towards the nearest window, pulled back the chintz curtains and looked out. The gentle breeze and sunshine began to have their effect. Gradually his contracted brow relapsed and a smile spread over his face.

"Truly this is a beautiful city. The mild air reminds me of Hazelwood, though it lacks the scent of the flowers, and one misses the green grass, the running brooks and the broad fields and—aye, I wonder what has become of them."

A far-away look of sorrow passed over the young man's face and his eyes began to fill with tears. The next moment he had dashed them away.

"What's the use," he said. "They've gotten accustomed to having me away by this time. Its better they should; for they'd hardly recognize me now. But it's you who are to blame; you, you gay but wicked capital. If it hadn't been for you I might have been different." He shook his fist out of the window.

"With all your charms, and the Lord knows they're only too many, you do nothing but deceive blind idiots like myself."

The room was silent save for the sound of deep and heavy breathing, which seemed strangely unwarranted by the surroundings within. It was an ideal studio, suited more for laughter than tears. Everything seemed to breathe an atmosphere of luxurious repose. The numerous bric-à-brac, the heavy and richly-coloured *portières* that softened and shifted the flood of sunlight pouring in through the windows, the thick yielding Turkish rugs that deadened the footstep, pieces of sculpture scattered promiscuously about, exquisite workmanship in marble and bronze, the walls covered with oils, etchings and water-colors, the blending of lights and shadows, the former giving prominence, the latter adding a certain depth of colour which formed a pleasing background to the whole; all these things produced an indescribable effect, partly Parisian, largely Oriental. A large divan filled the further corner of the room, flanked on either side by tall and curiously figured Japanese screens, that on the right, in front of the entrance, acting as a barrier to any intruder. The divan itself was barely distinguishable beneath its load of cushions and draperies that fell in indiscriminate confusion to the floor. In the center of the room and facing this stood an easel, whose immediate vicinity was covered with paints, brushes and pallets of every description.

The clock on the mantle is striking the half hour, the window curtains rustle and the *portières* are pushed aside. At this moment some one knocks at the door but, before any reply can be made, there emerges into the room a female figure, which immediately disappears behind the further screen. There are hot words and tears, which continue with greater or less intensity until the model re-appears, only this time in scant attire, and is finally posed in the proper position. The picture on the divan is certainly shockingly familiar. The face is that of a young girl, but hardened, though, every now and then, the features contract and the mouth pouts like a child's. A careless *abandon* is expressed in the very suggestive pose of the body that would make a sensitive person blush. An intense silence fills the room broken only by the constant touch of the brush on the canvas and an occasional sigh of impatience from the divan. Suddenly a step is heard in the hallway. There is a precipitous flight from the cushions behind the screens. The next moment a stranger enters.

"An, *mon ami*, I am afraid I have distubed you. What a noise I have just heard. *Pardonnez-moi.*"

"To tell the truth, Maurice, you did, but it's time to stop now at any rate. Marie, *vous pouvez vous habiller pour sortir.*"

"*Mon dieu, c'est donc vous, monsieur Maurice?*"

"*Et vous ma chere Marie? Comment ça va-t-il?*"

"*Eh bien*, Milford, how is it with you? Ah, that is capital. So much at one sitting and so well. *Quelle couleur. Si charmante et innocente. C'est ravissante.* Bah, you will get the first prize, but then I have not Marie. *Voyons Marie.*"

The hour of six is sounding. The studio is growing dark, but on the divan still reclines a figure. It is that of a young man between the years of twenty-six and twenty-seven; for Milford Howard is still young, though he has seen more of the world than most men the other side of thirty. Ten years have passed since he was only a plain New England boy, with no thought of ever seeing the great world beyond the sea. It seems a long time now. Those early days appear more like a dream than as if they had ever really occured, with the hazy remembrances of innocent childhood associated with them.

Milford was the only child of his parents. His father was one of those sturdy characters, who believed that "God helps those who help themselves," and who, on being asked one day to what he owed his success, immediately responded, "to God and thrift." In fact these four words might be said to have summed up his entire creed, for above all else his Puritan blood had made him a firm believer in a divine Providence, and along with this had endowed him with a very energetic temperament. Little short of fatal sickness could have kept John Howard from church service, and only great personal inconvenience would have prevented him from being at his mill, which stood on a height overlooking the town, promptly at seven o'clock, six days of the week. Hazelwood had little with which to commend itself to a stranger, containing as it did some two thousand souls, mostly hard-working people, besides a dozen stores or so, much the worse for wear. A certain spirit of activity seemed to pervade the very atmosphere, as the spirit of old brooded over the face of the deep.

Here it was that Milford Howard was born, on the 22d day September, 1859. From his very cradle he had, strange to say, evinced a yearning for repose, quite out of sympathy with his surroundings. Instead of crying continuously, as all energetic babies do, he would sleep for hours at a time, or gaze before him in a blank and dreamy way, which habit, his father said, in a grieved tone, denoted either an indolent spirit or a sickly body. When months had turned into years the same spirit continued to puzzle John Howard, who ceased not to bemoan its presence. Evidently it was from his mother, then, that Milford inherited his less energetic nature and more artistic tastes, and to them he probably owed his dislike of the mill, and, when his father died, it became quite evident that it had to change hands or close its doors forever. However, this step was not taken until the greater part of John Howard's hard-earned dollars had found new homes for themselves among the shiftless workmen, whose wages alone exceeded the earnings of the mill.

It must be confessed that Milford's school-days were a failure, as far as studies were concerned. Even the frown and punishment of a New England schoolmistress were as nothing compared to the delight of drawing on stray book-covers and desks. It is not to be imagined that these youthful attempts were in any way startling, save by their originality and poor taste to appear in most inconvenient places and at most inopportune times. Not unfrequently would Milford be rudely awakened from his wonderful reveries over strange and wierd pictures by the sudden descent of the ruler across his knuckles. Such interruptions were only momentary, however, unless the blow had been particularly vicious. The next moment he would be again lost in his reverie. At the age of fifteen he had left the Hazelwood high-school by special request of its principal, who failed to understand and appreciate his peculiar genius, which manifested itself most prominently in disfiguring the property of the school and disobeying its authority. From this time until his first completed sketch, Milford was ever scrawling. His first attempt to feel the finishing touch was called by its delighted author "The Broken Bridge." It was not such a bad sketch, though the foliage of the trees seemed in imminent danger of breaking and cracking, owing to an apparent absence of necessary pliability. This defect, combined with a marvelously original idea of shadows on the bridge, which seemed to have obeyed the author's fancy rather than the laws of nature, were the chief faults.

Milford's next attempt was entitled "A Portrait," and was that of a young girl. To be more exact, it was intended for a likeness of Miss Emily Lester, though one might have been pardoned for failing to suspect any identity whatsoever. Whether it was the author's object to mislead the curious and envious, by giving Miss Emily an exaggerated Grecian nose, when hers was sadly pug, and a prominent forehead, whereas hers was retreating, we are unable to state. Henceforth, at any rate, we note a decided improvement in Milford's style. Perhaps this was due to Miss Emily's refusal to have herself further martyred.

The ascent on fortune's ladder is seldom sudden. Milford's was no exception. Had it not been accidental it might never have occurred. Mr. James, of New York, an art connoisseur of no mean ability, happened to pass through Hazelwood during the county fair, where among its numerous attractions was a curious collection of "fine paintings," so the programme ran, to wit, a wondrously realistic but equally impossible representation of "An Afterglow," in which the artist's successive lavishness and sparseness in the application of rainbow tints was truly astounding; a painting of a cow, which might have been taken quite as appropriately for a sheep or pig had it not seemed to warrant Old Testament prophecy of "a land overflowing with milk," and a dozen similarly curious productions, all equally innocent and misleading.

The single exception to this marvelous array was a little crayon hung at the lower end of the series in an obscure spot. Probably the judges had thought it too insignificant to be catalogued, for it had not been mentioned, and would have gone without a name had it not been for the modest insertion of the word "Home," in its lower left-hand corner. It was not at all pretentious, but full of expression. On the doorstep of an old country farmhouse stood a young girl, the picture of innocence and happiness. The easy though earnest pose, the waving handkerchief, and the joyous and expectant face turned in the direction of a weary and dust-covered traveler coming up the road, formed a charming, home-like picture. Mr. James' face had been a study of amused astonishment; now it assumed a look of interest.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "this is a relief, and not so badly done either; a little rough, but it promises pretty well for its author. Let's see who he is. "M. H." Mark Heath? By all that's good, no; that's too countrified for anything, except these wonderfully-constructed cows," and he began to laugh.

On a cold winter day, in New York, and in a small attic overlooking Broadway, bare save for a stray brush here and there, sat a young man busily working on the canvas before him, over which his brush moved ceaslessly and rapidly. The picture was nearly completed; only a few finishing touches were needed.

"There!" exclaimed the single occupant of the room, as he paused and leaned back to criticise the picture; "it's pretty nearly done, but I'm not satisfied. Something's wrong. It needs the thing that makes a great picture. What is it? Oh! if I only knew. I've worked hard enough to get it—too hard, if Mr. James is right—but it won't come. I've changed it again and again, until it won't stand any more. I'm afraid I'll never get the secret."

The words were cut short. The door of the room opened and a servant entered with a letter. The young man arose slowly and took it from the girl's hand. When she had gone out, he sat down by the window overlooking the busy and noisy street below.

"It's from Hazelwood," he said. "What a contrast to all this." He looked out of the window, then he opened and read the letter. It was written in a girlish hand.

> "DEAR MILFORD—I wonder if it is as cold in your big city as it is here. This morning I saw your mother. She was looking over some of your paintings. I sat down and we went all over them again, which took the whole forenoon. We are terribly harsh critics. She would say every once and awhile, 'Well, Grace, who would have believed that our Milford would ever be such a genius!' Of course, it wasn't my place to answer one way or another. The days have gone awfully slowly since you left. I sometimes feel as if I could never forgive Mr. James. What business had he to take you away? I know very well you will get conceited and forget all about us; of course, I mean only myself. 'Is painting everything in the world?' I sometimes ask myself. Then I feel ashamed, and begin to—By the way, I enclose a picture I had taken the other day. What do you think of it? If you are very good, you can copy it on one of your 'canvases,' as you call them, when you want to awe me. Why have you stopped writing?
>
> "GRACE."

"Well, I've got to finish this before I can write," exclaimed the young artist. "If I don't get some money soon, I'll have to clear out of here. It's hard enough to sit in the cold, and I'm tired of those horrible country pictures of broken-down farm-houses and decaying bridges that I have almost to go down on my knees to sell at three dollars apiece. But it won't come. My ideal is so much ahead of anything I can ever hope to do. It's so clear, too. It seems so easy. I've got all the features in my mind; the expression, the pose of the head and the whole effect. But I won't give it up yet. I've worked hard, I'll have to work harder. I've stayed till my eyes would almost close, and, when they have grown sore, I have planned and planned till I don't think of anything else. But I won't go back and fail. I'll eat less and sleep less. Stop, after having been away so long? it's impossible. At first Mr. James was pleased, then came the standstill; always the same mistakes, stiffness where there should be more ease. The head's pretty fair, but the eyes!"

The first efforts of Milford Howard were, as he himself said, successful, but they were of little real value aside from the pittance they brought their author. He felt his art becoming mechanical; he was afraid he might finally rest content where he was, and he began to long for something higher. If only he could give something of value to the world! For hours at a time he would sit before some great masterpiece lost in wonder, until the light would grow dim in the gallery, or else, in his own uncomfortable attic, he would suddenly lose sight of the insignificant landscape before him, and on which a moment before he was busily engaged. In its place another image would appear. The abandoned and half-finished strokes would fade away until nothing but a haziness and indistinctness covered the canvas. Out of this would gradually appear his ideal face, the embodiment of strength, beauty and love. The features, at first dimly traced as by an unseen hand in an unreal world, would grow distinct, but at the slightest movement all had disappeared, the trance, the vertigo, the intense excitement, all had passed away, and in their place a feeling of languor and despair would seize upon Milford. By the time a fresh canvas could be gotten ready even the remembrance had become dim and shadowy.

Something in the name of New York seems incongruous with the artistic. Perhaps it has too new a sound. To Milford, this thought had come. Paris! yes, there it was that he would succeed, if anywhere. There, under the spell of the old masters, could he finally attain to his ideal. He had grown discouraged in his Broadway attic. To be sure, it had gradually come to remain longer with him. He had even been able towards the last to outline the head, before everything disappeared. Why not hope that it would at last remain?

* * * * * * * *

One sunny day in May he had gathered together all his little earnings. Then he had written home, but before the letter had reached Hazelwood, the mighty steamer was scattering the water from her bow. On the way over, Milford had become acquainted with a young French artist. The two grew intimate, until Milford, reluctantly at first, had agreed to stay with Maurice Melville in the Latin quarter until he could get settled. On his friend's credit, he had borrowed a considerable sum of money with which he had been enabled to procure and furnish his own studio. What had become of his ambition? It had cooled, then it had entirely died away. Maurice laughed at his enthusiasm, and denied the purity of woman. From that day his mind had been poisoned; though sometimes in the Louvre, before some Madonna of one of the old masters, his reverie would lay hold on him again. Even when this seldom happened, the very thought that he had once striven after the higher but had become satisfied with the lower, disgusted him. It was then that Maurice found it difficult to divert and interest him in the study of the realistic, the nude, the suggestive. At such times he loathed himself for painting innocence and purity merely as a distasteful background to make vice the more alluring and seductive.

The hour of seven is sounding in through the open window, though the noise does not seem to disturb the figure on the divan. A single beam of light in the increasing darkness of the room passes across one of the pictures on the wall. It seems to pause a moment and then flits by, but not so quickly that we can have failed to see the face in the picture. It is that of a young girl. The mouth is on the point of breaking into a smile; the hair is brushed far back, exposing the broad and high forehead in which the eyes fairly seem to laugh. The whole face expresses pure, innocent mirth that refuses to be restrained for any long period of time. Above this picture is another, which failed to catch the passing ray and is therefore less distinct. At first the image is hazy, but gradually the lines of a woman's face appear—slowly, at first, as if reluctant to come out of the gloom of the room, until, all at once, one catches the look of the deep-set and expressive eyes. The face is strong but tender, and the smile that parts the lips, though joyous as that on the face below, is more matured. It is the difference between the light laughter of the ripples on the sunny beach and the deeper sound of the ocean as it breaks on the sand. It is well that certain things are preserved in this world. It was well for Milford Howard that these two faces never lost their look of hope and cheer. The old ambition had died, though it had done so only by degrees.

Ten o'clock had just struck from Notre Dame. The afternoon had been sultry and the air was exceedingly oppressive within, though every window was thrown wide open. In a *café chantant* in one of the most depraved parts of gay and thoughtless Paris, the atmosphere was reeking with smoke and the odour of beer. The ceiling was low, which brought its fantastic and gaudy decorations only a short distance above one's head. The figures on the walls were indistinct in the blue smoke, which might almost have been cut with a knife. Those who were drinking at the different tables, or moving about, appeared unreal in the general obscurity. At the further end of the hall arose a platform upon which the performers sat in groups, making faces at any who seemed dissatisfied and unappreciative of their efforts, or smiling on those who appeared pleased. A confused murmur of voices filled the *café*, broken only when some especial favourite performed, or drowned by the general and uproarious clapping, usually led by some one more inebriated than his neighbors. The audience consisted chiefly of shopkeepers in holiday attire: the men busily engaged in drinking large bocks of foaming beer served by young girls, whose familiarity seemed not to a waken any comment; the women especially enthusiastic when some gentleman in superb and gaudy attire of gold lace and with a wig on his head, executed some amusing performance on the stage or uproariously sang some popular air in a voice that drowned everything else in the hall.

Behind one of the gilded, fluted columns, a few feet from the stage, sat two young men. One of them was endeavouring to cheer the other, who seemed little in sympathy with his surroundings and whose face wore a disgusted look.

Viens, Milford. You seem little happy. See, there is a pretty *grisette* looking at you and laughing. But look! *Mon Dieu*, it is Marie!"

At this moment there advances towards the front of the stage a young girl. She is a favourite, and is greeted by a general clapping and stamping. Her dress is cut indecently low in the neck, and the skirts are shockingly short. She smiles and singles out the men before her, until she catches sight of the two by the column. She calls out to them in a shrill voice, and waves her handkerchief, which she snatches from her bosom:

"Milford, Maurice! *Voyons!*

"*Je suis jolie, je le sais,*
Je te connais, tu me plais."

Those around looked towards the two, and begin to smile and nudge each other.

"Ah!" they say, "she is a friend of both."

The music begins: a waltz, at first slow, then gradually it quickens, faster and faster, until the figure on the stage revolves like one possessed. Everybody stamps and claps, until, with a final and prolonged burst, the music ceases and the dance ends. The *danseuse* bows and smiles. For a moment she is too much out of breath to speak. She stands still until the applause stops. Then she cries out:

"*N'est-ce pas bon,* Milford? *Viens me voir. Je t'attends.*"

She waits for the young man to comply. Milford rises, followed by his companion. His face is crimson. All heads are turned in his direction, eagerly waiting to see him go forward, but he turns toward the door. Then the audience laughs, while the girl on the stage grows pale with anger. As he goes out the door he hears her cursing him and calling him back by name.

Frank Newell was a young American. He had been in Paris only a few days, staying with a friend in the Latin quarter. In the early hours of an August morning, as streaks of light were beginning to appear in the eastern part of the sky, he had turned in, very much subdued in mind and body. The door opposite his own was ajar, and the gas-jets were turned on, full. Prompted by curiosity, he entered. The windows had not been opened, and the room was close and murky. In the further corner, with his back towards the light, a young man slept in an arm chair. The breathing was soft and regular as a child's. The head was thrown back. Both hands hung down by the side of the chair, one grasping a pallet, still clutched by the fingers; beneath the other lay a brush, which had shared its paint with the floor. In front of the sleeping figure stood an easel, supporting a canvas covered with fresh paint. The picture was done roughly, but every stroke had told. It was a low-ceilinged room. A blueish haze seemed to render every object indistinct. Groups of people could barely be distinguished here and there, while at the further end of the hall was an elevation. On closer examination, this turned out to be a stage, on which were seated the performers. On the front stood a girl in dancing costume. She was looking in front of her at two figures a few feet away. A smile played upon her lips. On either side sat the musicians with drawn bows. Everything was about to begin, but every head in the *café* was turned in the direction of the young men in front. One of them had arisen. He looked before him, not at the stage, but above the heads of the shameless groups of players. He seemed not to see them or hear those about him. A look of despair had settled on every feature. But there, in front of him, another image appeared. It was so faint that the eye failed to catch it at once, but gradually it seemed to grow in distinctness; first, the general outlines of the head, then the forehead brave and calm, then the eyes deep-set and tender; an ideal face, the embodiment of strength, love and beauty. One forgot the others in the picture. None remained save these two; the one—despair, the other—hope. The sleeper moved in his chair; the pallet fell to the floor, leaving a blot of colours on the carpet. The noise seemed to break a thread of the sleeper's dream. Heretofore a troubled look had rested upon his brow; now a smile took its place. The lips began to move; the words came slowly: "Aye, I'm coming back; back to you and Grace, mother. It's been a hard road. He took his journey into a far country—but he came to himself—he was a long way off—he was dead, and is alive again—he was lost, and—and—." The words ceased altogether. The room was silent, save for the heavy breathing of the upright figure. Everything became blurred for a moment; even the face on the canvas was indistinct. Some time went by. Frank Newell never knew what happened in those few minutes, but when he came to himself he found himself on his knees. Then the artist in him asserted itself. He glanced at the picture; no name was there. Then he reached down to where the brush and pallet had fallen from the sleeper's hands. It took only a minute. Across the bottom of the canvas ran the words—

"He was lost but is found."

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is an early morning in the latter part of the month of August. The waves are dancing gayly in the sunlight, as if endowed with a superabundance of joyous life. On the left arises the white fort, a silent sentinel at the head of the harbor. Forward one can distinguish the indistinct outlines of a great city. Several steamers lie close by, and out and in among them come and go little tugs, puffing and screeching. Only a few hands are on deck, scrubbing and polishing. Away up forward sits a young man. His face is marked with lines, but a smile plays about the mouth, and the eyes almost seem to laugh as they reflect the sunlight. His head is turned in front of the steamer, whose big screw is again beginning to turn after its temporary rest. The gentle wind blows his hair back from his forehead.

There is a hurrying and scurrying on the dock as the great steamer approaches. Its outer end is filled with an excited and expectant crowd. On the left, a litte to one side, stand two solitary figures. They seem utterly unconscious of everyone about them. Their faces are turned towards the prow of the incoming steamer. And there, high above the water-line, where the sharp bow casts aside the spray and the steerage deck, there leans forward a young man, the very picture of happiness, waving his handkerchief furiously in the sunlight. There comes the sound of a young girl's voice, hardly heard above the general turmoil.

"Milford, Milford!"

And then the answer, so strong and clear that many turn around:

"Grace, mother, home!"

George H. Forsyth.

IN APRIL.

I.

YESTERDAY the sun
Shone forth so bright we deemed the Spring begun;
The streams ran free
And dashed across the dams quite noisily,
While o'er and o'er the woods, and through and through,
The warm winds blew;
The cliffs were wet,
The dripping water sang this chansonette:

"Drip, drip,
Filling earth's cup for Spring to sip,
Spring, with violets blue on her breast,
Kissing the mouth of a wee wild rose;
Calling the robin back to his nest
In a voice which only the robin knows;
Or breathing as soft as a vesper hymn,
With her laughing lips at the cup's full brim;
Oh, filling earth's cup for Spring to sip—
Drip, drip."

II.

Then one strange bird
Came slowly from the boundless West;
Black were his wings, his breast,
And thus his cry was heard:

"Not yet, not yet,
Come not, O violet,
O wild rose red, not yet!
New buds upon the bough,
Think ye 'tis spring-tide now?
Cliffs, dripping wet,
Why sing your chansonette?
Spring is not yet,
Not yet!"

III.

We heeded not.
"The Spring was ne'er a coward!"—so we thought.
A brilliant sheen
Hung o'er the woods—a newer, fresher green
On every hillside pine; and subtle strains—
Sweet promises of April rains
And violets to come—stole through the trees,
And filled our hearts with gladdest melodies.
And the musician, 'neath his trembling chin,
Placed his belovèd old-world violin,
And all the joy we saw upon his face,
And all the hope we knew was in his heart,
He strove to tell us with his bow. Not art!
'Twas Nature's prayer from Nature's holiest place!

IV.

But then—ah, then,
Was heard the drear voice of the bird again,
An echo, passing faint and far away,
And thus it seemed to say:

"Here in the West, here in the West,
The Lady of Snow has her cold white rest;
She sits at her loom, with a smile on her lips
As she hears the song that the water drips,
And weaves a cloak, in her silent mirth,
Of the softest white, for the waiting earth;
And she casts a veil of cloud o'er the sun
When she sees that her task is almost done;
And she bids me say to the violet,
And the wild-rose red, and the cliffs so wet,
That Spring is not for a fortnight yet!"

V.

As evening drew
Nearer, we saw a heavy cloud or two,
Low-hanging in the west.
Then the musician, who had played his best,
In welcome of the spring,
When first he saw the clouds to westward cling,
Through his wild hair, he passed his fingers thin,
And sighed, and laid away his violin.

VI.

The clouds grew massively;
The night fell rapidly;
And once again we heard the doleful cry
Across the darkening sky:

"Not yet, not yet,
Come not, O violet,
Cliffs, dripping wet,
Sing not your chansonette—
Blue eyes may fade,
Blue skies grow dark with shade,
Dark hair may turn to white,
All in a night, all in a night!"

VII.

The night came on.
Our sunny day and sunnier hopes had gone;
And o'er our sleep
Came visions dark with meaning deep—
Of a dryad, dead,
'Neath sullen skies,
With faded eyes,
And silvery head,
And a drear black bird beside her said,
Harshly, "Dead!"

VIII.

When through the casement came
The sun's first flickering flame,
The sad musician cast his dreams aside,
And gazed across the woodland, sorrow-eyed,
The snow lay far and wide.

Frank McDonald.

THE UNFINISHED STORY.

I HAD been to the New York concert and was on my way back to college the next day when some trifling delay caused me to miss my train. I learned at the ferry-house that no train would leave for two hours. Slightly annoyed at first, my vexation was not lasting, as the intervening time would permit me to call on a friend, who had an office in one of the large buildings that tower above Broadway, and, what was still more to my taste, enjoy one more luncheon in the city at the expense of the man who would guess successfully whether the coin would fall heads or tails.

I plunged again into the ceaseless tide that ebbs and flows up and down Cortlandt street. I had a feeling of estrangement in the crowd. I was in it, but not of it. Pedestrians hurried onward, as if bent intently upon some important mission. The cries of the newsboys; the harsh shouts of "Keb, keb, keb, sir;" the click of the door-latch; the rattle of wheels; all reminded me of work. I, alone, seemed to be the only one who had time to waste. Annoyed by the thought that, even in an idle hour, business will intrude, I turned aside into a more quiet street and entered Broadway by way of Trinity alley.

Allen I found busy at his desk. At the moment of my entrance he was dictating letters, brief, curt messages, containing nothing but the meat of the matter. His voice had already acquired that firm, decisive tone that is so noticeable in a man who has devoted his lifetime to dealing with men in times when rapid decisions are necessary and no mistakes allowed.

The muffled roar of Broadway reached my ears and my thoughts reverted to Cortlandt street and my apparent wasteful life.

He finished the letter before he glanced up. "Hello!" he said; "glad to see you. Have a chair."

I shook hands with him and sat down, making some conventional remark.

"Wait a moment," and once more he became that cold, methodical automaton which the world calls "a business man."

As I waited, I thought that soon in him one would find no romance, no curiosity, no theory; all in all, no beliefs, but such as could be demonstrated by the footings of a ledger. Yet, only four years ago we had parted. He entered a business office, while I matriculated. His position in life was already firmly established, while I was at sea in all my prospects and intentions.

The letters were finished, and as he turned towards me in a revolving chair he asked, "How goes it?"

I told him where I had been, and what I desired at that moment most eagerly was luncheon. As I was speaking, I drew a coin from my pocket and tossed it.

"Heads," he cried.

The coin fell tails. He laughed and said "Just my luck. Let's go over to Bill's. I must be near the office. Good place, and we can talk while we eat."

The restaurant we entered is one of the famous down-town chop houses of New York. The frequenters are young Wall street men, brokers, bank clerks—that class of men who have an income large enough to permit them to dine well, yet modest enough to prevent them joining the best down-town clubs.

We chose a seat in the rear of the room, near an open spiral stairway that led to the second floor, where the ladies' and private dining rooms were located. One of the latter I judged to be just at the head of the stairs. A curtained window relieved the sombreness of the table. As we sat down I glanced about me. The large, almost square, but very low-ceilinged room had a tiled floor. The friction of passing feet had worn away the softer parts of the burnt clay, making noticeable irregularities. Before the bar, with its usual plate-glass mirror and regulation adornments of cut-glass decanters and engraved glasses, with a marble-topped counter stained by the liquors which had overflown the glasses, a deep impression had been worn by the feet of the patrons.

Opposite the bar was the grill, with its swarthy iron range, whose dingy boxes and pipes formed an effective background for the snowy-white caps and coats of the attendants. Before the mahogany table a line of lunchers stood. Occasionally a cloud of savory steam arose, as the waiter lifted the polished nickel-plated covers from the roasts and vegetables.

The cigar stand and the cashier's desk occupied the space before the wall opposite to us. Near by was the ticker with its waste-basket, into which the ribboned paper fell as the machine, buzzing and ticking with exaggerated importance, recorded the news of the markets and the world.

The room was crowded with men, eager to be served quickly, eat hastily and plunge again into the whirlpool of business. The mingled smells of cooked food, alcohol and tobacco smoke assailed the nostrils. The strong, indefinable odor of men dominated all—a smell of expired air, exuded perspiration, starched linen and heated clothing that is emitted by a crowd, and which finally permeates the walls. Even when a room is deserted it is present, and one has the feeling of being in the midst of men, when he, alone, is the sole occupant.

The waiters hurried to and fro, taking and filling orders. There was a confusion of sounds, the subdued babble of voices, mingled with the droning buzz and metallic click of the ticker, the shuffle of feet, the tinkle of glasses and the opening of bottles.

I heard a sentence begun and never finished ; the end and not the beginning of a remark ; a quotation ; the name of a city, and, in an interval of silence, the faint laugh of a woman, as a door swung open. The stillness was of but a moment's duration, and again the waves of confusing sounds rose and broke with more bewildering force.

Allen had drawn his chair closer to the table, and had picked up the bill of fare, frowning as he did so, as if the selection of a lunch was a matter that must be solved with contracted brows and pursed lips. He paid no attention to this scene, which was so unfamiliar to me as to be fascinating.

In answer to his question, if I had any preference, I replied:

"Order what you please," and I returned to the wonderful kaliedoscopic picture before me.

The luncheon was served. We had reached coffee and cigars. Our conversation had been of college affairs, athletics, the weather and our friends. There was a lull, and we silently puffed our cigars, with our own thoughts for company. From my seat I could see the top railing of the stairway in the hallway above. Occasionally we had heard the low, pleasing notes of a woman's laugh or the deeper tones of a companion, when the sounds in the lower room had ebbed. The waiter had hurriedly descended and ascended the stairs during our luncheon, carrying with him empty bottles and returning with others packed in an ice-tub.

Allen's mind, as I thought, was bent on business, while I had returned to the living picture about me. Turning to him, I laughingly remarked that, as a college task, I had to write a story. Instead of replying in an off-hand manner, as if the compositions of a school-boy were too trifling for his consideration, as I had expected he would, he turned to me with a startled look. He recalled his wandering thoughts with an apparent effort. His bewilderment caused me to smile. He looked as if I had detected him in an act of which he was ashamed.

"A story," he said, then hesitated. "Oh ! now I understand," as if he then but comprehended my remark for the first time.

Leaning forward, he said : "Let me tell you an unfinished story. Perhaps you can use it—only change the names. It is true, but as I am deeply interested in the sequel, it may not strike you as it does me."

He paused, as if waiting for my approval.

"Go on," I said, my curiosity being aroused.

Allen puffed his cigar vigorously for a moment, and then with his little finger flicked the ashes into a receiver. I sipped my coffee, wondering if Allen was about to tell me some commonplace love affair, of which he was the hero. This was impossible. Then I thought it might be some startling business transaction upon which his success and the inevitable girl would depend. He divined my thoughts, frowned slightly and said, with a light laugh :

"No, this is another fellow."

Then he began:

"You know that I take my one relaxation in the fall, and usually for a part of the time run up to the governor's place in Sullivan county to shoot quail. By the way," pausing in the story, "come up with me this year."

I replied that I would be delighted, but would more than likely shoot his dogs instead of the birds.

He smiled, as was his duty at this attempted witticism, and resumed the tale.

"Near the house is a cottage, once owned by Adams—failed in the Street," he added in verbal parenthesis, "but now in the hands of a mortgage company. For several months it was unoccupied, but when I went up last September I saw it was tenanted as we drove past from the depot to the house.

"I asked the coachman who the new occupants were, but he could give me but little information, further than that, on the first of the month, a gentleman about 35 years old and his valet had taken possession. There were no women about the premises. The man servant made all the purchases in the village store, and apparently did all the work. The village gossips, as I subsequently heard, had a theory of their own, but that was all wrong. The valet was close-mouthed and knew his business. I paid but little attention to the matter then, thinking it was some one who had sought a quiet place to rest from business.

"The next day I went into the fields with a companion and my dogs. We had poor luck all day."

"As usual," I interrupted, having once endured a week of Sullivan county quail-shooting.

"My companion," he continued, paying no attention to my remark, "became disgusted and started for the house. I told him I intended to shoot over one more field. Calling the dogs, I turned into a field of stubble. Luck changed and a bevy of eleven was flushed. They scattered. I shot ten. The last one was apparently lost."

At this point I again interrupted him. "See here," I cried, "I want to hear a story, not one of those beastly shooting tales of yours, that no one believes."

He chuckled and replied, "This one is true."

Then he continued, "The bird rose between two dogs, and flew towards the West. The sun was setting behind the hills. The air was hazy and the ground was tinged by the gorgeous red glow. The bird was a black spot in the midst of a subdued flame. I hadn't the heart to annihilate the last one, and I let him fly away. As I lowered the gun and threw out the cartridge, I noticed a man walking towards me. He was a handsome chap, tall, erect, with a military set of the shoulders."

There was a lull in the chatter about us and we heard again the laugh of a woman, as it floated down the stairway. We looked at one another and smiled.

"Having a good time up there," I said.

"Yes," answered Allen, after he had lighted a fresh cigar, "I recognize his voice. He sets a fast pace now-a-days. He made a rich strike last week—but to resume our story. The gentleman made some remarks about the shooting. Asked me why I did not kill the last bird. I told him.

"He laughed and said, 'Perhaps the bird would have been happier dead, than to be separated from all his old associates,'"

"We walked together across the fields; I introduced myself; he informed me his name was John Nolden, and that we were neighbors, as he was the occupant of the cottage. I learned at once from his accent, he was an Englishman. I fancied he was an ex-officer. His skin had that ruddy tinge which comes from exposure. About the corners of his eyes were deep lines, made only by the constant contraction of the lids, when one must look over a sandy plain, reflecting a glaring sum. The eyes were blue. His hair was light with a faded look below the line of a cap, as if it were bleached and with darker color above. His lips were a trifle sensuous, but always pressed tightly together, as if he constantly repressed some sorrowful thought which sought expression. His words were few but always to the point. When he spoke it was in the brief, clipped-off style of an officer. His stride was that of a man who rides more than he walks. I did not notice all these peculiarities at our first meeting, but as we grew better acquainted I observed the details.

"Our conversation was of the commonplaces, but when we parted, I asked him to come up to the house. He did not accept nor did he refuse.

"The next day I met him again. He invited me to call. I felt that the man had an interesting life, and my curiosity was awakened. That night I went down to the cottage. The servant admitted me. He asked me to wait a moment in the hall. I had been in the cottage before. The furnishing was unchanged. Nothing had been added, and if anything had been removed it did not interest me.

"Nolden was in his library. The servant informed me his master would see me in a moment. While waiting, I quietly studied him. His personal appearance was uninteresting. The only peculiarities I noticed were that he never ceased to watch me, and even when his back was turned I felt that he was observing me. Again, his anxiety for his master; he would be alarmed by the slightest noise and involuntarily start towards the library door.

"Nolden greeted me in the doorway. The library had a table in the center of the room, upon which were scattered books and papers. A student's lamp furnished the only light, except the flickering wood-fire on the hearth. The corners of the room, the book shelves, the pictures on the walls, were but dimly outlined. Two chairs were drawn up before the open fire-place. As I passed the desk to a seat, I noticed a drawer which had been closed with apparent haste, and from which the finger of a white glove, slightly soiled by wear, protruded.

"We smoked our cigars and chatted. Nolden, I soon learned, was cultured, a thorough gentleman, and a person who had traveled extensively. He graphically described many of the places he had visited. I remained but a short time, and again pressed him to come up to our place. His reply was evasive.

"This was but the first of many visits. One night our conversation turned upon current literature. I mentioned Kipling.

"'Yes,' said Nolden, 'Kipling knows his subject. I have been'—and then, as if recalling himself, he stopped. I begged him to tell me of India. He politely but firmly refused.

Then for the first time I was certain he had been in the Indian service, and that some echo of Simla was stifled by those closed lips. He became silent and preoccupied that night after speaking of India. I soon withdrew, feeling as if I had intruded.

"As our friendship ripened, I told him of my plans and my hopes. As I remember now I soon, under his skillful guidance, carried on the greater part of the conversation. He seemed to long for companionship and to be content if only some one was near him.

"I returned to the city, but all through the week my thoughts dwelt upon Nolden and his strange life. Contrary to my custom, I ran up on Saturday. I called that evening. The library was unusually cosy. The fire on the hearth sparkled and crackled. His cigars were chosen with the best taste, and the brandy he served to keep out the cold was excellent. Friendship had become on my part almost an infatuation.

"Nolden," I said to him, after a long silence, "you have a story. Something is wrong. Tell me, can I help you?"

"He smiled sadly and answered, 'No, you cannot.'

"I hinted, as delicately as possible, that I could raise almost any sum of money, and if it was any trouble with his government, that the governor commanded plenty of influence.

"Nolden was silent for several minutes. He looked gloomily into the fire, smiled once, and then a look of bitterness and hatred crept into his face. His cigar was dead. He puffed it fiercely for a moment and then angrily threw it away. The action seemed to soften him. Turning to the table he lighted a cigarette. As he inhaled the smoke, he turned to me and said.

"I'll tell you. It is kitchen gossip out there by this time. Here it is known only by him," nodding towards the door and referring to the servant.

"I," said Allen, "leaned back in my chair to hear the story of a man who had failed so completely in some object as to become a recluse. The thought occurred to me that in all our talks we had never dwelt upon women. The visit of the first night and the sight of the glove recurred to me. As Nolden sat opposite to me and the firelight played on his cleanly-cut features, with his slightly sparkling eyes and compressed lips, I knew that he was a man whom woman would call handsome. In his one hand he held the burning cigarette, with the fingers of the other he dreamily toyed with the jeweled locket attached to his watch-chain. He roused himself from his reverie and began:

"She—"

At this moment Allen was interrupted by a merry peal of laughter, the laugh of a woman, so clear, so tuneful, so infectious, that the loungers at the bar who heard it turned and smiled as if they had heard and enjoyed the joke. Both of us glanced towards the stairway, but the door leading into the private dining-room had swung shut, and the sound was checked. The waiter hastened down the stairs to fill a new order.

The interruption had been offensive to me. I felt as if the woman had wantonly insulted Nolden. Allen had paid but little attention after the first check. He seemed to be influenced by the memory of that night, which he had described. With his fingers he rolled a bit of bread into pellets and absent-mindedly piled them up in a heap. Some minutes elapsed before he again resumed. I patiently waited. Then Allen said:

"Nolden was silent after that one word, then he turned to me and I saw tears in his eyes. 'Damn it, man, he said, I can't do it; I'm not strong enough. Come again. I'll tell you then. Please leave me now. Come up on your next holiday. Good night.'"

"As he pressed my hand he sank back into the chair. I quietly left him without even replying verbally to his farewell. I was angry with myself and determined to apologize when we next met. The next opportunity I had to leave town was on Thanksgiving day. I went up on an early train. The coachman met me at the depot with the cart. I told him to drive me directly to the cottage.

"His reply was, 'The funeral is over.'

"'What's that," I cried.

"'Mr. Nolden is dead, sir,' he replied. "He was buried to-day."

"I told him to drive to the cemetery. The only mourners were the servant, who glanced at me once and then kept his eyes fixed on the open grave, an old lady, heavily veiled, and a gentleman, who was very likely her husband.

"I determined to return to the cottage later in the afternoon; I drove over to our house and made inquiries. But little information was to be gained. Nolden had died the day before. No one knew he was ill. The country doctor had said 'heart disease,' and no one cared to investigate.

"Later in the day I drove over to the cottage but the door was locked. The servant had disappeared. The old couple had left on an early train for New York. Every trace of the man was lost. When I came to the city, I called at the office of the mortgage company. The clerk informed me Nolden had leased the house for a year; the rent was paid in advance and that was all he knew.

"I have often wondered whether he died a natural death or had ended his life, or whether the over-tensioned heart strings had snapped and the country doctor had spoken truer than he knew. His name I am certain was assumed. The story is unfinished."

Allen ceased speaking and sat silently playing with his coffee spoon. Our cigars were long since dead. My arms rested on the table and as I mused, I turned a wooden toothpick round and round in my fingers and then snapped it into two pieces, and tossed them away. The action led me to think of a picture of the "Three Fates," which I had seen somewhere. The death of the man in exile, forsaken and alone led me to wonder "who she was and where she had been at the time."

The door in the room above swung violently open, attracting my attention. I glanced upwards, leaning over the low banister railing was a woman, whose face was slightly flushed, as if by the heat of a close room. A smile parted her red lips, revealing the firm white teeth beneath. The natural light of her eyes was heightened by her apparent good humor. Her cheeks, delicately coloured, the white and shapely neck, the finely moulded ears, were suffused by a faint warm glow. Her companion threw a cloak about her shoulders, speaking to her as he did so. She turned towards him with all the grace and suppleness of a tigress and as she moved away I heard her say :

"Thanks, Sahib. Oh! the name was assumed, you know. He died last fall."

John A. Murray.

ON MY LADY'S VIOLETS.

WOULD I had been the sweet, wild boy
Of olden time whom Zephyr slew,
Who lives again to-day—ah, joy !—
In violets blue.

My lady holds, there, standing nigh,
A dewy nosegay to her lips ;
Which grows the sweeter with the sigh
That through them slips.

Would I had been the sweet wild boy
Whom Zepyr slew! What untold bliss,
As a mere violet, to enjoy
My Lady's kiss!

Frank McDonald.

A REVIEW OF LESSING'S "LAOCOÖN."

WITH good reason may we speak of Lessing as the apostle of classical criticism. Not that he was confined to this branch of literature, but it is in literary criticism that we are to look for the characteristic features of Lessing's genius ; his keen perspicuity and sound judgment, which, together with a marked "disinterestedness," similar to that of Matthew Arnold's, eminently fitted the author of the "Laocoön" to know and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world of art. All criticism, whether it be in art, science or literature, should have—and the statement seems almost truistic—some definite purpose running through it, as its guiding principle. Negative criticism is like the dazzling sun-light that reveals the pitfall but fails to remove the danger; constructive criticism, on the other hand, is not satisfied, like the little child, with pulling down in indiscriminate confusion palaces constructed of blocks; it probes deeper into the relation of cause and effect, if by so doing it may discover the origin and follow the development of certain tendencies, which it endeavours to arrange and correlate in synthetical relation and order.

Thus it was with Lessing in the "Laocoön." His work is impartial; it reveals the acute and penetrating insight of its author; it is constructive, because of its endeavour to grasp and explain certain "master currents;" it has a definite purpose, that of determining once for all the limits of painting and poetry.

Prior to him no one had perceived the real difference existing between them. Spence believed them to have gone hand in hand, like two sisters of the same mother, both enjoying the same freedom of movement. Even Winklemann, who, till the appearance of the critical work by the author of "Emile Galotte" posed as the authoritative and final judge, had failed to grasp the secret. The former was immediately embarrased by any deviations between the creative and imitative arts; the latter seems to have been almost unconsciously aware of a difference, which he could not understand or account for.

Let us endeavour to follow and in measure appreciate some of the leading principles of criticism set down in the "Laocoön." By so doing we shall be enabled to gain a clearer insight into the peculiar functions of art and poetry, both ancient and modern, than were we to read volume upon volume on the same subject, but be obliged to sift and cull out for ourselves.

Winklemann rightly judged the chief characteristic of Grecian masterpieces in painting and sculpture to be their "noble simplicity and quiet grandeur, which like the depths of the sea remain always at rest, however the surface may be agitated." No less is he to be commended in having been enabled to discern the value of moral greatness, as evinced in patient suffering over bodily anguish, which laments and complains with such loud imprecations that our sympathy is turned into a feeling approaching disgust. And for this reason he speaks slightingly of Virgil's Laocoön, who rends the air with his cries. Winklemann would, therefore, have us believe that herein lay the distinction between Grecian and foreign art; the one conforming within the limits of good taste, the other unrestrained and revolting to our finer instincts. It remained for Lessing to undeceive mankind by pointing out a deeper cause of differentiation. For, after all, it is not a question of mere nationality, though it be true that Grecian art is the embodiment of "noble simplicity and quiet grandeur." It is a result peculiarly Hellenic, but only because Greece better understood the true functions and limits of art and poetry than those without. Nor is it a question of mere moral courage and self control.

The poet causes the theatre to ring with the screams of suffering Philoctetes. Agamemnon refrains from commanding the Greeks to cease their weeping over their fallen companions, whereas Priam fears the Trojans will become "too tenderhearted" by the shedding of tears. Even "the prudent son of wise Nestor" is not ashamed to confess his grief. Palnatoko forbids the Jomsburghers not merely to indulge their sense of fear but even to mention the name.

From these examples, where it is the Greek who gives expression to his suffering and the barbarian who suppresses his, it is quite evident that it is no longer a question of Grecian nationality, as Winklemann makes bold to affirm. It is true that Greece united "in one person artist and philosopher," a fact which made the former conscious of real mental greatness, but, after all has been said, we should still be in quest of the true cause of Laocoön in marble, suppressing his bodily anguish with nobleness of soul, whereas the poets' Laocoön gives expression to his feelings in piercing cries, and "Venus screams aloud at a scratch," and "even iron Mars, on feeling the lance of Diomedes, bellows as frightfully as if ten thousand raging warriors were roaring at once"; had it not been for Lessing's critical acumen. In the early portion of the second section of the "Laocoön," we are aware of an indirect censure upon modern painting, which permits itself unreserved reproduction on flat surfaces. Not so with the ancient masters whom love led by the hand, but who understood themselves to be limited to the imitation of the beautiful. If the Grecian artist represented anything, it had of necessity to be an object of beauty. He had this ever before his eyes as the end of art. It was not enough for him, as is to-day too frequently the case, that he be able to express a thing as "true to life." Neither he nor his brother sculptor were permitted to exhibit a deformity, however perfectly they might have been able so to do. To be sure, we find among the Greeks a Pauson and a Pyreicus. The former dwelt upon the deformities of humanity, and, as a result, passed his days in great poverty; the latter, contented to paint barber-rooms, workshops and donkeys with all the care for detail of a Dutch painter, was stigmatized by the name of the "dirt painter." Such artists had forgotten the true aim of their art. There was even a law among the Thebans commanding artists to make their works of even greater beauty than the originals. This of necessity was not a demand for genius where it did not exist; it was intended as a prohibition against the representation of anything not possessing beauty. Lessing, with a certain ingenuousness that tends to force a smile, admits it to be without the province of law to lay any restriction upon scientific research, where truth is the end in view. Such a course of action, he says, would be tyrannical, but in the case of art, where the goal is, or should be, beauty, interference of the Legislature might not be deemed unjust. We must admit that the constant striving of the Greeks for the beautiful in their artistic productions had a reciprocal and elevating effect upon their national life and thought, and, for this reason, the force of public opinion, nay, even legislative interference, may have produced beneficent results. Nevertheless, the thought of to-day, especially in materially-inclined America, with regard to the province of law, would undoubtedly forbid any such legislative interference. After all it is not so much legislation that is to mould a people's art as art, in its strivings and advancement, is to influence its public life, and hence its laws. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly true that Lessing has discovered the secret that we must possess, are we to understand ancient art, which had ever in view the attainment of the beautiful.

The artist is, therefore, debarred from expressing sudden and passionate outbursts of feeling, however true to life and permissible to the poet they may be. In poetry Jupiter hurls his thunderbolt in great wrath, while with the artist he is simply the austere god. Or mark how differently the poet and the artist treat the story of Agamemnon sacrificing Iphigenia. The occasion was one that could not fail to awaken the most painful outbursts of grief in the father, while the onlookers are moved to intense sadness. The poet describes the anguish of the Grecian chieftain. But what is permitted to the painter, if he will not offend our sense of beauty and yet duly impress us? He cannot express, he can only suggest. Thus does Timanthes, who appreciated the limits of his art. He depicts the sadness on the countenances of the spectators, but the father's face is hidden, and we are left to imagine what, if expressed, would have been a disfigurement. It is here, where Timanthes showed his genius, that Montfançon failed, and the latter's representation of Jupiter as an old, bearded man, with wide, open mouth, is well-nigh laughable. A similar misunderstanding of the true mission of the art makes Spence question the knowledge of the antiquarians, because he fails to see in the statue the horns of Bacchus, of which the poet makes mention, or else he endeavours to excuse their absence by reason of the smallness of "the horns themselves, which were likely to be hid under the crown of grapes or ivy, which is almost a constant ornament of the head of Bacchus." This failure to appreciate what to Lessing's genius was quite apparent, arose from an entire misconception of the offices of art and poetry. It is true they are closely related to one another, but each has her own definite sphere—the latter is creative and permitted more varied resources, while the former is imitative and more limited in means. Sculpture is only true art, when it conforms itself to the law of beauty. For this reason Laocoön, in marble, suffers only with gently-parted mouth and suppressed sighs. Winklemann and Spence failed to discover the magic thread leading through the labyrinth of Grecian genius. It was left for Lessing to grasp it.

Another subject treated of by Lessing in the early part of the "Laocoön" is that of imitation, which, in the case of the sculptor, is confined to a single moment; in that of the painter to a single point of view; while the poet in his art describes a series of movements following one another, as cause and effect. The aim of the painter and sculptor is, therefore, to snatch some particular moment or point of view, as pregnant with meaning and suggestion as possible; a difference in aim that arises from the spheres of the former being eminently one of rest; in contrast to that of the poet, which is concerned with motion.

These two fields of action at times overlap. The artist imitates the poet, but to the former this is no disparagement; for, if he be able to seize upon the vital moment and point of view, discarding the less important and weighty, he has vindicated his right to recognition. The narration or description of the poet may furnish some incident to the sculptor or painter, but the latter may evince originality and genius in their appropriation and handling of the hint given to them.

In the seventh division of his subject we come upon Lessing's division of imitation into that of the "genuine artist" and the "servile copyist." The artist imitates the poet and *vice versa*, but not in the same way. In Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas we have poet imitating, in a sense, the sculptor, but with the privilege of inventing certain imagery. On the other hand, had Virgil been content to take a hint from the marble group of the Laocoön, he would have degraded his art and become an imitator of imitations. There is a good deal of truth in this view. At the same time the poet might have received a hint from the Laocoön which would suggest the series of events leading up to the catastrophe, without of necessity implying that he sacrifice his originality. And, after all, we should remember that originality itself is not the highest law of poetry but a pleasing and elevating result. We have already mentioned, as one of the leading dicta of the true artist, that the goal of art is beauty in attaining to which any disfiguring or displeasing features must be avoided, as Ulysses might avoid Scylla and Charybdis. The Roman poets sang of Minerva and Juno as hurling the thunderbolt. Status and Varius Flaccus sing of Venus, not as the kind and gentle goddess of love, but rather as a fury with inflamed cheeks and wrath expressed in every feature.

To Spence this is a mystery. He cannot account for it, but feeling obliged, as it would seem, to venture some explanation of such an anomoly, he would have us believe that poetry is not permitted to describe anything forbidden to painting, her sister. If she transgresses any such law, he assures us that poetry is at fault, that her devotees are inferior to their brother artists. It is difficult for us to receive Spence's hasty, at least unfortunate, conjecture, which, after all, is more of an excuse for his ignorance than a valid reason for his proposition. Just here lies the essential difference between the two arts, one of inestimable value, if we are to understand finally the separate spheres of the initiative arts and poetry. Even were we to admit that the Roman poets occupied an inferior place, we have no ground for believing that they could not have gained knowledge of the Samothracian mysteries, at least second-handed. At the same time let us remember that the Roman poets were, after all, for the most part of Grecian birth. If we are to appreciate the differences between the artist and the poet, we must have constantly in mind a further essential conception ; the artist is especially concerned with personified abstractions of gods and spiritual beings, whereas the poet may treat them as living, active beings, and thus be enabled to produce their individuality in more ways than one. To the painter Venus is only an object of beauty, as she is the goddess of love, and, therefore, he would reveal to us the abstract conception of love, in all its beauty and grace. But insulted love may beget a passionate desire for revenge. This point of view is no longer open to him. It remains for the poet now to sing of the less pleasing and beautiful aspect of the wronged goddess, and to do this it is essential that there be action, energetic and progressive. Did the artist here overstep his sphere, we might imagine we beheld the anger of a majestic Juno, or a warlike Minerva, instead of Venus. But the poet is less confined. Unlike his brother artist, he alone possesses the art of combining positive and negative traits, provided the latter do not detract from the former, and withal preserve the individuality of his subject, whereas his brother artist can only present the positive, abstract ideal of beauty, which may not be mistaken in its application.

Again, let us bear in mind that bodies are peculiarly fitted for the artist: actions, in successive moments of time, are the especial field of the poet. It is true that the painter may seize upon a particular moment of time, but this is only possible if that moment be the centre of a present action; if it can be rendered suggestive, primarily through form, and, if it be so pregnant with what has gone before and what is to follow, that there is no doubt in our minds whither we are being led. Here, again, the poet is less shackled by imperative law. To him agents are secondary to the wider field of actions.

Poetry is essentially progressive. If it be Homer who speaks to us, he does so in no loitering fashion that might be taken advantage of by the painter. The latter's brush finds itself unable to follow the progressive and swift action of the poet. For a single object of lesser importance Homer has usually but a single epithet. If he desires to arrest our attention, he does so by a series of succeeding moments. If we are to behold the chariot of Juno, we have no prosaic description of the completed object of beauty. Instead, we are told of its construction by Hebe. We are shown the wheels, the spokes, the golden felloes, the tires of brass and the silver nave, as they are being put together. During all this the artist would look on, and, only when the chariot is at last finished and awakens our sense of the beautiful, dare he put brush to canvas.

Are we to learn how Agamemnon was dressed, then the great poet gives us a progressive picture of the king putting on article after article: "the soft tunic, the great mantle, the beautiful sandals and the sword"? or Homer desires to present to us a description of the "ancestral and undecaying" sceptre; are we, therefore, given a mere heraldric description, which an inferior poet might have bequeathed to an artist, and which the latter might have imitated with his brush? Nay, instead, we follow the sceptre into the workshop of Vulcan, then we see it "shine in the hands of Jupiter"; now it betokens the dignity of Mercury; "now it is the baton of warlike Pelops, and, again, the shepherd's staff of peace-loving Atreus."

The sceptre is finished; we have followed the progressive action that portrayed its completion, and, when the description is at an end, we are conscious of a mighty sceptre, which the mighty Homer has constructed for us before our eyes, as no artist could have done.

Finally, Homer sets the model for all poets and at the same time reveals the broader field of "song," as contrasted with the more limited one of the artist, in his peerless description of the bow of Pandarus and the shield of Achilles—the latter of which has made his name especially famous among ancients and moderns.

He is not content with giving us in this case a progressive action, solely concerned with the final completion of the object. Instead he would lay special emphasis on the history and evolution of the various parts, as they naturally follow one another. For example, the poet desires to describe the bow of Pandarus; is he content to merely mention its high polish and the beauty of its gold-tipped end? Far from it. We follow Pandarus lying in wait for the wild goat and slaying it. Even now had we been prosaically told that the horns were of such and such a length and strength, we must still have failed to appreciate them. But when indirectly we learn in the action that Pandarus himself is astonished at their enormous size, then indeed the poet has accomplished his object of impressing us.

But it is when we consider the marvellous description of the Shield of Achilles that the definite line of separation between art and poetry is drawn in no uncertain colour. We follow the evolution of the shield from beneath the ruder blows of the divine workman to the finer strokes bringing out the brazen plates, which the artist may imitate only, when they stand complete in all their beauty of design and workmanship.

This need of poetic substitution of succession for co-existence marks the difference between the real and inferior poet, when it is a question of degree. When it is a question of kind it is the dividing line between art and poetry.

The purposes of art are not complex, nor its final products meant to mystify. Undoubtedly it offers to the critic ample room for speculation; but all criticism should be synthetic, rather than destructively analytical. Therefore, every critical work should be organic in conception and unified in plan. It is a certain lack of sufficient unity, and an apparent inability to appreciate root principles, that give to the critical works of Schiller a value inferior to the "Laocoön." It is true the reader might be inclined at first to question any well-defined unity in the latter, because of an apparent *laisser faire* tone that seems to characterize the order of the book's contents. This feeling is perhaps due to the simple opening adopted by the critic. Where we may have expected some formal statement of purpose and plan to be pursued, we are unpretentiously launched into the subject at once, through the medium of the Laocoön group, but the latter is not some passing object of fancy. It runs through and forms the connecting link of the book, while from it the author deviates here and there in his endeavours to bring to light some underlying principle, only to return to it again as to a point of departure.

There are many parts of the "Laocoön" that surpass the critical efforts of Longinus, and to have excelled him is to have passed all the critics, save perhaps Goethe, whose observation, though wonderful, is at times marred by too little comprehensiveness and too much mysteriousness. In the "Laocoön," the aspiring artist finds the magic and masterly drawn ruling principles in accord with which he must work, if he will rightly understand the relation which painting and sculpture bear to poetry and attain success.

George H. Forsyth.

EDITORIAL.

THE following men from the Class of '95 have been elected to conduct the LIT. for the following year:

Managing Editor—John H. Thacher.

Associate Editors—Andrew C. Imbrie, Franklin B. Morse, Edwin M. Norris, Wilbur Marshal Urban, Howard White.

SOME men having left their subscriptions so far unpaid, we would most earnestly request them to settle the same without delay. The publication of the LIT. is attended with considerable expense, and we have to rely on the prompt payment of subscriptions. We feel sure that it is only necessary to call the attention of subscribers to this fact in order to receive a prompt remittance. Subscriptions may be paid to any member of the board.

WE desire to express our thanks to our printers, Messrs. MacCrellish & Quigley, for the uniform excellence and promptness of their work. We take sincere pleasure in recommending them to the Ninety-five Board.

VALEDICTORY.

THE time is come for the '94 Board to hand over the LIT., and all that pertains thereto, to a new board and a new class. After being associated so long with the magazine it would be strange if there were not some feeling of regret at thus laying down our pens, passing from the scene and mixing forever with the past.

During the past year our policy has been mainly a conservative one. The principal surface changes that have been made are the merging of the Contributor's Club with the literary department, and a change from the formal separate book reviews to a running gossipy comment on the books of the month.

These changes have seemed to us and to most of our critics an improvement, and have added to the attractiveness of the magazine.

We still believe that serious papers, written because the author has something to say, and containing a real contribution to thought, are almost the ideal for college magazine articles. If the college magazine could be made to contain each month original papers with the rare and valuable quality of *suggestiveness*, articles which should stimulate investigation and be made topics of current discussion, this, we think, would be the fulfillment of the highest function of a magazine. To write short stories merely for the sake of writing something, or worst of all, merely for practice, must of necessity give ephemeral results. We have, therefore, tried, so far as possible, to present our readers with suggestive articles and to make the volume of some value beyond the present moment. Still, there is a demand for stories, and the short story will probably remain one of the chief elements of the college magazine as of other magazines. With the contributors confined to the undergraduate body the stories in a college magazine are of necessity a collection of individual methods, experience and ideas; it is not possible to have much coherency of artistic aims. This is perhaps fortunate, but the impossibility of anything in the nature of an editorial policy detracts a little from the apparent finish of the magazine. To a very slight degree, however, we flatter ourselves that we have been able to maintain a coherent policy, namely, in the exclusion from the domain of artistic fiction the impossible-realistic story. We mean by this the wildly improbable story clothed in realistic form, the story that is false to life without any reason for being false. We have also tried to avoid, from first to last, the cynical story, which is in its turn a very different thing from the pessimistic story. An artist may conceivably be a pessimist, but the under-graduate who is a cynic has a great deal to learn before he spoils good paper with his effusions, and we decline to convert the LIT. into an intellectual training-school for weak-minded and world-wearied youth.

It has fallen upon the LIT. to be actively concerned in matters of great public interest in the college. It seems to most of us that we are living in a distinct time of transition, and, as an organ of public opinion, we have been compelled to speak when it would have been pleasanter to keep silence. We have tried to reflect the best and most deliberate thought of the college body; in the sober judgment of the student body we have always had, and still have, a profound confidence. During the past year the relations of the faculty and the upper-classmen have become closer, a process which, it is to be hoped, will continue in the future.

The unusual responsibilities which have thus been thrown upon us this year have encroached somewhat upon the purely literary part of our duties, but we have insisted on maintaining the character denoted by our title, a literary magazine. While we have endeavoured to make the LIT. a power for good in the transitional times of the past year, we have no intention of neglecting the literary side of life. Last November we had occasion to speak of a certain aspect of the foot-ball situation, and we urged that no more games should be played with any college the makeup of whose team did not conform to the playing rules adopted last year. To that ground we still adhere, and we earnestly hope, reiterating it now as we retire from our editorial duties, that no temporary enthusiasm nor any false idea of having a game at any cost may ever in the future induce us to play such a game in Philadelphia or elsewhere. The sentiment at present is decidedly against such a game, and nothing but unpleasantness can result from the colleges abandoning its position.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Princetonian*, has finished its second year as a daily, and has made a better volume than ever before. The *Alumni Princetonian* is based upon an excellent idea, and we are sure that it will meet with success. To the retiring *Princetonian* board we cordially extend our best wishes and acknowledgments for the many courtesies which they have extended to us throughout the year. The *Daily Princetonian* is to be congratulated on having adopted the true method of reform, namely, persistent and continuous attack. We heartily agree with the *Princetonian* on the evil of permanent Sophomore clubs, and hope that the present board will be equally outspoken when occasion demands.

Our irascible and lively contemporary, the *Tiger*, has proved itself able to hold its own in the struggle for life, and the round of its second incarnation is fairly under way.

On the whole (as other boards have said before), the year's work has been a very pleasant one; it has brought us into touch with some aspects of college life of which we should otherwise have remained ignorant, and we have enjoyed the relations in which it has placed us with the men in other classes who were doing original work. We are pleased that the Ninety-five Board has made permanent the custom of giving a dinner to the retiring board. We have nothing of the sort among our other periodicals, and these gatherings do much to strengthen and unify the relations of successive boards, and keep the LIT. in vital touch with our representative alumni.

With Time, therefore, we have no quarrel in thus dismissing us from the scene of our year's work. We welcome the Ninety-five Board to our place. We hope that they will make a better magazine than we have done, and profit by our mistakes. We hope that the men in college will support the LIT. by their subscriptions next year, even more widely than in the past, and that its fifty-third year will be in all respects the finest that it has ever known.

PRINCETON NARROWNESS.

DR. JOHNSON is said to have remarked that if he were to write his dictionary again he would make a new definition: "Patriotism, the last resort of a scoundrel." Now, just as a man disguises all kinds of national meanness and rapacity and bullying under the word "patriotism," so do a great many men in our day blindly defend all kinds of ridiculous and often worse than ridiculous notions, on the ground that "college tradition" or "college spirit" demands them. So long as this is confined to an intense love for one's Alma Mater it is justifiable, and to be approved; but when, in order to exalt ourselves, we must needs cast slurs upon other great institutions, it becomes an exhibition of pitiful narrowness that is disheartening. This is often done unthinkingly; we do not suppose, for example, that the men who "sing a song of colleges" think what they are saying when they note one college as marked for its "foppish dudes," or they would not do it; but it is a discouraging sign to witness such a childish exhibition of provincialism on the part of men who are old enough and intelligent enough to know better. We firmly believe that, take it all together, Princeton is the finest college in the country, but we recognize the fact that men from other colleges have an equal right to their opinion, and that, as a matter of fact, in some respects Princeton is very far from being the greatest college. It is all very well to admire our democratic spirit, but when it comes to parading our democratic spirit on a placard, forever writing of it and telling of it as if there were no democratic spirit anywhere else in the world, it becomes sheer nonsense, and makes us ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men. We talk of "Princeton loyalty," and effusively cry it abroad until men from other colleges smile and reflect that for a college to be three miles off the main line has certain peculiar consequences. Patriotism is a very fine thing, but when it becomes an indiscriminate laudation of everything connected with one's college, good, bad or indifferent, we are tempted to add to Dr. Johnson's definition, "College patriotism, the last resort of a fool."

Disguise it as me may, there has lingered on among us a surviving remnant of that miserable provincial narrowness that struck Charles G. Leland as being our most prominent trait fifty years ago. Every man here knows in his heart that a great deal of Christian work, undertaken from the best intentions, is rendered absolutely abortive by the persistent and pitiful narrowness of mind and heart on the part of those from whom we should expect just the opposite. Narrowness is an infirmity that often attends nobility and sternness of character; but narrowness and dogmatism are not going to convert the world, and least of all the college world. There are men going into the seminary and into the ministry every year whose natures and whole intellectual and spiritual being seem never to have looked beyond a petty mass of crudities which, albeit they comprehend them not, they passionately uphold and who immediately condemn all those whose conceptions are not the same as theirs. These men are deliberately entering upon one of the loftiest callings known to man, and are no more fitted to enter upon such a life than if their scientific, social, historical and spiritual education had ended four hundred years ago, and they had been sleeping like Rip Van Winkle ever since. Let us not be understood as saying that this is the fault of most of our men who are engaged in such work. It is not, and long may it continue not to be; but the fact remains that until we get rid of an accumulated heritage of narrowness and pettiness of view, our work is going to be hampered and hindered for years to come.

What Princeton needs is half a dozen first-class intellectual funerals—funerals, that is, of worn-out notions, antiquated prejudices and crumbling speculations—a holocaust of prejudice, narrowness and provincialism, and a spiritual and intellectual awakening such as we have not had for years.

It is said that a country preacher once informed his congregation that he had cut a friend and dropped his acquaintance because he had met him out driving on Sunday—a statement sufficiently typical of a certain species of arrogant Puritan narrowness of which we have unfortunately inherited only too much. We do not believe that there is anything in the Princeton hills or in the Princeton life that induces this miserable narrowness, but whatever be the cause, traces of its symptoms certainly do linger in the system. It is high time that we got them out, and we may rest assured that if we do not root them out ourselves the progress of time will do it for us, and the operation will be painful, exceedingly painful.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

II.

THE mere depicting of the facts of life is a process which can be performed just as well by the reporter as by the novelist, and usually better. Denner painted far more life-like portraits than Leonardo da Vinci, yet no one cares now for Denner's portraits. There is no danger of the best novel ever being mistaken for a photograph, but its excellence does not necessarily increase as it approaches the exactness of a photograph. What is the spiritual element which is present in every work of art, whether it be a novel, a painting, a statue or a cathedral? Clearly it is not the element of a distinct moral purpose. The purpose-novel should end with the Sunday-school library, that remarkable series of fiction in which the boy who goes fishing on Sunday catches no fish, or else falls overboard, or in which the stones of half a dozen stolen cherries return to plague the thief until conviction of his sin has seized upon his mind. The purpose-novel is likely to continue more or less in vogue, because it is the only way of reaching a certain class of readers who dislike to do any serious thinking for themselves. A book like "Robert Elsmere" may, by dint of judicious puffing and a timely postal-card from Hawarden, have a tremendous momentary wave of popularity, because to some young men of rather lethargic intellect it seems to offer a short-cut to the solution of those awful problems which have pressed unanswered upon humanity for thousands of years. But the greatest works of art have never in any time been made with a distinct didactic aim. They have been made in recognition of a mighty teleology—a dramatic moral order of the universe so stupendous that our minds can grasp but its slightest rudiments, but they have not been made to teach "Be virtuous and you will be happy."

Shakespeare never wrote the "Merchant of Venice" to show that avarice was sure to over-reach itself; the loss of Shylock's fortune was simply a stage device, a symbolic figure introduced in order to let the audience go away feeling that everything had come out as it should. Shakespeare had to satisfy the demand for a visible completion of the moral order of things, but he knew perfectly well that the real punishment of Shylock was not in the loss of his fortune, but in the narrowing and cramping of his soul—a punishment that was as inevitable as the sun, and not due to any juggling of the law—a punishment that would have been just as fearful if he had kept all his ducats. But, for the audience this must be symbolized, the work must be finished then and there; the exigencies of time make such a justice-machine allowable on the stage, but the novelist is bound by no such limitation. Therefore the great novelist goes not out of his way to point a moral. He tells of life, of the richness of life, of its beauty, its pathos, its sublimity, telling of it as a man might tell of the twinkling points of fire that flash overhead through the icy depths of space, content if he may seize upon some faint, glimmering conception of the stupendous system of being in which our little world is poised. For as the stars in their courses haste not, neither do they rest, so is the moral order of the world struck in a mighty rhythm whose music we can scarce comprehend. And when one vainly and fatuously endeavors to reduce this to the scale of our own human laws, when by a crude anthropomorphism the workings of the highest spiritual laws are expressed in terms of our own imperfect apprehension of justice, then art becomes the weak expression of the best average enlightment of its time. And a a puerile and ineffective art it is; and its puerility and ineffectiveness are due to this vain attempt to turn the novel into a sermon. The novelist is not called upon "to justify the ways of God to man." A mother is weeping at the grave of her son; Lazarus, poor soul, sits without the gate while Dives is feasting within. These things we see; far be it from us to cry that they are unjust; far be it from us to speak the word that shall bring the son to life, or hurl Dives from his seat. Let us rather reverently behold them as they are, and seek not to picture a world of more even justice than the world we see. For from the height of the world vision, the difference between Dives and Lazarus becomes the outward and visible expression of the spiritual law; and if from a false and petty notion of justice we attempt to shift them about, the whole vision is distorted and blurred. The real Shylocks do not lose their ducats; the real Dives goes to his grave with his wealth about him, and Lazarus dies by the road.

> "This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
> Who brought him to that mirth and state?
> His betters, see, below him sit,
> Do hunger, hopeless, at the gate.
> Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
> To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
> Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
> Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.
>
> "So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
> Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
> Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
> And longing passion unfulfilled.
> Amen! whatever fate be sent,
> Pray God the kindly heart may glow,
> Although the head with cares be bent,
> And whitened with the winter snow."

The idea that Thackeray has expressed in these lines is one that he never himself forgot, nor is it ever forgotten by any novelist who attains to the highest reaches of his art. Not to twist and turn the everlasting spiritual laws, but to discern through the mists of human life some glimpse of their working, to bring before us the beauty and love and truth that underlie existence, this is the work of the artist in fiction. And so long as he does this we care not by what name he is known; he may seize upon those portions of human life that lie out of the beaten track, he may abhor types and interest himself only in variations, and then we call him a romanticist; or he may find in the life about him, and in the men and women we meet every day, all that his work demands, and then he is called a realist. One man paints the thunderstorm and another paints the sunset. Polydorus and his collaborators carve in enduring stone the immortal agony of Laocoön, and Phidias strikes into marble the sublime repose of the Olympian Jove. The world is wide, and there is room for all.

For there is at bottom no quarrel between realism and romance, and we have need of both. Both have their peculiar dangers, both may be carried to excess, and both may often be found in the same man. It is a fine morning in May, when all the woods are green and the dew is sparkling upon the grass. In the sunlight that falls in a daily miracle across our path, in the murmuring of the bees and in the clouds floating across the sky we behold the sublime beauty of a world that is changing every day. But there is another beauty in the storm, and another in the silence of the night. All romance is realistic, and when it ceases to be realistic it becomes a miserable substitute that does not deserve the name of art. The Laocoön and the thunderstorm are as realistic as the soldier and the sunrise. All realism is romantic, or it does not deserve the novelist's attention. But according as we lay stress upon that which happens every day, or upon that which happens once in fifty years, according as we emphasize the type or emphasize the variation, so shall our fiction be preponderingly realistic or preponderingly romantic, valuable both, necessary both, and both bound to endure so long as men are what they are.

GOSSIP.

An old timer, 'forty-niner.—*Song.*

Bent on groaning ever for the past.—*Browning.*

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now, the spot is cursed."—*Wordsworth.*

Farewell—a word that must be and hath been—
A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell!—*Childe Harold.*

AS THE Gossip sat writing by the window of the sanctum, there came a student with his father walking along the path in front of Reunion. The boy was a Freshman, and was short and round, with brown curly hair; the father was also short and round, but his hair was gray, and his class must have numbered much farther back than 'ninety or even 'forty-seven.

Both were looking intently across the campus, toward East College or the cannon, the son had been talking quite earnestly, but the father shook his head, and the Gossip could hear through the open window: "Yes, yes, that's all very well, but when I was in college"—Another old Fogy, cried the Gossip, another old Fogy with the same old story, and he leaned back in his chair, and mused complacently. But suddenly he thought how short a time it would be before he too would be muttering, "when I was in college," and he wondered whether he would ever come back, and point to the spot where Reunion was, or tell how he had played ball under the foundations of Alexander Hall. Yes, we'll all be here, I suppose, and we'll all talk of the good old days, such days as there never have been since, when Princeton was a little country town, and before the electric cars ran from New York to Trenton—when men were not ashamed of cheviot shirts, and always wore their corduroys. Was the weather ever so fair as in those years, or the lectures ever so hard, or the "Faust" ever so good? And where, pray, are these athletes, like our little Phil. or Dougal Ward, or such fielders as old Chip Mackenzie? For the pollers were the worst pollers; and the sports the hardest sports; and the saints the greatest saints—all in our day. Indeed, the books and the records show it, and you can still see the very place on the track where Mac. knocked out his memorable home-run. And we'll tell these tales so many times, and so often, that our boys and successors will begin to believe them, and will have their suspicions that theirs are really degenerate days, as, in turn, we ourselves have been told, and have believed. But, is it right that the old times should always be the best? The Gossip can remember a certain dark fall, when the Alumni quite persuaded us that the "old-time spirit" had died out, that we had fallen from our forefathers and that there was no hope for us. But he also can recall a certain Thanksgiving eve, an eve with victory doubtful on the morrow. Out in the darkness were the undergraduates, hundreds of dusky forms, howling and rushing in the gloom, and shouting in Dervish dance around the cannon, and he can remember the songs and cheers for the departing team, and the looks in the pale faces that: "We must beat Yale." "No!" cried the Gossip; "as long as Old North and a single dormitory stand, as long as there's a cannon and a pair of corduroy breeches to be seen on the campus, sure Princeton will be Princeton, and there never will be lacking an old-time spirit"—and shouting to himself these patriotic sentiments, he sprang from his chair, and in a quite Fourth-of-July excitement hurled the exchange copy of the *Vassar Magazine* clear up to the ceiling.

At the season of the Prom. old, sedate, steady-going, bachelor Princeton awakes from its lethargy, and puts on its best clothes, and its most gala appearance. The town is fairly stormed and seized—to the great discomfort and detriment of the bashful men. But the social Dukes are in glory, and the laughter of girls' voices sounds happy, outside your door, as they trip up the old iron stairs to Brown's room overhead. Somehow the entry seems brighter and more sunny—but, perhaps, it is only the spring weather after all. In the afternoon, if you are of *les miserables*, and the utterly unlucky ones, you may be sitting in your lonely study when someone in the next room will softly and very respectfully call: "Heads out!" and you will steal to your window, and watch the fair creatures as they pass on the boardwalks down by the Chapel toward Ivy Tea. The windows in East, opposite, are crowded, too, and the watchers stand by the half-open panes, like forbidden angels of darkness looking into the glories of the light.

On the evening of the Prom. there is always the concert at the Second Church. Once more the fair sex is triumphant, they come in and flutter to their seats, and plume themselves in their wraps like so many birds of paradise, all in those staid, old Presbyterian benches. Overhead is the long, white gallery railing, with its endless rows of shoes cocked up and staring complacently down upon you. And then a professor enters with retiring and modest look, and the thunder rolls as the gallery rises and shouts and cheers. After the concert come the row of hacks with Hungry Golden, and the Gym. with its lights and its music, and the long-striped awning, and again the *misereres* waiting and watching without in the cold or the drizzle.

One afternoon, not a great while ago, the Gossip was belated at the Junction. It was late, the sun was nearly setting. The Gossip had an hour to spend; he wandered into the musty waiting-room and sank down upon one of the hard benches and sat and dozed. All was so uninteresting, the spotted and cracked white walls, the dirty and torn time-table, and the sleepy ticking of the telegraph, broken only by the distant rumble of an approaching freight. In the corners stood an old, rusty stove and a battered, red water-cooler, frowning and glaring at each other like rival champions of the hostile seasons. On the wall the emblazoned notice of a cattle fair fluttered lazily in the light breeze. The Gossip put on his hat and strolled out and sat on the long, high railing and looked off toward Princeton; stretching over its hill, the towers stood out against the soft, almost sad, spring sky. All looked quite calm and quiet and peaceful. An express train roared by toward Philadelphia, sweeping the dirt and dust and stray papers along with it. But six paltry weeks and we will be swept up and scattered like the papers and whirled off in the roar, far from the quiet old village. Some papers landed safe on the platform and some blew even to the tops of the cars—some eddied and sailed and finally fell in the sidings. And again, as the Gossip gazed toward the town, standing in the fading light, he thought how it was no wonder that men surrounded college days with a gleam of romance, that the passengers peered from the car windows to catch a passing glimpse, and that students and scholars are looked upon like the old Greek fawns and nymphs, as creatures with no cares, whose lives are filled with but pleasures and beauty. But though there's no roar and rumble on the hill, the cares, I suspect, are just as great, and the trials and disappointments just as bitter, as those in the great cities along the road. Yet when we're gone, and are looking back, the worries and griefs will fade, and the "past in all its gloom and happiness" will become dim. Indeed, that day will finish very much as this does—the sun will set and the haze will come down and soften, and Princeton will again seem more beautiful in the evening light.

With the rest of the editors, the Gossip must draw himself up to make his stateliest bow, and say his farewell, and give a word of welcome to the new board. It is certainly in honest and downright sadness that he writes his last fine-printed page, and he looks with regret and longing of the past upon the torn and shattered, but pleasant, old wall paper and the rickety book-shelves of the LIT. room. Throughout nine numbers he has had his say, and he hopes that he has not talked too much or too long. If his offerings have been at times but slender weeds, and but poor "plantain roots dug from out the 'Varsity Field," as his friend the Other Editor would say, all he can answer is they have at least come from Princeton, and have grown in the soil of the dear old town.

So the Gossip closes and locks the door, and straightway takes the key and trots away to the college offices to demand and gain his quarter of a dollar in recompense. We treat a good old faithful key as they say some do their friends, and as all their clothes and books and their furniture, for when they have lived out their usefulness, and have grown shabby or have lost their backs and legs in our service, we run to Pat Reilly's and Lavake's, and, without the least regret or remorse, sell them for a bare piece of filthy silver. The Gossip wonders whether the keys ever feel badly at their parting from their old friends and losing the pockets and the waistcoats in which they have lived so long. At least they have their little laugh and their joke out at us, for when we come back we find them opening their door as easily as if nothing had happened—working for the next man as well as ever before. The chairs and the tables and the rooms, which we flattered ourselves would never be the same, look, save for a new picture here or there and perhaps a stand or a cushion, quite as comfortable and as natural as when we lived by them. But, then, why should they not? They have to make their new friends as well as the rest and the best of us, and we cannot blame them for forgetting, for it's but four years that we're here, and as one stands at six o'clock on the steps of Reunion and listens to the careless footfall of the men as they tramp toward their clubs for dinner, it is hard to distinguish the steps or to find the feet that are gone or are missing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
>
> —*Bailey.*

> "Signs of the times," said the Boy
>
> —*Mme. Grand.*

EVERY careful reader of present-day literature must have noticed of late the number of articles that have appeared, both in magazine and in book form, that partially embody the present wide-spread spirit of revolt against that which hitherto has been, against the previously accepted conditions of things, as well in the world of intellect as in the world of business, and that appear to have arisen in answer to a demand like that of the Athenians of old, for "some new thing."

It is of two such books that the *Table* wishes to speak this month, books that depart from the usual well-worn rut in that the story deals with, and the emphasis is laid, not on mere incidents, accidents, situations and adventures, but on the mental states and actions of the individual characters.

The first of these, "Snips That Pass in the Night," by Beatrice Harraden, tell us the story of a soul that is searching—perhaps vaguely and gropingly, but still honestly searching—after Truth.

The author, who, by the way, is a B. A. of London University, has given us the saddest story that the *Table* has ever read, and in his estimation this sadness is distincly traceable to the fact that it lacks the element of hope.

The characters are an invalid woman, Bernardine Holme, disappointed and morbid because compelled to abandon her hard-working life for the inactive existence of a patient at a Continental health resort, and a man, a chronic invalid, Robert Allitsen, nicknamed "The Disagreeable Man" by the other patients at the resort because of his morbidness. So cynical is he that, as he himself puts it, the only good he has done in the world is to cure cynicism in others. The story tells of the gradual evolution of their acquaintanceship into a deep, mutual love, about which there is the most infinite pathos.

The best parts of the book are the chapters that contain "The Disagreeable Man's" love-letter and the prologue to the book that Bernardine Holme intends to write. This last chapter must seem like a bit of a fable to the superficial reader, but its worth must appeal to the thoughtful one, as it contains much of truth. It is to be regretted that the religious tone of such a book is practically *nil*, being of the sometime-somewhere-perhaps-we'll-live-again type. Interesting as the book is, its sadness is so great that it seems to the Table as if almost no reader could lay it down without a hope that there are not many such lives lived around us.

The second book is F. Marion Crawford's latest, "Katharine Lauderdale," a very modern story of a very modern man and woman—she a proud, thoughtful, loving spirit; he a man fighting the temptation of drink, his besetting sin, and conquering at last in recognizing his own weakness.

It is a novel of New York life, the opening scene being the Hoffman House bar-room, and the whole story extending over a period of but four days. The people in the book are drawn with particular care and accuracy, diverse as their characteristics are, and its most marked feature is what might be called the author's insight into the psychology of his characters. A skilled hand alone could have given us such fine work as the accounts and explanations of Katharine Lauderdale's mental action.

In the opinion of the *Table*, Mr. Crawford has been a little too hard on an element that has proven itself of great value in the history of the American people—the Scotch Presbyterians. The heroine is a daughter of a long line of this hard-headed, strong-willed race, with whose rather exaggerated inflexibility of purpose and orthodoxy of thought her more liberal and roving spirit frequently comes into collision. But faults though the book has, it does not merit the harsh criticisms that have come upon it, and the chief regret that the reader will have as he closes its covers, will be that Mr. Crawford ended it so abruptly, without giving us a glimpse of the happy after-life that we feel sure the heroine and her young husband are just entering upon.

MAGAZINES.

It is a source of regret to the *Table* that the college literature that lies before him, the out-put of the past month, is of no higher grade than it is. The Easter vacation must have generally demoralized the writers among the colleges. Is there not some genius among college *literati* who can give us a short story like, for example, George Hibbard's "Their Story," in the last *Harper's Monthly?* This is almost an ideal short story for though it is very brief and though its plot is not exactly new, as plots whose characters are "The Man," "The Woman" and "The Other Woman" can hardly be exactly new, still for simplicity and feeling it is the equal of anything the *Table* has read in a long, long time. It is a strong wholesome little story.

The *Yale Lit.*, for April, is the first issued by the Editors from the class of '95. As such its first article, by one of the Board, Lindsay Denison "On an Ancient Text," is on the value of college literature and is addressed chiefly to the undergraduate body of the College, setting forth the ideals of the new Editors and the plans whereby they are to be attained. It thus takes up the purpose of a college magazine, the necessity for a good composition course in a college curriculum and the directions to contributors. Two short but interesting articles on N. P. Willis, called "The College Days of a Yale Poet," by Anson P. Stokes, Jr., and the other on Alexandre Dumas, "A Literary Machine," by B. Franklin Mansfield, are the best things in the number.

The *Wesleyan Lit* for March is particularly readable. A sketch, "In the Old Mission," by Wiliam A. Welch, and one, "School-Boy Tom," by Irville C. LeCompte, contain well-expressed feeling, while a bright bit of the bric-à-brac, "A Morning Reverie," by "H. A. S.," is quite illustrative of the vacation-time psychology of the college man.

BOOK TALK.

Trinity Sketches is the title of a neatly-bound volume of short selections from the Trinity College *Tablet*, taken from the numbers of the magazine of the past five years. The "sketches" are most varied in subject, as well as in quality and maturity. The most manifest fault of the little book is the tendency, in a great many of the selections, to assume the spirit and forms seen in our cheaper, short-storied magazines, and to try to produce by mere word-painting startling and abnormal effects. Also many of the authors seem to strive to give their stories the atmosphere of French translations, thus making their English chopped and unnatural. For example, let us quote from "Amill": "You would ask how I came here. When I have answered you will say, 'What a fool to have gone back.' Just so. Yet listen." Or again: "For all about are golden fields, where dull, toiling oxen plod beneath curved yokes; and gleaming scythes cut sweeping swaths through yellow waves of wind-swayed grain"

One of the prettiest and cleverest pieces in the book is called, "At a Bud German." Another is entitled, "A Stroll About the College," and another, though striving for effect, is "Pierre's Return."

Poems by Thomas William Parsons. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The present volume of lyrical poems, by the translator of Dante, is the first complete collection published. Dr. Parsons made no efforts to publish his works, but seemed content to print thin volumes of verse, which found their way into book-stores or the hands of his friends. It is from these sources the present collection was made. His poems are clear, cold and scholarly. There is a lack of warmth and colour. His efforts to be humourous are the forced witticisms of a school-master. In his translations of Dante he becomes more inspiring. The best poems in the collection are, "On a Bust of Dante;" "Paraphrase of a Passage in Dante," and "The Sculptor's Funeral." The book is neatly bound and is offered as a companion volume to his translation of Dante.

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